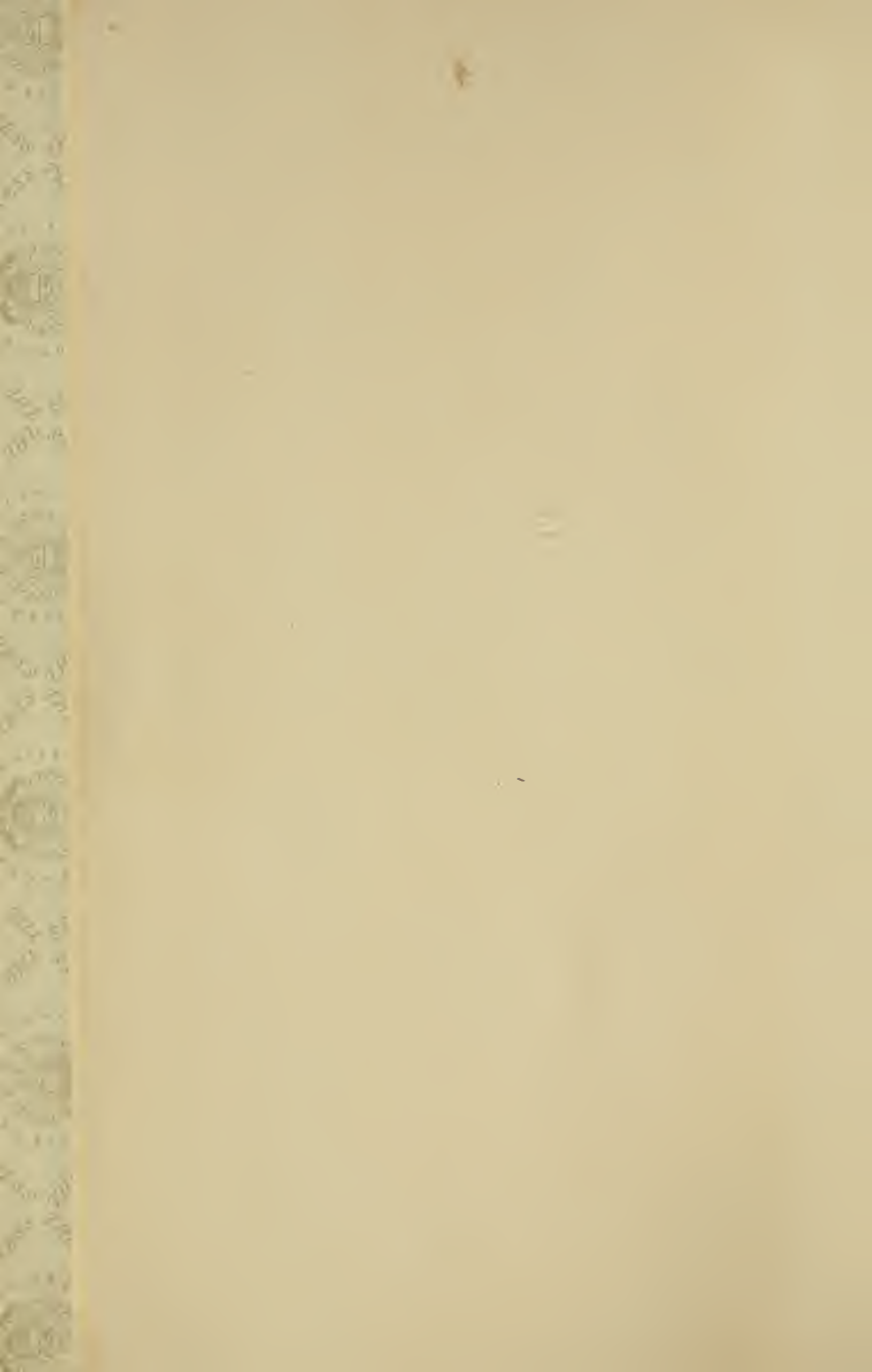








Truly yours
J. H. Bonnet

LIGHTS AND LINES
OF
INDIAN CHARACTER,
AND
Scenes of Pioneer Life.

BY

J. V. H. CLARK, A. M.

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GENEOLOGICAL SOCIETY; AUTHOR OF "ONONDAGA."

"Listene these Lines, for some there bethe
Of love, which stronger is than dethe
And some of scorne, and some of guile,
And old adventures that fell while."

OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

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P R E F A C E.

THE title would indicate this to be a work of fiction. Be it known, however, that much of it is literally true, and all has its origin in fact. There are very few characters portrayed which are not true types of the once living originals.

The Indian Legends have been carefully gathered from the oral registers of the last hoary chiefs of a perishing race. Extravagant and unreal they may appear to us—yet they believed them.

The Pioneer Tales and Anecdotes are from the lips of those aged men of a past generation, many of whom have long since passed away, and their few surviving companions, who very soon must surrender *their* feeble title to mortality.

Some few of these pieces have previously appeared in the New York "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER," and other papers. Some of them may be found in the "HISTORY OF ONONDAGA." But most of them are now for the first time published.

Circumstances have made the author of this work the depository of these memorials—the true interpreters of the peculiar characteristics of a people nearly annihilated; the

faithful expositors of the singular customs of a past generation, remarkable for its trials, its virtues, and its progress.

To the PUBLIC, these Legends and Tales rightfully belong. To the *Public* it is due that they should be surrendered in a permanent form. To the *Public* they are cheerfully and respectfully consigned, confidently trusting in its fidelity, candor, judgment, kindness and generosity, for future guardianship.

THE AUTHOR.

MANLIUS, *March*, 1854.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
HI-A-WAT-HA, THE GODLY SEER, ...	7
LEGEND OF THE LAKE, ...	22
THE ENCHANTRESS, ...	39
THE LAST OF THE KA-SOONGK-TAS, ...	57
THE SACRIFICE, ...	79
THE MARTYR MISSIONARY, ...	98
THE CHIEF'S REVENGE, ...	122
THE DEADLY FEUD, ...	149
LE CHASSEUR, ...	169
THE ISLAND HOME, ...	184
THE PIONEER, ...	210
THE TRIALS OF BORDER LIFE, ...	226
THE MONEY DIGGERS, ...	241
THE BEAR CHASE, ...	259
THE BACKWOODS DOCTOR, ...	268
OLD ROSSE AND THE PANTHER, ...	280
A BEAR ADVENTURE, ...	290
THE NEGRO FIDDLER, ...	299
THE WOLF HUNT, ...	311
THE HERMIT, ...	318
BARON STEUBEN, ...	331
THE HON. SECRETARY'S MISTAKE, ...	336
PERILS OF TRAVEL, ...	338
THE FRIGHTENED BOATMEN, ...	341
RATTLESNAKES, ...	343
THE LOG CABIN LIBRARY, ...	348

	PAGE.
STRANGE FORGETFULNESS, ...	350
JACK AND THE MILL, ...	354
QUEER TODDY, ...	356
THE BEST SHOT, ...	358
SCARCITY OF LINEN, ...	361
PIONEER WEDDINGS, ...	363
PIONEER COURTS, ...	366
FRONTIER PUNISHMENTS, ...	372
A WORD AT PARTING, ...	374

Indian Legends.

HI-A-WAT-HA, THE GODLY SEER.

* * * * * "Towards him they bend
With awful rev'rence prone ; and as a god
Extol him equal to the highest in heaven ;
Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own : —"

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

HUNDREDS of years ago, *Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha*, the Deity who presides over fisheries and streams, came down from his dwelling place in the clouds to visit the inhabitants of the earth. He had been deputed by the Great and Good Spirit *Ha-wah-ne-u*, to visit the streams and clear the channels from all obstructions, to seek out the good things of the country through which he intended to pass, that they might be more generally disseminated among all the good people of the earth, especially to point out to them the most excellent fishing grounds, and to bestow upon them other acceptable gifts. About this time two young men of the Onondaga Nation were listlessly gazing

over the calm blue waters of the "Lake of a Thousand Isles." During their reverie, they espied, as they thought, far in the distance, a single white speck, beautifully dancing over the bright blue waters, and while they watched the object with the most intense anxiety, it seemed to increase in magnitude, and moved as if approaching the place where they were concealed, most anxiously awaiting the event of the visitation of so singular an object, for at this time no canoes had ever made their appearance in the direction from whence this was approaching. As the object neared the shore, it proved in semblance to be a venerable looking man, calmly seated in a canoe of pure white, very curiously constructed, and much more ingeniously wrought than those in use among the tribes of the country. Like a cygnet upon the wide blue sea, so sat the canoe of *Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha* upon the "Lake of a Thousand Isles." As the frail branch drifts towards the rushing cataract, so coursed the *white canoe* over the rippling waters, propelled by the strong arm of the god of the river. Deep thought sat upon the brow of the gray-haired mariner; penetration marked his eye, and deep, dark mystery pervaded his countenance. With a single oar he silently paddled his light-trimmed bark along the shore, as if seeking a commodious haven for rest. He soon turned the prow of his fragile vessel into the estuary of the "*double river*," and made fast to the western shore. He majestically ascended the steep bank, nor stopped, till he had gained the loftiest summit of the western

hill. Then silently gazing around as if to examine the country, he became enchanted with the view; when, drawing his stately form to its utmost height, he exclaimed in accents of the wildest enthusiasm, *Osh-wah-kee!! Osh-wah-kee!!**

During the observations of the spirit man, (for so he was afterwards called,) the two men who had lain concealed, cautiously watching all his movements, discovered themselves. *Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha* very civilly approached them, and after the greetings usual at the first meeting of strangers, very gravely made inquiries of them respecting their country and its advantages, of their fisheries and hunting grounds, and of the impediments in the way of the prosperity of the nations round about. To all of which the hunters (for so they were) could give no very favorable answers, but briefly stated to him the disadvantages they had ever been doomed to labor under, and the sufferings they had borne in consequence.

A degree of familiarity and mutual confidence had by this time become awakened in the bosoms of the parties, and the greatest freedom of conversation proceeded without restraint. The hunters provided for their venerable guest a repast of roast venison, who

* It is known, perhaps, to comparatively few, that Lake Ontario and the outlet of Oswego river was anciently, and is now known to most Indian nations, especially the remnant of the Five Nations, as the *Osh-wah-kee*, which being interpreted literally, signifies from the circumstance here related—"I see everywhere and see nothing." From this our English name for the river Oswego is derived.

received it in thankfulness; they smoked the calumet together and were refreshed.

Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha disclosed to the hunters the spirituality of his character and the object of his mission, after which, he invited them to proceed with him up the river, as he had important business to transact, and should need their services. After a moment's consultation together, the hunters consented to accompany him, and forthwith joyfully attended him to his canoe.

Of the events which immediately succeeded, we have not now time or disposition to speak. Many of them were truly marvelous, and worthy a place only in the pages of Indian Mythology.

From this, *Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha* ascended all the lesser lakes and explored their shores, placing all things in proper order, for the comfort and sustenance of all good men. He had taught the people of the various tribes the art of raising corn and beans, which had not before been cultivated among them. He also encouraged them to a more faithful observance of the laws of the Great and Good Spirit. He had made the fishing grounds free, and opened to all, the uninterrupted pursuit of game. He had distributed liberally among mankind the fruits of the earth, and had removed all obstructions from the navigable streams.

Pleased with the success of his undertakings, the spirit-man now resolved to lay aside his divine character, and in after years to make his abode among

the children of men. He accordingly selected for his residence a beautiful spot on the shore of Cross Lake, (*Te-ungk-too*, as called by the natives.) After awhile, he totally relinquished his divine title of *Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha*, and in all respects assumed the character and habits of a man. Nevertheless, he was always looked up to as an extraordinary individual, as one possessing transcendent powers of mind and consummate wisdom. The name *Hi-a-wat-ha*, (signifying very wise man,) was spontaneously awarded him, by the whole mass of people, who now resorted to him from all quarters for advice and instruction. The companions of the wise man, at a subsequent council, were rewarded by a seat in the councils of their countrymen, and became eminently distinguished for their prowess in war, and dignified bearing in the council room.

After a quiet residence of a few years at his new location, the country became greatly alarmed, by the sudden approach of a ferocious band of warriors, from north of the great lakes. As they advanced, indiscriminate slaughter was made, of men, women and children. Many had been slain, and ultimate destruction seemed to be the consequence, either of bold resistance, or of a quiet relinquishment of absolute right.

During this signal agitation of the public mind, people from all quarters thronged the dwelling of *Hi-a-wat-ha*, for advice in this trying emergency. After a deep and thoughtful contemplation of the

momentous subject, he informed the principal chiefs that his opinion was, to call a grand council of all the tribes that could be gathered from the east and from the west, that the advice of all might be received; "for," said he, "our safety is in good counsel, and speedy, energetic action." Accordingly, runners were dispatched in all directions, notifying the head men of a grand council to be held on the banks of the lake *Oh-nen-ta-ha*.*

This council was supposed to have been held on the high ground where the village of Liverpool now stands. In due time the chiefs and warriors from far and near were assembled, with great numbers of men, women and children, to hold this important council, and to devise means for the general safety. All the principal men had arrived, except the venerable *Hi-a-wat-ha*.

The council-fire had been kindled three days, and he had not yet arrived. Messengers were dispatched, who found him in a most melancholy state of mind. He told them that evil lay in his path; that he had a fearful foreboding of ill-fortune, and that he had concluded not to attend the great council at *Oh-nen-ta-ha*. "But," said the messengers, "we have delayed the deliberations of the grand council on account of your absence, and the chiefs have resolved not to proceed to business, until your arrival."

The White Canoe had always been held as a sacred

* Onondaga Lake.

treasure, and next to the wise man himself, was regarded with awe and reverence. It had been deposited in a lodge, erected especially for its security, to which none but the most worthy and noted of the chieftains could have access. Hither on this occasion *Hi-a-wat-ha* repaired, and in the most devout and humble manner, poured out his soul in silence to the Great Spirit. After a protracted absence, he returned with a countenance beaming with confidence and hope. Being over persuaded by his friends, he reluctantly yielded to their earnest solicitations. The White Canoe was carefully removed from its sacred resting place, and reverently launched upon the bosom of the river. The wise man once again took his accustomed seat, and bade his darling and only daughter (a girl of some twelve years of age) to accompany him. She unhesitatingly obeyed, took her place beside her venerable parent in the devoted vessel, and directly they made all possible speed to the grand council ground.

On the approach of the aged and venerable *Hi-a-wat-ha*, a general shout of joy resounded throughout the assembled host, and every demonstration of respect was paid to this illustrious sage and counselor. As he landed and was passing up a steep bank towards the council ground, a loud sound was heard, like a rushing, mighty wind. All eyes were instantly turned upwards, and a dark spot was discovered rapidly descending from on high among the clouds. It grew larger and larger as it neared the earth, and was

descending with fearful velocity into their very midst. Terror and alarm seized every breast, and every individual seemed anxious only for his own safety. The utmost confusion prevailed throughout the assembled multitude, and all but the venerable *Hi-a-wat-ha* sought safety by flight. He gravely uncovered his silvered head, and besought his daughter to await the approaching danger with becoming resignation; at the same time reminding her of the great folly and impropriety of attempting to obstruct or prevent the designs or wishes of the Great Spirit. "If," said he, "he has determined our destruction, we shall not escape by removal, nor evade his decrees." She modestly acquiesced in her kind parent's suggestions and advice, and with the most patient submission waited the coming event. All this was but the work of an instant; for no sooner had the resolution of the wise man become fixed and his last words uttered, than an immense bird, with a long and pointed beak, with wide extended wings, came down with a mighty swoop, and crushed the beautiful girl to the earth. With such force did the monster fall, and so great was the commotion of the air, that when it struck the ground, the whole assembly was forced violently back. *Hi-a-wat-ha* alone remained unmoved, and silently witnessed the melancholy catastrophe of his child's dissolution.

His darling daughter had been killed before his eyes in a marvelous manner, and her destroyer had perished with her. The dismayed warriors cautiously

advanced to the spot and calmly surveyed the dismal scene. It was found upon examination, that the animal, in its descent, had completely buried its beak, head and neck, up to its body, in the ground. It was covered with a beautiful plumage of snowy white, and every warrior, as he advanced, plucked a plume from this singular bird, with which he adorned his crown; and from this incident, the braves of the confederate nations forever after made choice of the plumes of the white heron as their most appropriate military ornament, while upon the war-path.

Upon the removal of the carcass of the monster, the body of the innocent girl was found to be completely ground to atoms. Nothing could be seen of her, that would indicate she had ever been a human being. At this appearance, the bereaved and disconsolate parent gave himself up to the most poignant sorrow. Hollow moans and distressing sighs, told too plainly the bitterness of his heart. He spurned all proffers of consolation, and yielded to the keenest feelings of anguish and unbounded sorrow.

He became an object of perfect despair, and threw himself upon his face to the earth, dejected and disconsolate. The shattered fragments of the innocent girl were carefully gathered together, and interred in all the tenderness and solemnity of bitter grief. Every one seemed to participate in the afflictions of the aged and venerable counselor, and to sympathize in his sufferings and woe. Still, no comfort came to his soul. He remained in this prostrate

situation three whole days and nights, unmoved. The fears of the assembled chiefs were awakened lest he might become a willing victim to his own melancholy and misfortune. Nothing had been done as yet in the council, and such had been the causes of delay that many began to despair of accomplishing anything of consequence. Some even thought seriously of returning to their homes without an effort. At length a few of the leading chiefs consulted together, as to what course it was most expedient to pursue. It was at once resolved, that nothing should be attempted, unless the voice of the wise man could be heard. A suitable person was thereupon dispatched to ascertain whether he breathed. Report came that he was yet alive. A kind hearted, merry chief, named *Hossee-noke*, was directed by the council to make to the prostrate mourner a comforting speech, to whisper kind words in his ear, and if possible arouse him from his reverie.

After a deal of formal ceremony and persuasion, he gradually recovered from his stupor and conversed. After several messages had passed between the assembled chiefs and *Hi-a-wat-ha*, he arose and manifested a desire for food. He ate and drank of such as was hastily prepared for him, and acknowledged himself strengthened and refreshed.

He was conducted to the presence of the council, a conspicuous place was assigned him, and all eyes were turned towards the only man who could with precision foretell their future destiny. The subject of the

invasion was discussed by several of the ablest counselors and boldest warriors. Various schemes were proposed for the repulsion of the enemy. *Hi-a-wat-ha* listened in silence till the speeches of all were concluded. His opinion was gravely and earnestly sought by many of the surrounding chiefs.

After a brief reference to the calamity which had so recently befallen him, the wise man said : "This is a subject that requires mature reflection and deliberation. It is not fitting that one of so much importance should be treated lightly, or that our decision should be hasty and inconsiderate. Let us postpone our deliberations for one day, that we may weigh well the words of the wise chiefs and warriors who have spoken. Then I will communicate to you my plan, for consideration. It is one which, I am confident, will succeed, and ensure our safety."

After another day's delay, the council again assembled, and all were anxious to hear the words of *Hi-a-wat-ha*. A breathless silence ensued, and the venerable counselor began :

"Friends and Brothers:—You are members of many tribes and nations. You have come here, many of you, a great distance from your homes. We have convened for one common purpose, to promote one common interest, and that is to provide for our mutual safety, and how it shall best be accomplished. To oppose these hordes of northern foes by tribes, singly and alone, would prove our certain destruction ; we can make no progress in that way ; we must unite

ourselves into one common band of brothers. Our warriors united, would surely repel these rude invaders, and drive them from our borders. This must be done, and we shall be safe.

“You—the Mohawks, sitting under the shadow of the ‘*Great Tree*,’ whose roots sink deep into the earth, and whose branches spread over a vast country, shall be the first nation, because you are warlike and mighty.

“And you—Oneidas, a people who recline your bodies against the ‘*Everlasting Stone*’ that cannot be moved, shall be the second nation, because you give wise counsel.

“And you—Onondagas, who have your habitation at the ‘*Great Mountain*,’ and are overshadowed by its crags, shall be the third nation, because you are greatly gifted in speech, and mighty in war.

“And you—Cayugas, a people whose habitation is the ‘*Dark Forest*,’ and whose home is everywhere, shall be the fourth nation, because of your superior cunning in hunting.

“And you—Senecas, a people who live in the ‘*Open Country*,’ and possess much wisdom, shall be the fifth nation, because you understand better the art of raising corn and beans, and making cabins.

“You, five great and powerful nations must unite and have but one common interest, and no foe shall be able to disturb or subdue you.

“And you—*Manhattoes*, *Nyacks*, *Montauks*, and others, who are as the feeble ‘*Bushes* ;’ and you,

Naragansetts, Mohegans, Wampanoags and your neighbors, who are a '*Fishing People*,' may place yourselves under our protection. Be with us, and we will defend you. You of the South, and you of the West, may do the same, and we will protect you. We earnestly desire your alliance and friendship.

"Brothers, if we unite in this bond, the Great Spirit will smile upon us, and we shall be free, prosperous and happy. But if we remain as we are, we shall be subject to his frown; we shall be enslaved, ruined, perhaps annihilated forever. We shall perish, and our names be blotted out from among the nations of men. Brothers, these are the words of *Hi-a-wat-ha*—let them sink deep into your hearts—I have said it."

A long silence ensued; the words of the wise man had made a deep impression upon the minds of all. They unanimously declared the subject too weighty for immediate decision. "Let us," said the brave warriors and chiefs, "adjourn the council for one day, and then we will respond." On the morrow, the council again assembled. After due deliberation, the speech of the wise man was declared to be good and worthy of adoption.

Immediately upon this was formed the celebrated *Aquinuschioni* or Amphictyonic league of the great confederacy of Five Nations, which, to this day, remains in full force.

After the business of the great council had been brought to a close, and the assembly were on the eve

of separation, *Hi-a-wat-ha* arose in a dignified manner, and said :

“ Friends and Brothers :—I have now fulfilled my mission upon earth ; I have done everything which can be done at present for the good of this great people. Age, infirmity and distress, sit heavy upon me. During my sojourn with you, I have removed all obstructions from the streams. Canoes can now pass safely everywhere. I have given you good fishing waters and good hunting grounds. I have taught you the manner of cultivating corn and beans, and learned you the art of making cabins. Many other blessings I have liberally bestowed upon you.

“ Lastly, I have now assisted you to form an everlasting league and covenant of strength and friendship for your future safety and protection. If you preserve it without the admission of other people, you will always be free, numerous and mighty. If other nations are admitted to your councils, they will sow jealousies among you, and you will become enslaved, few and feeble. Remember these words ; they are the last you will hear from the lips of *Hi-a-wat-ha*. Listen, my friends, the *Great-Master-of-Breath* calls me to go. I have patiently waited his summons. I am ready ; farewell.”

As the wise man closed his speech, there burst upon the ears of the assembled multitude, the cheerful sounds of myriads of the most delightful singing voices. The whole sky seemed filled with the sweetest melody of celestial music ; and heaven’s high arch

echoed and reëchoed the touching strains, till the whole vast assembly was completely absorbed in rapturous ecstasy. Amidst the general confusion which now prevailed, and while all eyes were turned towards the ethereal regions, *Hi-a-wat-ha* was seen majestically seated in his white canoe, gracefully rising higher and higher above their heads through the air, until he became entirely lost from the view of the assembled throngs, who witnessed his wonderful ascent, in mute and admiring astonishment—while the fascinating music gradually became more plaintive and low, and finally, it sweetly expired in the softest tones upon their ears, as the wise man, *Hi-a-wat-ha*, the godlike *Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha* retired from their sight, and quietly entered the mysterious regions inhabited only by the favorites of the Great and Good Spirit, *Ha-wah-ne-u*.

LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

"I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the God of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the mounds of the dead."

SCHOOLCRAFT'S *Lament of Geehale.*

ABOUT one mile and a half west from the village of Jamesville, in the town of De Witt, is, perhaps, one of the most singularly located bodies of water in Western New York. It is situated, as it were, in a vast natural well or cavern. The banks are composed of different strata of limestone; the southern and western portions are nearly perpendicular, and in many places, project over the ground below. The northern portion is not as steep, but is too much so to be easily accessible. These banks are over one hundred feet high from the surface of the water, and are richly decked on all sides with beautiful evergreen shrubs, the forms of which are singularly reflected from the soft, green, mirror-like surface of the water which they surround. The form of this lake is circular, and it is about one hundred rods in diameter. It has no outlet, but upon the eastern side is a low,

marshy ground, through which the water might flow, but does not. From the brink of the lake, the shore in many places is perpendicular, or apparently shelving beneath. The interior of this vast basin is lined with a greenish white marl, and trees which have fallen into it are whitened thereby. In several places, near the center, a lead has been lowered by an hundred yards of line without reaching bottom; and within fifty feet of the shore, the water is over an hundred feet deep. The water towards the bottom is highly charged with sulphureted hydrogen, and is usually at an even temperature of about forty-eight degrees, Fahrenheit. Although the water at the surface has no very disagreeable taste, yet, when drawn from any considerable depth, it is scarcely endurable. It is known by the name of "*Green Lake*," or "*Green Pond*."

In ancient times, the path leading from Onondaga to Oneida, the one most frequented as the principal highway of the Indians, passed close along the southern bank of this lake.

With this remarkable locality is connected a singular Indian tradition, the cause of which gave rise to the Indian name of the lake still retained by the Onondagas, and may be worth preserving. An abler hand might give it a dress and coloring which would make it as interesting and enduring as any of Roman, Grecian or Scottish fiction.

Of the truth of the tale about to be related, we do not pretend to vouch. But that it is a tradition which

has been handed down from generation to generation, among a portion at least, of the Onondagas, is true. That it has been so transmitted for a long series of years, and is even now superstitiously believed by them, is equally true.

Upon a certain day in the seventh moon of a year long since passed away and forgotten, at that delightful season when the ears begin to form upon the growing corn, after the days have attained their utmost length, and the sun pours his scorching rays most powerfully upon the earth, an Indian woman set out from the castle of the Oneidas, to return to her own home at Onondaga. It was, indeed, to her, a toilsome and wearisome journey, for, in addition to a considerable burden, she was necessarily encumbered with her first-born, a beautiful and exceedingly interesting child of about eight months old. *La-qué* was one who could boast of her descent from one of the bravest and most influential chiefs of the confederacy in an uncontaminated line. Her dress, and that of her darling one, betokened the wealth, as well as the dignity and rank of the possessors. She had pursued her lonely walk, bearing her precious charge, through the heat of the day, which had been oppressive. As the sun lowered towards the western horizon, and the cooling breeze of evening made its approach, she arrived at the bank of the lake. Being extremely fatigued with her day's journey, and the moss-covered rocks presenting so inviting a place for rest, she involuntarily yielded to the temptation of

enjoying it. She loosened the band (to which was attached her burden) from her forehead, her child was carefully removed from her shoulders, and she rejoiced at the prospect of momentary rest. She placed the darling object of her affection, as it was, lashed firmly to its bark support, against the root of a tall, wide-spread elm. *La-qué* moved a few steps from her loved one, when she turned and gazed in ecstasy upon the object of her chief solicitude, and quietly sat down in a reclining position, to ease her weary limbs. Her head rested languishingly upon her hand, while her elbow indented the green, velvet-like cushion of the moss-covered rock. She listlessly mused upon the charming appearance of the placid waters of the lake below, and on the gladness her husband would manifest at meeting her again, and his joy to see and fondle the pledge of their mutual love, and of their safe return. While these things revolved in her mind, her darling one seemed to partake of its mother's feelings and happiness, for it smiled playfully as it gazed after the watchful eye of its doating parent. She fondly caressed it, and again relapsed into her pleasurable mood of contemplation. After a while, she became refreshed by her resting, and had partially resolved to resume her journey, when a slight rustling in the adjoining bushes, and a sharp crackling of the dry brush-wood, roused her from her reverie. She suddenly started from her mossy couch, and cast her eyes wildly around her, to discover if possible, from whence sounds so alarming had pro-

ceeded. She feared the stealthy tread of some ferocious animal of the forest seeking an opportunity to destroy her harmless offspring, or some strange demon of the woods to annihilate herself. Her alarm, however, speedily subsided, when she observed, standing but a short distance from her, a beautiful woman, richly habited, in the most splendid and gorgeous attire. The new and wonderful visitant had approached upon the path followed by *La-qué*, and smiled most wistfully upon her. *La-qué* at once became exceedingly interested in the fascinating appearance of the stranger, and she felt a thrill of satisfaction as she kindly welcomed the nymph-like traveler to her presence.

The sun had set with unusual splendor, his last rays had lengthened the shadows of the trees to their utmost limit, while the pale glimmerings of his fading light faintly and feebly disappeared in all the silence and magnificence of a forest sunset, and solemn twilight caused the surrounding objects to exhibit themselves still more beautiful to the eye, than when beheld in the stronger light of day. "Come to me, my sister," said *La-qué*, "it is pleasant, in this sequestered spot, to meet with a companion. You appear to be fatigued with this day's exertions. Take rest, I pray you, and we will soon pursue our journey together. My home is not far distant; a cordial welcome shall greet you at our humble cabin; you shall be the honored guest of the chief of the Nations."

The stranger cautiously advanced to the spot where

lay, unconscious of harm, the smiling infant of *La-qué*. Her step was soft and noiseless, her eyes seemed to charm by their bewitching glances, and her flattering smiles were perfectly resistless. She looked earnestly and inquiringly at the lovely infant against the tree, and then carelessly unbound her own, which had not before been observed by *La-qué*. She placed her own beside the other, and turning to *La-qué*, she said,—“My friend, I have come a long and sorrowful journey from a country lying far to the south. My misfortunes have driven me hither; my strength has well nigh failed me. I am, (she continued faintly,) a princess, the only daughter of a great and powerful king. But I have displeased my royal father. He continually seeks to destroy my darling child; its brave father, in his wrath he hath slain. His anger is not abated, his revenge is not satisfied. Nothing can divert him from his purpose or cool his passion, but the blood of this innocent child. I find no rest—no peace for my soul. Hope has nearly expired within me. I am desolate and oppressed in spirit. I am an outcast from my country, my kindred and my home. For myself, I care nothing. But for the safety of the precious treasure entrusted to my keeping, my efforts are directed. I know not but the spies of my father are upon my track. They may be even now listening to my voice, or perhaps have an eye upon my movements. I have hitherto exercised the utmost caution to escape their snares, and as yet, thanks be to the Great Spirit, I have escaped.”

Her very voice possessed a charm and melody so sweet, that *La-qué* thought her speaking, long after she had ceased. A magic charm had lulled her almost to repose. But speedily recovering, she expressed herself as one sincerely interested in the stranger's behalf. Her heart seemed to melt in sympathy for the sufferings of the wanderer, as her mind dwelt upon the circumstances of her distress. "My friend," said the stranger, "you can, if you will, afford me present and permanent relief," and her countenance beamed with a placid smile, her eyes sparkled with delight, and penetrated the inmost recesses of the heart of *La-qué*, who replied, "Say on, my sister; nothing, on my part, shall be wanting to make you happy, or to relieve your present distress." "I am rejoiced," rejoined the stranger, "to find a friend so kind and obliging in this hour of my adversity. It soothes my sorrowing heart and revives my drooping spirits. Your kindness almost invites me to accept the boon I am about to ask. Attend to the voice of my complaining. The *Great-Master-of-Breath* holds our destinies in the hollow of his hand; he is the rewarder of those who obey his promptings. And does not his breath even now gently pass over us? Be wise, and heed his kind and gentle intimations.

"The customs of our nations do not forbid the exchange of our children. Mine cannot long escape the vigilance of my persevering father, if it remains with me. With you, it would be safe. Then take,

I beseech you, my child and nurse it as your own. I am not afraid to entrust it with you, although a stranger. The emblem of our nation is pictured on its breast. It will never fade. I will take yours and return from whence I came. No malice can be brought to bear against it. It will be adopted as one of our nation, and will be safe from harm. Do this, and we shall both be happy. After my father's wrath has subsided, I will return and claim my own, and restore yours to you. It will be a mutual and happy exchange. The wild and master spirits of our race will have joy. Mighty events will be wrought by it. Our offspring will become ennobled, and we be the joyful matrons of a race of kings. Think well of my words. They proceed from a desire to promote the aggrandizement of our nations. Look yonder to our children, as they stand lashed to their supports, against the tree; yours is well formed, and beautiful to look upon; its lineaments are well defined, its proportions well developed; its eyes sparkle forth the innocence of childhood, while the smiles which dimple its cheeks betoken the guilelessness of its heart. Its apparel is well arranged and tasteful, and lacks no touches and finishings of human hands. Turn now to mine."

La-qué drew near, and beheld one of the most glittering sights upon which her wondering eyes had ever feasted. The dress of the stranger's child seemed covered with a profusion of the choicest gems, and even the smooth bark upon which it was fastened,

seemed inwrought with gold and precious stones, and the bow in front appeared like silver overlaid with the richest wampum. The eyes of the stranger's infant sparkled like diamonds, while its fascinating countenance and enchanting demeanor beguiled the affections of *La-qué* in its behalf. The dazzling raiment of the stranger's child, its beseeching looks, together with the sympathy which had already filled the heart of *La-qué*, tempted her in an unguarded, unfortunate moment, to consent to the proposed exchange. The natural affection of the mother was lost for the instant, in the winning looks and specious appearance of the deceitful stranger. Bereft of reason, or at least yielding to a spell of temporary delusion, the fatal word was spoken. "It is *mine*, then," said the stranger, and she thanked her with apparent kindness, saying, "It shall always be well with your child; take no thought for its welfare. It will ever be happy." So saying, like a thing of nought, she twirled the infant of *La-qué* in the air aloft, and as if by enchantment it fell upon her shoulders, and smiled a last adieu upon its hapless mother. The stranger turned from her companion, glided noiselessly from her presence and was soon lost from view in the dark recesses of the forest.

As she turned, *La-qué* thought she discovered an uncommon harshness about her features. A fiendish smile escaped her as she turned away, and a demoniac scowl rested on her brow. A bold, triumphant step, as she strode majestically through the woods,

bore her from *La-qué*, who, not till now, began to realize her uncontrollable situation. A suppressed cry from her own loved one, drew out all the tender feelings of the mother, but an attempt to restore things to their former situation was now too late. Being obliged to make a virtue of necessity, she sorrowfully raised the stranger child to her bosom. It seemed to be somewhat changed from its appearance as she at first beheld it; still, the unwary *La-qué* suspected no artifice; her native suspicions had been lulled into fatal security; a magic spell had bound its charm around her, and she felt unable and unwilling to command herself. At length, arousing from her resistless stupor, she began to comprehend the magnitude of her bereavement. A returning sense of folly, guiltiness, and shame, compelled her, though reluctantly, to yield with as becoming a grace as might be, to the evil she had done. She reluctantly placed the burden which had been forced upon her, across her shoulders as was the custom of her people, she carefully wrapped the ample folds of her blanket around this new object of her care, and with a heavy heart, mournfully commenced her journey homeward.

The last cry of her own dear child rang piercingly and without cessation in her ears. Its sobs and moans reached the inmost recesses of her soul. She had proceeded on her way but a short distance, when she felt an uncontrollable scratching, gnawing, and tearing at her back; her blanket was drawn from her shoulders, her dress beneath was completely disor-

dered, and all her efforts to quiet the disturber of her peace were unavailing. Every movement more and more perplexed *La-qué*, and added to the sorrows of her heart. She still persevered, and did her utmost to maintain her equanimity of mind. Finally, she could bear no longer the troubles which were weighing her down with grief. She carefully laid down upon the ground the load she had borne. The precious ornaments had all disappeared. No lovely infant smiled upon her gaze, but in its stead, and for which, in a thoughtless moment, she had exchanged her own dear one, there lay a scaly, disgusting, sickening—almost unnamable object—a *young ALLIGATOR*.

With an air of abhorrence, *La-qué* thrust the vile thing from her. In her efforts to disengage herself, and from fright, she fell exhausted and insensible to the ground. How long before she recovered herself and became sensible of her situation, she could not tell, but the bright stars spangled the blue arch of heaven, and the waning moon shone dimly above the eastern horizon. Hours must have passed away, while the cool dew of evening chilled the motionless limbs of the prostrate *La-qué*. After a return of consciousness, she looked wildly around for the hideous object she had cast off, but no vestige of it or its beautiful covering could be seen. Vacantly and in the most desponding agony she retraced her steps to the bank of the lake, and in wailing and mourning passed the remainder of the night, calling piteously, in all the grief and desolation of a bereaved mother's

heart, for her own dear child. Often would she listen for several minutes at a time, with feelings of the most intense anxiety, to catch some sound that would indicate the spot where might be the resting place of her lost and loved little one. At times she fancied she heard its wailing voice, when, brightening up, and listening, to be assured of the truth, no cry came to her relief—no sound could be heard. Her very soul became lost in the agony of despair—it almost died within her; and what added to the acuteness of her sufferings, she had no one to reproach but herself.

She paced the bare rock in all the gloom of settled melancholy, till the rising sun gilded with its mellow rays the foliage of the sombre forest around her. She sat piteously and mournfully down, her cheeks were bedewed with tears, she clasped her head between her hands, and in sighs and sobs gave vent to her sorrows. No sound of living thing could she hear but herself—no sigh but the faint echo and the gentle rustling of the leaves as they were moved by the cooling breeze. The dark, deep gulf below would have been appalling to a rational mind, but to her it seemed pleasant and inviting. Her own dear child had been snatched from her by treachery and deceit, in a most mysterious manner, and she was inconsolable at the loss. She could make no atonement to her husband, and no satisfactory excuse could she render to herself or friends. As a last resort for the calming of her sorrow, she leaned over the yawning chasm and gazed wildly into the abyss below. The slight-

est movement would have precipitated her into the fathomless waters beneath. As her arms were raised, ready to take the fatal leap, she turned her eyes imploringly towards heaven's high arch, and asked forgiveness of the Indian's God, for the rash act she was about to consummate. A soft voice, as of a ministering angel, gently wooed her ear, and bade her "LIVE!" She eagerly cast her eyes about to see from whence the sound, but all was still. Receiving this as a command from the Great Spirit, she relinquished the unhallowed design of self-destruction, and at once determined to wend her cheerless way towards home. Though the distance was comparatively short, to her it seemed almost interminable. She revolved the circumstances of the preceding day and night, over and over again in her mind, and still no bright spot lighted her dreary prospect.

There appeared but one way of addressing the subject of her calamities to her friends, and she resolved upon it with boldness. Summoning all her resolution as she approached the door of her cabin, with a trembling hand she lifted the latch and passed in. She could no longer control her agonized feelings, but burst at once into a flood of tears. Her husband, not observing the child, immediately guessed at the cause of her distress. Becoming touched with her grief, his feelings readily assimilated with hers, and he used his earnest endeavors to console her and quiet her agitated mind. She finally resumed her wonted equanimity and complacency, and related minutely the

circumstances of her bereavement as they had transpired. He kindly listened, but instead of charging her with the least particle of blame, most tenderly excused her and reconciled her by declaring his belief that it truly must all be the work of the wicked spirit, and that the good prophet of their nation could inform them what means should be resorted to, to recover the lost child.

A ray of hope instantly shot across the bereaved mother's mind, and in the transport of the moment, she thought she could realize the child restored. No time was lost in consulting the oracle of the nation—the aged, the illustrious prophet. Said he, “Wait with patience three days, I will then tell you what to do.” The three days wore heavily and slowly away. They seemed to them as it were an age. The grief of the disconsolate ones was expressed by continued moans. They perseveringly refused all proffered comfort and consolation. At the expiration of the allotted time, the anxious pair were waiting at the door of the prophet.

They were bidden to sit down and listen attentively to his words. Said he, “It was the wicked spirit *O-nees-hoo-hugh-noo*, in the disguise of a beautiful woman who has deceived you and taken away from you your child. But the Great Spirit who rules and directs all things, has heard its cry and deprived the wicked one of his power over it. He saw the anguish of the mother's heart. He has sheltered your child from harm. He has taken it to the bosom of

the lake. There you can seek for it, but there it must remain. It is now guarded by an enormous serpent placed there by the Great Spirit, who continually has his eye upon it. No harm can at present come to it—it is safe. Go—and upon the high bank attentively listen; you will hear its cries at the center of the waters. They will faintly echo through the trees and quietly die upon your ears. Believe me, and my words will prove true. Nothing can turn the eye or attention of the serpent from the child, unless an attempt is made to reclaim it. Think not to get it back; the first efforts you make towards recovering it, your lives will atone for your temerity. If you faithfully do as I have told you, and strictly follow my directions, your child will always live. It will soon cease its cries and enter straightway upon a life of joy and pleasure. It will ever enjoy richly the favor of the Great Spirit and be happy. Again I charge you to remember my words. The Good Spirit *Ha-wah-ne-u* requires you yearly to offer a quantity of good tobacco, as an oblation and satisfaction for his guardian care. Stand upon the bare shelf-rock above, and cast the savory offering into the sparkling waters below. The first time you do this (and it must be soon) the great serpent will retire and be no more seen. But if you or your children after you refuse or neglect to comply with this requirement in any succeeding year, at that season when the leaves begin to fall, the wicked one will return, and your child will be des-

troyed. Go, and as you regard my saying, so you will prosper."

Faithful to the counsels of the prophet they proceeded directly to the lake, and certainly as he had predicted, they beheld an enormous monster coiled up in a most threatening attitude. His huge spiral folds as they enlarged from the center, covered an area of several rods. His eye was not diverted by their approach, from the bosom of the lake. They cautiously advanced and turned a listening ear to the silver-like waters. Judge of their joy as the well-known voice of their own darling child greeted their ears. In the transport of the moment *La-qué* suddenly urged her steps towards the awful precipice, forgetting for the instant the warning voice of the prophet. She thought only of rushing unbidden to embrace the peculiar object of her affections. Scarcely had her purpose manifested itself before the monster raised his head in anger. He hissed violently in his rage and madly threshed the surrounding earth. The very air seemed heated with his breath, and smoke and fire issued from his open mouth with impetuous fury. They turned away horror-stricken and amazed. Shame and regret for a moment filled their awe-stricken hearts, and they willingly hastened to do the simple bidding of the prophet. A large bundle of tobacco with which they had provided themselves was ceremoniously cast into the lake. It seemed to spread itself slowly over the whole surface of the waters whose color gradually assumed a dark green appearance. The behold-

ers looked intently and with astonishment while the operation proceeded. They felt a consciousness that the whole had been devised by the Great Spirit and was the work and operation of his hand. They were on the point of retiring, when looking to the place where the serpent had lain, he was no where to be seen. He had, unobserved, silently disappeared, but the print of his place for a long time afterwards was plainly to be traced.

After these events *La-qué* and her husband returned to their homes, happy and contented, and many a year after this, they regularly visited this remarkable spot, and presented their annual oblation of tobacco—from which circumstance this lake derives its Indian name KAI-YAH-KOOH—signifying, *satisfied with tobacco*.

In after years the children and relatives of these bereaved ones were charged with the important trust of continuing this singular practice, and of transmitting the sacred rite to their posterity. The custom was religiously observed to the time when the white people came to settle upon the lands in the vicinity, since which, it has been discontinued. But the story of *La-qué* and her child will not soon be lost from among the traditions of the Onondagas.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

"TIME, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the Present,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The undistinguishable blots and colors
Of the dim Past, collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image,
To frighten or reward."

• COLERIDGE'S *Remorse*.

THROUGH the beclouded vista of departed time, feeble glimmerings of the superstitions and oral chronicles of the Indian race may be dimly traced. By successive generations their mythic traditions are continually elaborated and magnified. By the peculiar genius of this extraordinary people, their fabulous theories are kept alive, with all their wild and fanciful extravagance. That which at first might have had its origin in truth, is sometimes stretched to its utmost tension, and in its attenuation, often diminishes towards the marvelousness of fiction, till every vestige of its original truthfulness becomes obliterated. The lively imagination of the savage, aided by the emotions of excessive joy or grief, with wonderful facility magnifies and mystifies events of preceding generations. Each new scene presents a subject upon which his faculties may have power

to play. The winds and woods, the fields and floods, each contribute their share of aliment to enliven his fancy. His energies are prone to recoil within his own bosom. Sighs and groans in gloomy solitude encircled with evil, unvail the grossest deformities, while soft influences, fair scenes and breathing sweets, not unfrequently heal and harmonize his disordered spirit, and life's best impressions radiate from his heart.

The tradition which is here related, not unlike the records of civilized nations, is believed and repeated over the council-fire of the red rulers of a perishing race, with all the soberness of the most substantial reality.

Many hundred moons ago, the most unaccountable delusions prevailed throughout all the cantons of the original Five Nations. None was more prominent than the extravagant notions entertained of witchcraft and sorcery. A belief, so universal in its spread and potent in its operation, oftentimes had the effect of blighting the prosperity of the people, and of diminishing their numbers; and at times even threatened the depopulation of the country. It seemed as if the evil genius of humanity had the ascendancy, and prevailed; that the basest passions of the heart were stimulated to action, and in their operation, debased every sentiment of pure and proper thought.

It is related, that in the ancient time there was an extensive and well organized fraternity of witches and wizards, who held their stated nightly meetings in

some secret place within the Onondaga canton. It was well known to all the seers and sages of the nation who had their country's welfare at heart, and who were uninitiated in the arts and mysteries of witchcraft, that the machinations of the evil disposed were continually seducing numbers to their nocturnal revels. The place where their infernal rites and orgies were performed, was unknown to the wisest and best. Young and old were alike liable to be drawn within the fatal vortex of delusion, and beyond the wholesome restraints and influences of reason, religion and reform. Long and anxiously did the ancient men of the nation study and seek to find the concealed lurking place of these deluded beings. Nightly watches were set in every suspected spot throughout the canton. A most rigid examination was required of every suspicious person, and still, a profound and impenetrable mystery veiled every effort made at discovery. Long after every expedient which wisdom and ingenuity could invent had been exhausted without the least symptom of success, a faithful old chief, (*Ta-hou-ta-nah-ka*), who, from the beginning had, with intense anxiety, watched progressing events, resolved, with a determination sealed with a solemn vow to the Great Spirit, to relieve the nation of the foul stain already attached to it, and to shield it from impending ruin. His bosom fired by the fervent spirit of the most sublime patriotism, burned for an opportunity to expose the guilty disturbers of his country's peace, and bring to punish-

ment the notorious offenders. For the better execution of his plans, he chose for the place of his observations a huge rock on the western bank of the *Ka-soongk-ta*.^{*} So sure as the evening star set its brilliant vigil in the east, so sure was the cold rock greeted with his presence. For many a weary night, solitary and alone, he stole away to this dark retreat, watching with an eagle eye the surrounding country, in hopes of detecting the hiding place of those who were participating in the unhallowed infatuation. The silver moon nightly attested the faithfulness and devotion of the aged counselor, and the starry firmament bore witness of his fidelity and perseverance. Weariness never for once came over his watching frame. Sleep was banished from his eyelids, and like "Patience on a monument," he sat with the most stoical rigidity, and mourned over the apostacy and degeneracy of his race. On one of those delightful autumnal evenings, when beauteous nature in her wild simplicity almost outdoes herself, while the gentle wind only stirred the dense green foliage of the forest, and thronging constellations streaked the sky with mellow light, and silent stars lent their feeble rays to enliven the scene, and chirping insects' notes faintly broke the hush of night, and golden clouds sailed pleasantly on in varying wreaths, coursing the blue arch of heaven, and gleams of the unrisen moon were gathered in many a silvery beam upon their misty margin, the old chief sat alone upon his beacon rock, wrap-

^{*} Butternut Creek, one mile south of Jamesville.

ped in the most profound and solicitous reflections. The scene itself was enchanting, and waked many a pleasing thought that stirred the soul, and thrilling sound that pierced the crystal air. While meditating upon these gathered beauties, and while absorbed in anxious thoughts of the traditions and extravagances of his people, a doleful, deep, and rumbling sound suddenly broke the awful stillness, and the dismal echos as they fell upon the chieftain's ear, roused him to a sense of danger. Startled, but not dismayed; dejected, yet not a stranger to fear, he felt no terrors that he dared not brave, he realized no dread that was not already overcome. He calmly listened, and again and again were the seeming thundrings repeated. They seemed to proceed from the deep, dark recesses of the earth. He bent his listening ear to the ground, and imagined he could distinguish sounds of mirthful revelry and clamorous joy, amid the rolling din beneath. The more attentive his mind was fixed upon the singular phenomenon, the more he became convinced it had connection with the mystery he had vowed to solve. While casting about, undecided upon the course he should pursue, he discovered in the distance, dancing about among the trees, torches, with blue and flickering flame, as if borne in the hands of human beings, moving about with great rapidity. For a while his keen eye rested upon these unnatural appearances with dreamy astonishment, when one by one the fluttering lights sunk to the earth, and to all appearance were

suddenly extinguished. These sounds and sights were unusual and foreboding. He left his seat upon the rock, and bent his steps with noiseless tread to the spot where, as near as he could judge, he had seen the unaccountable disappearance of the lights. Upon his arrival there, he could discover no vestige of passing footsteps—no trace of living thing. The silence of the tomb reigned throughout. He moved about with cautious stillness, listening at every step, and the quiet solitude was for the time perfect, and unbroken. While anxiously waiting the issue of events, a single light cast its dim rays about among the brushwood. It was rapidly moving towards the spot upon which stood the faithful chief. As it came near, he beheld the tall, erect form of a well known brave of his nation. So intent was he upon his purpose, that he heeded nothing, nor did he suspect the presence of any but his fellows. The careless brave passed rapidly on. The hopes of *Ta-hou-ta-nah-ka* revived. He followed the zigzag course of the pale, dull light through all its mazy wanderings, till all at once, the midnight traveler made a sudden halt, cast an inquiring glance about him, as if to be assured that all was right, and then with his heel gave several stamps in quick succession. At the same time he uttered a commanding exclamation, the earth opened, the light and the bearer of it instantly disappeared in the hollow depths below, and all was dark and dismal. To the unutterable astonishment of *Ta-hou-ta-nah-ka*, his ears were suddenly greeted with a burst

of the most unearthly sounds. It seemed as if the throats of a thousand demons had been strained to produce the horrific jargon, and that the caverned earth was inhabited and alive with ranting demons, intent only upon riot and tumultuous disorder. *Ta-hou-ta-nah-ka* was now satisfied that he had found the den and lurking place of those who so long had led the people astray with their vile enchantments and incantations. With his observing eye, he took note of every object around, and marked the spot with exact precision. He returned to his village, and on the succeeding night, with sundry well chosen and trusty companions, proceeded to the rock upon which he had so long and anxiously watched, and there, with the most earnest solicitude, awaited the unraveling of the mystery. As the night advanced, and everything was hushed in silence, as on the former occasion, lights were again seen rapidly moving in the distance, and suddenly disappearing in the forest solitude. The party on the rock stole stealthily along, and by previous marks and observations, *Ta-hou-ta-nah-ka* readily found the place at which so many had strangely and suddenly disappeared. Here the chief stepped apart from his companions, and in a thick clump of hemlocks, entirely obscured from observation, he stamped violently with his heel upon the smooth surface of a flat rock, at which signal it immediately opened, and he sunk down, down, down through a wide, dark chasm into a broad, high, vaulted apartment, dimly lighted by

the lurid glare of numerous torches appended to the rough and gloomy walls. The interior of this horrible abyss was appalling indeed. Here, within the far off recesses of this vast subterranean room, the chief caught glimpses of torches moving rapidly in various directions. He advanced, and as he drew near, the light which at first seemed to shed but dim and flickering beams, grew brighter and brighter, till at length the place assumed the brilliancy of noonday. Strange, fantastic figures glided around and about him, till he found himself surrounded by a host of beings of the most motley character and bearing, some acting like demons, wild with mad frenzy or distracted with rage, while others gamboled in merry gladness like harpies delirious with joy. Under the specious garb which covered these denizens of darkness, the chief discovered countenances familiar to him above ground, and among them some of his most intimate acquaintances.

The vagrant host gathered around their unexpected and unwelcome visitor, and demanded of him an unqualified explanation of his obtrusive and unceremonious entrance. To all their requirements he lent no willing ear, and left unanswered their inquiries. Receiving no satisfaction from that source, they sought by every art that dissimulation or persuasion could suggest, to win him to their unrighteous cause. To every attempt made towards an adjustment of difficulties, the chief was still unyielding and inexorable. Finding him still obdurate, and further and further

removed from all hopes of successful conversion to their wicked schemes, they dismissed him with every token of their disapprobation. While within the unhallowed cavern, he observed one, whose peculiar visage eminently distinguished her above the rest. Far above her fellows, on an elevated platform she sat, and from her superior bearing and commanding aspect, seemed to reign sole queen of those realms of darkness, and to be absolute ruler over her subterranean subjects. Her voice was authority, and her mandate law. In her hand, instead of a sceptre was a wand which she waved with dignity and grace. Her motions were observed by all around her with the greatest subserviency. None passed her without reverence. None listened to her voice but with willingness to obey. *Ta-hou-ta-nah-ka* took note of all that transpired, and returned unmolested to his friends above ground, who were extremely apprehensive as to his personal safety.

On the morrow a council was called. The united wisdom of the nation was convened. The story of *Ta-hou-ta-nah-ka* was repeated, whereupon it was decreed, that all individuals whom he should designate as possessed with witchcraft, should suffer immediate death. The nation was directed to assemble, and the suspected were pointed out. Before proceeding to pass sentence, the chiefs who sat in judgment, gave opportunity for all to speak in their own defense. When called upon, they severally charged the cause of their delusion to a wicked enchantress, who had

borne supreme rule in all their assemblies, and was the sole directress of all their ceremonies. She it was who had seduced them from their happy abode and the ways of rectitude and peace, and had taught them in all the arts of sorcery and witchcraft. Upon her and not upon them, they thought the punishment should be visited. She had held them by the magic of her will. She had charmed them by the power of fascination, and none had force sufficient to oppose her influence, and none could escape the resistless magic of her charms. The excuse was deemed insufficient, and *Ta-hou-ta-nah-ka* was directed to name the guilty ones he had seen in the cavern. The chief passed along the rows of people as they were arranged on their rude seats, and with the utmost indifference, pointed out those whom he had noticed in the cave of the enchantress. Scores, and even hundreds of both sexes, innocent as well as guilty were condemned to death for witchcraft, and were marched off to a place appointed for execution, and there, without a murmur, they received the punishment awarded for their crimes. Death was meted out with no stinted measure, and all who were in the least suspected of dealings with the enchantress were dealt with accordingly. The extravagant delusion was carried to such an extent that a large portion of the several tribes had disappeared and fallen victims to a blind, misguided zeal for their country's good. It was at length solemnly resolved in council, that executions should thereafter cease, and none but "*Ocaru*

nee," the wicked enchantress, should be subject to death, lest the nation should become extinct. All the actors or supposed actors in the scheme of witchcraft, had fallen victims to the lamentable fatality except the reputed enchantress. She, in the beginning had strangely disappeared, and no tidings of her abiding place could be gleaned.

Time rolled on, confusion was banished, order resumed its place, and under the guidance of the Great Spirit, the nation succeeded to its original quiet and happiness. Its territorial borders were enlarged, its inhabitants increased, and everywhere was found prosperity, plenty and peace, in all their ancient plenitude and splendor. In the universal joy that succeeded the general devastation, the cause of so much misery—the wicked enchantress—was well-nigh forgotten. She had ceased to be a subject of interest, and her wonderful workings were only named as among the extravagancies of frail and erring humanity that had passed away. Although a rumor had been diligently circulated through all the cantons, long after the destruction of the reputed witches, that a strange and wicked woman inhabited a beautiful cabin in a delightful grove near the *Te-ungk-too* ;* still, no one dreamed that it could be the abode of the long absent *Ocaunee*, for time had nearly effaced from memory's leaf the leading circumstances which occasioned her notoriety, and everything relating to

* Cross Lake.

the past and her, had been permitted to pursue its own oblivious way.

From the wonderful relations made respecting the stranger woman by all who had passed her cabin, and the unaccountable disappearance of several distinguished warriors of the nation who it was supposed had been lost in hunting or had been carried away captive or slain by some secret enemy, it was evident that somewhere evil was at work, and that for the general welfare an investigation should take place. A special council was called in reference to the matter, when it was decreed, that the wise man *Hi-a-wat-ha*, who it was supposed possessed supernatural powers, should make an examination and learn the facts in relation to the solitary cabin and its singular inmate. *Hi-a-wat-ha* was called to the council and commissioned in due form to proceed on his errand, upon which the blessing of the Great Spirit was solemnly invoked by all the people, to ensure the success of the undertaking. Before proceeding on his mission, he selected from among the tried braves of the nation, a warrior in whom he reposed implicit confidence, whose name was *Wa-ha Wat-ha-yu*, or the *Ugly Death*—a very terror to his foes. Arrangements were speedily made, and in a light canoe the two set out from Onondaga, with bosoms beating high with confidence and hope. They passed up the Seneca River a short distance above Cross Lake, to where an abrupt bend is made in the stream, and there, on a gentle eminence at a little distance from the shore,

in a beautiful grove, they discovered a single cabin from which the smoke ascended in graceful curls, while every appendage looked cheerful and inviting.

So remarkable was it, and so unlike the habitations of the children of men, that *Hi-a-wat-ha* thought best to send forward his companion to learn who were the favored occupants of so delightful a residence. *Wa-ha Wat-ha-yu* approached cautiously the borders of the charming grounds, and after diligently surveying the attractive scene, leisurely ascended the shaded avenue to the door of the dwelling. The soft wind gently agitated the leaves of the grove, and sweetest voices of singing birds everywhere greeted his ears. The whole landscape seemed mystically clad in a garb of witchery and enchantment, wrapt in the mysterious mantle of its own grandeur and originality. With a resolute heart and unflinching hand, *Wa-ha Wat-ha-yu* gently raised the latch of the cabin, and uninvited, walked in.

To his unbounded surprise, he was met by a female of extraordinary stature, who exhibited features of the most forbidding harshness. The greeting which she gave him was imperious and rough, but after a moment's hesitation and reflection, she assumed an air of pleasantness, and proffered him a cheerful welcome. She told him she was extremely happy to entertain strangers. "They frequently visit me," said she, "though they are not always at liberty to go away." Suddenly assuming an austere manner, and a gloomy severity coming over her features, in a bold,

authoritative tone, and deep, hollow voice, she said: "Although I use my best endeavors to please my guests, and render them happy, still, I have my set rules and customs, which must be implicitly observed by all who visit me, and in no case are my requirements to be omitted. I am," continued she, "the special guardian of the beautiful trees, so profusely covered with nuts, which everywhere surround you. These are the special gifts of the Great Spirit, to me. Their fruits are unknown to all mankind but myself, and those upon whom I please to bestow them. Long have I alone enjoyed the sole possession of these splendid grounds which you see around you. None have dared to question my rights here, and none have proved themselves competent to share with me so rich a treasure, or fortunate enough to wrest it from me. My friend, I am to inform you that all persons who visit this place are treated in the kindest manner. Their hunger is appeased with the choicest dainties of the land. Their thirst is quenched with the purest crystal water from a bubbling spring. Every thing here contributes towards happiness and enjoyment. Within the limits of my little territory is an inviting apartment, whither we can retire and regale ourselves with every innocent amusement, and pleasantly while away the time in singing, in dancing, and in games. After these are past, and before my guest departs, he must, as an honorable brave, accept a challenge, and consent to a trial of skill at wrestling. The forfeit of the vanquished is death. Whosoever falls will surely

die, and the survivor will become the permanent possessor of all that surrounds you. If I fall, they will be readily relinquished, and these beautiful prospects will be yours, and these time-honored trees, and this ancient house, and the singing birds which so sweetly greet your ears, will also be yours. But if it becomes your misfortune to fall, your body will be cast out as food for the wild beasts of the forest. The famished wolf will rend your flesh. The lean panther from afar will snuff your blood, and your bones will lie unburied, and bleach and decay in the wilderness. The *mother-of-the-months*, nor her blinking children, will lend their lustre to brighten the solitude by which you will be surrounded, nor will the *Father-of-the-years* lend one cheering ray to light your spirit to the realms of bliss. You will be doomed to linger forever on the confines of the bright hunting-grounds above, reserved only for the brave and good, without once partaking of their joys."

Wa-ha Wat-ha-yu became alarmed at this singular proposal, and reluctantly, though firmly, asked leave to visit his companion, that he might inform him of the ordeal through which he was challenged to pass, and the danger of his situation. This indulgence was readily granted, upon condition of a speedy return. He retired to the canoe, and made a faithful report of all he had seen and heard. Upon this, *Hi-a-wat-ha* gave directions for him to exert his powers, and at the same time conferred upon him fresh strength, breathed upon him the breath of his spirit, and thereby ren-

dered him invulnerable. "Go, now," said *Hi-a-wat-ha*, "you will prove victorious, and this dread scourge of humanity shall be destroyed."

Wa-ha Wat-ha-yu returned to the grove of the enchantress. The wicked woman immediately conducted him to an apartment fitted up with peculiar elegance. From the openings on either side, in the gayest splendor, might be seen the deep green dell, the far-off sloping hills, the charming lake surrounded by fairy-like trees, dipping their pendent branches in the placid water, the running river pressing on to the wide ocean in all the loneliness and sublimity of primeval nature, a calm bright scene in all the beauteous hues of clouds and sunshine intermixed, and the pure air perfumed by Nature's breath. Within, upon tables, was spread every luxury tempting to wearied humanity. Here the enchantress and her guest regaled themselves with the freest indulgence. Both did ample justice to the choice delicacies prepared for their entertainment, and the whole concluded with singing, dancing, gaiety and joy.

After they were satiated with feasting and hilarity, the wicked woman conducted him to her arena, and there, to his utter astonishment, he found himself within a strong circular enclosure of stone, from which the light of the sun was entirely excluded. It was brilliantly lighted by numerous, flaming torches, attached to the dark and gloomy walls. Within the enclosure was a circular blade, extending entirely around it a short distance within the walls, leaving a

space between. Upon this blade, the vanquished party was sure to fall. The space between the wall and the fixed instrument of death was occupied as a gutter, which bore many and indubitable evidences of the unholy purposes to which the sanguinary apartment had been converted. Although horror-stricken at the dismal prospect before him, he was not dismayed, but felt a firm reliance in his newly acquired powers, and in the justice of his cause.

All things being in readiness, exercises in dancing, leaping, and other athletic sports, were proposed and entered into with zeal and vigor, and many most extraordinary feats of agility and power were performed by both. In all these, the matchless *Wa-ha Wat-ha-yu* excelled his grim and haughty rival. Both, at length, became fatigued, and reclined to rest. After a short interval, they again entered the lists, and a trial of strength and skill at wrestling was proposed, and the competitors began. The contest soon assumed an angry aspect, and became more and more violent as the chances for victory lessened. Three several times did these infuriated antagonists become nearly exhausted, and as often consented to take rest. At the fourth trial, the enraged enchantress attacked her adversary with unguarded and inconsiderate fury. He coolly received her assault, and with a desperate effort hurled her from him with deadly violence, across the reeking blade. Her head was instantly severed from her body; a groan, a splash, a hollow rumbling sound succeeded, and the intrepid

Wa-ha Wat-ha-yu stood alone in the ghastly charnel-house of the wicked enchantress. He gazed around in mute astonishment at his unexampled success, and at once unreservedly poured out his heart in grateful and devout acknowledgments to the Great Spirit for this manifestation of his special favor. Taking a last look at the prostrate body of his adversary, he discovered that it had suddenly become changed to stone, and had marvelously increased in size, still bearing the contour and lineaments of the living person.

After the victory, which was wholly ascribed to the supernatural agency and influence of *Hi-a-wat-ha*, the brave returned in triumph to his companion, who was anxiously waiting his return. He proceeded to give a full and strict account of his adventure and success, with all possible minuteness. The wise man rejoiced, and the warrior was glad, while an exquisite thrill of satisfaction pervaded their bosoms. The two moved on with buoyant step towards the late habitation of the enchantress, but all traces of her once beautiful cabin had entirely disappeared. Nothing was left to cheer the scene but the beautiful trees laden with nuts. All around was desolation and ruin. The petrified body of the enchantress lay extended on the earth, and to this day, remains a monument of her arrogance and infamy, and is pointed out by the wandering red man as the "*rock of Ocaunee*," the enchantress, and is still cherished and revered as a perpetual memento of the powers and success of *Wa-ha Wat-ha-yu*, and of the wisdom of *Hi-a-wat-ha*.

THE LAST OF THE KA-SOONGK-TAS.

"THE narrow house is pleasant to me, and the gray stone of the dead. Let our warriors bend the bow. Ourselves will lift the spear. They are a host on the rock! Our souls are strong in war."

OSSIAN'S *Oithona*.

IN the early days of our country's history, and ere the white man made his permanent abode upon its beautiful and diversified surface, the red man held this territory by right of gift from the hand of the Great Spirit. Nation after nation of his race has passed away, and tribe after tribe has rapidly disappeared, until the very name of many of the lesser ones are unknown, and their places of habitation utterly forgotten. Their hunting grounds have become the property of their foes, and their once happy homes the white man's dwelling-place. Their ancient places of sepulchre are heedlessly furrowed over, and the polished share harshly grates upon their bones as the thoughtless plowman turns the green sod from their graves. Once, unmolested, the forest-man richly enjoyed these hills and valleys. His rude cabin was made cheerful in the evening by the light of his brush fire, and his half-tilled cornfield and untrespassed domain, yielded to himself and little ones, sustenance and support. For these blessings did the

untutored sons of the forest, five times in each year, with earnest devotion, yield their thanks and offerings to the Great Spirit.

At the time of the first settlement of Onondaga county by the whites, there lived within its limits the last remnant of a tribe of Indians, who from time immemorial had been subject to the Onondagas, though they finally became incorporated with that nation. Yet, up to the time of which we write, they had in their domestic relations to a considerable degree kept distinct.

They were called *Ka-soongk-tas*, and the plain upon which they lived was for several years called the *Ka-soongk-ta* flats, by the whites. It was a beautiful opening or prairie, some six or eight miles in circuit, about one mile south-east of the present village of Jamesville. It was subsequently, for a considerable time, called "Morehouse's flats," after Benjamin Morehouse, who settled there in the spring of 1789. At that time, however, all the country in the State of New York, west of the present county of Schoharie, had been named Montgomery county, and the territory west of "Old Fort Schuyler," (Utica) was erected into a town called Whitestown. In the year 1791, the county of Herkimer was organized, and the whole "Military Tract" was divided into two towns, the western, called Peru, the eastern, Mexico. As the white population advanced upon these lands, and they were surveyed and parceled to the soldiers of the New York line, who had served in the war of the

Revolution, the *Ka-soongk-tas* withdrew from the soil cherished as their own, and sat themselves down with the Onondagas within the limits of their reservation. The Onondagas, or at least a large majority of them, had been unfriendly to the American cause during the eventful struggle, and on more than one occasion did they signally avenge themselves. In several of their excursions, the *Ka-soongk-ta* warriors took part, and among these was *Oh-he-knugh*, who had in his early youth been honored with the distinguished title of war-chief, and was second to none except the renowned *Oundiaga*. In those days, this was no unmeaning title, and fearlessly had he earned his reputation. The scalps of his foes had often adorned his girdle, and these blood-stained trophies of his prowess were not few. His hand was against the white man, and his heart was relentless and unpitying.

He often warned his countrymen of the danger of quietly yielding to the grasping rapacity and continual encroachments of the whites. He was always firmly opposed to negotiations for the transfer of their lands. But his advice was unheeded, and his predictions were ridiculed. The leading men of the nation, contrary to his advice, conveyed parcel after parcel of their lands, till the pent up tribe had scarce a resting place to call their own. In the years that succeeded, the clansmen of *Oh-he-knugh* had one after another passed to their long homes. The vicissitudes of war and pestilence had thinned the ranks of the warriors, and age and disease had so effectually aided

the work of the destroyer, that not one of his kindred was left. He felt himself to be the last of his tribe. A deep gloom came over his mind, and a settled melancholy marked him as her victim. Revenge had taken its abode in his bosom. It formed the nucleus of all his actions. Around this one passion clustered all the efforts of his active mind; and in the anguish of his heart he exclaimed—"The suns of many summers have brightened my path; fifty winters have shed their snows about my head; the spring of my youth is dried up, and the autumn of my declining years is upon me. I am a lone and obscure man. My fathers lie buried on the green banks of the *Oh-jees-twa-ya-na*.* My kindred one by one have trod the upward road to their last home. Not one of my ancient tribe remains in the green forests they once rambled over. Not a drop of the pure blood of my fathers courses through the veins of any living being except myself. I stand single and solitary, the last of them all. I am like a lone rock on the broad prairies, or the rugged oak on the bare mountain peak. *Oh-he-knugh* is the last of his tribe. No scalp-lock of his kin floats in the breeze. He stands upon his own bright hills, and sees only the smoke rising from the cabin of the pale face. He moves over the plain of his fathers and the corn of the white man is there. The dusky maids no more greet the warriors on their return from the war path, nor move gaily in the dance of peace. No more is the fire-

* Upper section of the Butternut Creek.

fly's flash pleasant to the eye of *Oh-he-knugh*, or the hooting of the night-bird to his ear. Long have I withstood the taunts and jeers of the nations who have held dominion over my tribe, and even the cruel white man points in derision at *Oh-he-knugh* as to one who is forsaken, broken in spirit, and bereft of friends. The melancholy past and the unknown future alike bid me leave the green vale of my fathers, and seek an asylum more congenial to my feelings. And shall the *Black Slate* fear any danger? Shall time or distance change his resolution? Shall the bristling bayonet of the pale face, or the fierceness of the long knives, cause him to retreat or deter him from his purpose? No! he'll go to the Miamis, with the Onondagas. His vengeance shall be meted to the oppressors and destroyers of his race, and if the Great Spirit wills, his body shall lie unburied on his last battle field. The fierce eagle shall take courage by feasting on his flesh. His bones shall bleach in the tall grass of the prairie, they shall blacken and consume in its fires, and the grave of the last of the *Ka-soongk-tas* shall not be. The swift wind shall scatter his ashes, and at last the Great Spirit shall gather them to himself."

The eyes of the chief rolled fearfully in their sockets, as he finished speaking. He firmly clasped his hands together, his brows were firmly knit, he gazed wildly and intently upon his lovely plain, as the sun's last parting gleam sank below the western horizon, and shed its last lingering rays upon the deserted

dwelling place of the *Ka-soongk-tas*. He spoke not, but in his heart he bade adieu to the scenes of his childhood.

The resolution of the chief once fixed, he exerted himself to attach to his person a brave band of warriors, who with others, would go and assist the Western Indians, who had become emboldened by their successes, and the defeats of Harmar and St. Clair. Runners had been sent from the Miamis to various tribes, and among others the Onondagas had been solicited to go to their assistance. A considerable party most willingly accepted the proposals offered. A material part of the plan was, that after General Wayne should be defeated, (an event confidently expected,) a body of Western Indians should accompany the Onondagas home, and the victorious warriors fall upon the infant settlement at Onondaga and effect its destruction. The plan was deeply laid, and had its execution been attended with success, again might the early settlers of this favored country have been driven from their new homes. Considerable preparation was made for the defense and security of the inhabitants. But the timely and grateful news of the defeat of the Indians put an end to all fears from that quarter, and undisturbed prosperity has since marked the progress of the whites.

The efforts of *Oh-he-knugh* were now directed to the gathering of his friends, and his success was such, that more than a hundred tried braves pledged themselves to follow his fortunes. A hundred tomahawks

gleamed at the word of the war-worn chief, and as many knives leaped from their sheaths ready to do his bidding. But ere they set out on their perilous expedition, they fully prepared themselves by making suitable offerings to secure the favor of the Great Spirit, and invoked his blessing upon their heads. The days of thanksgiving and invocation were concluded with the war dance. As soon after this important ceremony was over as the remaining necessary arrangements could be made, the war party were assembled preparatory to taking up their line of march. *Oh-he-knugh* had used every means within his reach to procure all the requisites of arms, ammunition and provisions. In truth it might be said that with all these they were abundantly supplied. Everything being in readiness, they left their castle and the scenes of their festivity, amid the cheers and rejoicings of their friends.

The courage of the braves had been excited almost to frenzy. Their spirits were high, and the enthusiastic joy with which they bade adieu to those around them, and the earnest professions of bravery manifested by word and gesture, seemed as sure harbingers to victory. Among the numerous countenances beaming with joy, animation and delight, there was one whose brow was contracted — whose eye swelled with earnestness. No smile played upon the lip of *Oh-he-knugh*. Stern resolution rested upon his features. It seemed to him that the weeping genius of his departed tribe still hovered over him to direct his

energies to the fulfillment of his destiny. It was no dread of coming events that depressed his spirits, for his mind was fully prepared for the worst, nor fear of death which appalled him, for he had been too thoroughly disciplined in the scenes of the past to be affected thereby. But it was the doubtful uncertainty of the future that gave the chief an uncontrollable uneasiness. It caused his heart to become overcast with gloom, and his thoughts to assume an unwonted seriousness. Feeling a strong presentiment that he should never return, he thus addressed the assembled chiefs:

“My friends,” said he, “while upon the war-path, life is uncertain. It may be I shall not come back from the country to which we are going. I wish, therefore, according to our custom, to deposit with some one whom you may designate, the records I have kept of my tribe. Name now my successor, and to him, in your presence, will I faithfully transmit our history.”

An active youth was selected as the successor of *Oh-he-knugh*. To him was committed the important trust of forever treasuring in his mind the sacred memorial about to be orally transmitted. This being done, he proceeded:—

“Many hundred moons ago our tribe occupied the country in this vicinity. It was surrounded by others. Our tribe was then small, and numbered but few—and so it was with them. Each managed their affairs in their own way. We all looked up to the Great

Spirit as our common father and protector. No one molested us or made us afraid. The whole country around us served as a common hunting ground, and we fished in the lakes and streams about us with undisputed right. Our venison and fish were cured by the salt made by our women from the springs below. All these blessings were abundantly supplied. They constituted our pleasures, our support and happiness. We always lived at peace with our neighbors. After a long time of undisturbed prosperity, there came far from the North, a fierce and strange people. We knew nothing of them. At first they professed friendship; they afterward excited jealousies among the tribes, and finally made war upon them. Those who resisted were annihilated. They made war upon us, also, and we were overcome. We made, it is true, but little resistance, for they had conquered the tribes about us. Had we fought with them, we should have been destroyed. We thought it better to preserve our lives than throw them foolishly away. With them we made an honorable peace. We retained our ancient privileges, and our hunting and fishing grounds. These warriors of the North settled on the grounds occupied by the tribes they had annihilated. My friends, you are the descendants of our conquerors. The great confederacy of Five Nations acknowledged us as the adopted sons of the Onondagas. You have increased and become numerous and mighty; we have diminished and become few and feeble. Our ancient tribe is as nothing; its name is seldom spoken; it is

swallowed up in the majesty of the mighty Onondagas. Since our alliance, the history of the Onondagas and *Ka-soongk-tas* is the same. That is known to you all; I need pursue it no farther. Bear this one thing ever in your mind—*Oh-he-knugh* is a *Ka-soongk-ta*. Of his deeds in war—of his bearing in the council—of his influence with his nation, it becomes me not to speak. When I reflect that my brave and valiant fathers stood firm, and fearlessly repulsed our enemies of the North, and successfully kept them back till they were made stronger, and again turned back the foreign warriors from our soil; when I reflect that one after another of our daring braves was driven in and compelled to yield; when I reflect that the noble tribe is, as it were, extinct, and its name blotted out from the memory of the great nations; my soul sickens at the thought—my heart dies within me. I have done. Remember my words. They may be the last you will hear from the lips of *Oh-he-knugh*.”

He impatiently but silently waited till the last man who was to accompany the expedition was ready to leave, when, with a low, authoritative tone, he bade the warriors depart. No event out of the common routine of march and encampment occurred during the progress of their journey; nor were there any adventures worthy of note.

They proceeded with as much haste as circumstances would allow. After a few weeks of anxious toil, they arrived within a few miles of the Miami towns,

and encamped. The long and fatiguing journey had in no wise depressed their spirits. Nor was their ardor dampened or their zeal moderated. A selected band of young men was sent forward by the order of *Oh-he-knugh*, to inform the Miamis of their approach—that the Onondagas were near. That they were ready to do battle to the utmost of their power in the approaching contest, and that their chief was willing to counsel and coöperate with the great chief of the Miamis and his allies. The deputation proceeded on their errand, and after making themselves known to their new friends, and declaring their intentions, they were joyfully greeted and made welcome guests at their lodges. A large party of Miamis was immediately dispatched to the camp of the Onondagas to welcome them to their country, and escort them to their camp. As the Onondagas approached the village and encampment of the Miamis, the head chief with his followers advanced to meet them. Joy beamed in the countenances of the warriors as they met, and gladness cheered their hearts. “Hast thou, too, come, *Oh-he-knugh*?” said the great war chief of the Miamis, as he firmly grasped the hand of his ally. “Thrice welcome art thou to our council, and our country. Our homes shall be yours; my friends, you have come a long and dreary journey to our assistance; you are weary and way-worn; you must take rest. The homes of my brave warriors are at hand. Their warm and open hearts are waiting to receive you. Their bright hearths burn to give you

comfort. They will feast and dance with the Onondagas, and they shall be as one people. And thou, *Oh-he-knugh*, shalt be the favored guest at the cabin of *Mish-i-kin-ak-wa*. My friend, it is but lately as I slumbered in my cabin that I dreamed of you, and the vision was thrice repeated. I thought I had proceeded down that wild romantic glen that opens to the river ; I ascended the far-off hill beyond, I gazed from its top, my eyes were turned towards the East. The rising sun was just above the horizon, its yellow rays rested beautifully upon the western highlands in the distance, the rough crags were richly illuminated by its light, the gentle wind scarcely stirred the leaves of the trees, and a bold magnificence pervaded the scene. No living being was abroad except myself.

“As I mused upon the wars and the fate which had befallen the two white chiefs, who had recently invaded our country, and the preparations already made for another campaign, the thought stole over my mind that the Great Spirit would again work our enemies defeat ; that a chosen band of trusty warriors would be sent by Him to effect His purpose ; that they would come from a far-off nation, and we be rescued from danger. Methought as I listened, I heard the mighty spirit of their chief sigh in the breeze, and pant for our enemies’ destruction. Methought I heard in the distance the stately war-step of a tried and valiant band. Methought I saw them one by one approach, and cast fuel upon the watch-fire and circle

around it. Their dim figures writhed swiftly in the war-dance—the death-song rang mournfully through my ears—the piercing war-whoop shot fitfully through my brain, and I awoke. Five times has the unclouded sun fulfilled his daily task, and sunk to rest behind the western hills, since this auspicious vision came over my mind. I trust it has now come to pass. Is it not true? Is it not fulfilled? For our purpose it is enough. A hundred braves of the Onondagas are here; every heart is tried and every hand is strong. No foe shall oppose their progress, for *Oh-he-knugh*, the last of the *Ka-soongk-tas*, commands them. My friend know this,—upon a plain not far distant lies the celebrated white warrior* *Wa-bang*. Good fortune always attends him. His eye never sleeps; the day and the night are alike to him; he is slowly marching upon our towns. Our old men murmur at his caution and our young men have become impatient of his delays. He is always watchful and secure. The *Turtle* cannot surprise him—our young braves have constantly hovered around him on his march, and watched with eagle eyes his movements. His sentinels are always set, and never sleep upon their posts; he cannot be drawn out of his entrenchments, nor decoyed into an ambuscade; he will never be attacked unless to his own advantage; nor will he offer battle without being sure of success. This is the kind of warrior we have now to deal with—he has

* *To-morrow*—Miami name for Wayne.

grown wise by the misfortunes of those who have preceded him. He is determined to secure the victory, and unless we are valiant, strong, united and favored of the Great Spirit, we in our turn will be defeated.

"The *Turtle* has proposed to the grand council of war chiefs lately assembled, to listen to the white general's offers of peace. But his counsel is not agreeable. It is not acceptable to the young warriors. They prefer the charge of cowardice against me. I have fought and bled for my people. I am not guilty. I have the welfare of my nation at heart. A majority of the chiefs are averse to peace. We must fight. *Mish-i-kin-ak-wa* must wipe off the foul stain attempted to be fixed upon his character, that none hereafter shall have occasion to repeat the charge. The chief warrior of the Miamis can fight, and even die without remorse, but he must not sink dishonored to his grave. The council of *We-ya-pier-sen-warw* is judged to be wise and good. He is the most distinguished chief of the Shawanese. He is the director and leader of all this mighty band of warriors. He is bold and fearless, but rash and precipitate. He is crafty and subtle, but lacks coolness and judgment. Our foes look well to all our doings; their overtures of peace are construed by our braves into an acknowledgment of their weakness; they are deceived; let us beware, and put our trust in the Great Spirit who guides the battle."

"My friend," answered *Oh-he-knugh*, "I have lis-

tened attentively to what you have said, and have treasured up your speech in my bosom. But we do not think alike. I am impelled to say, I came here with my brave followers to assist the Miamis, the Wyandots, Pottawattomies, Delawares, Shawanese, Chippewas and Ottawas. My determination from the first was to fight. I have heard nothing to induce me to change my resolution. Your advice to the council may have been good, and most advisable for the welfare of the nations. But for me and those who came with me, we came for war and not for peace. My only desire is to be assigned an honorable place upon the day of battle. As for fear, we have seen nothing in the force or courage of the whites that need excite it. We know of nothing else can cause it.

“Upon several former occasions we have fairly beaten them. The courage of our braves and their superior skill effected it. Their ardor is not now less—their courage is as high. Every breath sighs destruction. It would be inglorious now to retire. Two thousand brave warriors now rest upon their arms, and at a moment’s warning would be ready to do their utmost. It would be unjust to disappoint their hopes. Many of them like me have come a great distance. It is not best to disperse without a trial of our strength. Our numbers exceed those of our enemies; we are as valiant as they, and when the time of trial comes, depend on it, not a man will prove recreant to his trust.”

The preliminaries being settled, and a majority of the chiefs in council deciding upon a trial of strength, there was no alternative but to fight, and every man resolved to aid in carrying out the plans adopted, to the utmost of his influence and ability. Every preparation which savage ingenuity and skill could suggest, had been made. The ground selected by the Indians was admirably calculated to yield them advantage in the expected mode of attack, according to their rules and modes of defense. The excellent disposition made of their forces displayed a degree of military knowledge and acuteness seldom exhibited by Indians.

The Americans had advanced with the greatest caution, and no advantage which discipline or experience could yield, was by them unimproved; and perhaps in all the annals of border warfare, there was never a greater degree of self-confidence in opposing forces. Early on the morning of the day which was to determine the fate of the contending parties, every possible arrangement to promote the work of death and to secure victory, had been completed by both sides. The sun rose unobscured, and its mellow rays, as they flashed across the polished arms of the advancing soldiery, and penetrated the openings of the forest where lay concealed their dusky foes, added brilliancy to the scene. The Americans were displayed in two parallel lines, over an open area skirted by woods, and their opponents were shrouded in an intricate and tangled forest before them. A

violent tornado at some previous time had prostrated the large trees, and formed for the Indians a kind of breastwork and temporary defense. Although they were regularly arranged in parallel lines, extending a long distance at right angles with the river, still, in many places, small parties of two or three had taken their places in sheltered positions, ready for the approaching onset.

According to his wish, *Oh-he-knugh*, with his Onondagas, was stationed in the front rank, and in a position where it was highly probable the advancing columns of the Americans would first make their attack, and with almost breathless anxiety and impatience of delay, waited their arrival. No sooner were the Americans within fair rifle shot, than a brisk and lively fire was suddenly poured in upon their ranks. They instantly formed in order of battle, and the firing of muskets commenced; but from the sheltered situation of the Indians, the firing produced little effect, and served only to increase their ardor, and inspire them with renewed courage. The order was immediately given to charge, which was executed with great gallantry, spirit and effect. The entire front rank had well advanced up to the very muzzles of the Indians' rifles, when the whole red host poured upon them a most deadly and destructive fire, which carried off many of the foremost and bravest of the combatants. It had not the effect, however, to check the progress of the advancing party. Urged on by the impetuous Wayne and his gallant officers, their

power was irresistible. The brave soldiers eagerly sought the foe in their lurking places, and fiercely did the angry contest rage. Often were the bayonets of the whites displaced and rendered useless by the well directed blows from the Indians' hatchets, and often and again were the resolute soldiers compelled to yield to the superior agility and skill in close conflict, of their grim-visaged antagonists. Furious and bloody indeed, for a while, was the struggle. But the steady and persevering courage of the whites, and their determined and unflinching bravery, added to the regularity and effect which a strict adherence to military discipline imparts to the movements of a brave soldiery, at length compelled the foe sullenly, though reluctantly, to retire.

In vain did the chiefs urge a renewal of the fight. Their forces once broken and routed, their exertions were useless. This, to the leading warriors, and especially to those who had vaunted highly of their prowess and of the certainty of victory, was a trying moment, and to no one was it more so than to *Oh-he-knugh*. The sting of disappointment rankled deep in his heart. This sudden reverse in the affairs of the day for a moment nearly unnerved him. But quickly recovering, he hastily gathered around him the remnant of his followers, who were now considerably reduced in numbers, several having been slain, and others having retreated beyond the influence of their chief. Nothing daunted, he declared in a short address to the remaining few, his intention of prolonging

the sanguinary contest to the last. The dread war-whoop echoed loudly through the forest in response, and the devoted band instantly resolved to stand firm by their chief, and to continue the fight, disputing every inch of ground, and if it became necessary, to seal with their blood the last efforts of their lives. This unexpected rally of the Onondagas for a moment stayed the impetuosity of the conquering whites. Their surprise, however, was only momentary. They rallied in their turn, and advanced with renewed ardor, pressing upon their foes with the most daring resolution.

The leaden messengers of death sped from the unerring rifles of the Indians, and told woefully upon the advancing ranks of the whites. The little band were, by superior numbers driven from one sheltered position to another, and so closely were they followed, that the contest was carried on mainly with the hatchet and bayonet. During the running fight which continued, *Oh-he-knugh* and his men gained a position which secured to them perfect protection, and for a time, baffled the efforts of their pursuers to dislodge them. Their numbers had become sadly reduced. Only thirteen resolute spirits were left unscathed on the sanguinary field. And such was their vigilance that scarce an enemy could show his head but it was pierced by a shot from a true-sighted Onondaga.

The main body of the Indians had fled, and the greater part of the whites were in pursuit. The commander of the whites, learning the state of things,

ordered a reserve body of Kentucky militia, to drive the lingering Indians from the field. With the most determined resolution they advanced, but ere they had accomplished half the distance, a general discharge of Indian rifles laid many with the ground. Nothing daunted, the remainder rapidly proceeded to the spot where the red men were gathered. Already had *Oh-he-knugh* and his party re-loaded their pieces, and another discharge told heavily upon the advancing ranks. The whites instantly rushed up almost to within arm's length of their enemy. At this period of the awful strife, there was a momentary suspense. Face to face, the combatants looked each other defiance. Each measured the powers of his adversary to continue the conflict.

The brave chief of the Onondagas spoke a word of encouragement to his comrades: "The Great Spirit now smiles upon our exertions," said he. "The last of the *Ka-soongk-tas* and his followers must not yield. Never let it be said they turned their backs upon the pale face. I have vowed to die upon this field. Who of you is now willing with me to seek gloriously a warrior's death? Our last blood must be freely shed—our work is almost done—the sum of our vengeance is full. We sink honorably to rest in the arms of the Great Spirit. I am satisfied, and in peace." Again the deadly tomahawk and glittering bayonet suddenly clashed, and were made red in the running gore.

One after another of the brave warriors was laid

low, and fast were the files of their enemies thinned. Suddenly the high-souled *Oh-he-knugh* stood alone. His companions lay helpless around him, and but three of his foes were left to prolong the strife. The brave chief entrenched himself against a tree, and the surviving assailants rushed upon him with the fury of desperation. The clubbed rifle of the chief laid the foremost low as its shivered stock pierced the brain of the victim. At the same instant he received a fearful thrust from the bayonet of one of the last slain soldier's comrades. It laid bare the warrior's ribs, and the point reached the shoulder blade. Disabled, but not spirit-broken, covered with dust and blood, panting with fatigue, and nearly exhausted with exertion, the hero still defied them to the combat.

The battle now became more dreadful and violent. Another cautiously approached and attempted to deal a death blow with his clubbed musket, but the chief, with his strong right hand, wrested the weapon from him in an instant, and hurled it at him in defiance; at the same moment, the surviving comrade of the disarmed man thrust the chief through his thigh. Like lightning, the tomahawk sped from the hand of *Oh-he-knugh*, and laid low this last assailant. Being now completely disarmed, and greatly enfeebled by the loss of blood, and scarcely able to support himself on his unwounded limb, and suffering the most excruciating pain from the wound in his shoulder, he was entirely disabled from acting in the offen-

sive, and completely at the mercy of the remaining soldier, who dared not even now approach the living warrior. The unsparing, unpitying white man leisurely reloaded his musket, and deliberately presented its muzzle to the breast of the chief. *Oh-he-knugh* faltered not in the trying moment. With an air of triumph, he tauntingly bade the soldier do his work. He spitefully jerked the scalp-lock from his crown, and dashed it exultingly upon the ground. The report of the solitary musket echoed harshly through the woods, and the LAST OF THE KA-SOONKEG-TAS WAS NOT.

THE SACRIFICE.

“O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin as ’twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity.”

SHAKSPEARE’S *Coriolanus*.

THE population of the once powerful confederacy of the Five Nations was scattered wide over the territory of Western New York. Occupying a soil of surpassing fertility, and a country peculiarly diversified with beautiful lakes teeming with delicious fish, and extensive forests affording abundance of game; governing themselves by mild and simple laws, congenial to their well being and happiness, they had vastly increased in consequence above the surrounding nations. By their prowess in arms they spread terror among their neighbors, and attained an enviable superiority over all the North American tribes.

Onondaga, situated in the vicinity and around the beautiful lake *Genentæ*, whose sands were reputed to

have been silver, was the central, the great nation of the "*Aquianuschioni*," or "*Amphictyonic* league" of the Five nations. The smoke of the grand council fire, which from time immemorial had burned on their sacred hearth, ascended high to the clouds, that the Mohawks and Oneidas on the east, and the Senecas and Cayugas on the west, and all other of the surrounding nations, might know of their glory. Its living light shed its glare through their wide spread country, and its brightness told the warrior and the hunter, when far from their home, that *there* would their mighty deeds be recorded. Its spirit was diffused through the hearts of the braves of the nations, and inspired them with renewed energies to deeds of wondrous daring.

Onondaga was early visited by the whites. At this period, it is said, they alone could probably muster a thousand tried warriors for the field. The whole Onondaga valley was thickly covered with their hamlets, and much of the surrounding country was interspersed with their villages.

At what precise period the first white persons visited this interesting section, it would be difficult positively to determine. Traditionary history and high authorities set the time as early as the year 1635, and supposed authentic relics and monumental inscriptions in the Spanish language assign a date much earlier, one going as far back as the year 1520. The French Jesuits very early attempted to establish

themselves and the Romish religion in the Onondaga valley. At different periods both the English and French erected defenses to protect themselves in their trade with the Indians, and to secure their alliance and friendship. Through the jealousy of the colonists of these rival nations, and in consequence of their intrigues with the natives, the settlements were as often broken up as formed, and it was not till the year 1786 that Ephraim Webster permanently settled in the valley. He had long been acquainted with Indian manners—had initiated himself into their habits, and was familiar with their customs. His first occupation at Onondaga was that of an Indian trader. He opened a temporary trading house on the east bank of the Onondaga Creek, near its outlet. At that time he dressed in Indian costume and spoke the several Indian dialects like a native. He was for many years previous to his death agent and interpreter to the Onondagas.

A short time after young Webster had made his habitation among the Indians, he accidentally became an eye witness to a rather romantic incident, which many of the aged inhabitants yet living have often heard him relate, and the story of which may be vouched for as true. It may throw a feeble ray of light upon Indian character with respect to the virtues of fortitude, fidelity and honor, which, though not always duly accredited, often adorn the savage life.

In one of the lovely villages then so common among the Cayugas, lived two young men of that nation. From boyhood they had been taught together the use of the bow and arrows, the leap, the dance, the exciting toils of the chase, and the mimic arts of war. When the innocent sports of youth had given place to the sterner occupations of manhood, hand in hand they bounded over the hills and shot across the plains with an alacrity that knew no limit; and when the wrongs of their countrymen cried for vengeance, they stood side by side, ready for the war-path, and woe betide the enemy that crossed the track of *Man-tin-o-ah* and *Os-sa-hin-ta*. The interests of these friends were one. Their amusements and occupations were similar. Their desires and wishes were alike. Their lives and fortunes were completely interwoven one with the other, and their whole souls seemed bent on seeking methods to promote each other's happiness. It could hardly be supposed that a friendship so intimate, and of so long duration, could possibly be shaken. But inevitable fate would have it otherwise.

In a neighboring village lived *Kah-yan-sa*, the admired of all, the beloved of her nation; she was young, gay, and beautiful—sprightly as the gazelle, timid as the fawn, and graceful as a fairy of olden time. The young warriors often wandered in company to the dwelling of the fair one. It is not to be wondered at that their visits were frequent and pro-

tracted ; they delighted in her society and in each other's. They were willing and welcome visitors at the dwelling of *Kah-yan-sa*, and were always loth to leave. She received their visits with pride and satisfaction. She loved to listen to the tales related of their feats in the chase, their prowess in arms, and their lofty bearing in the council room. As yet, she had regarded them only as friends to herself and to each other. She honored them as the ready champions to avenge the wrongs against their country, inflicted by the foeman. The fireside of her parental wigwam was often and again made cheerful by the presence of the two friends, and the hours always wore smoothly and pleasantly away.

On a time, the two young friends set out on different hunting parties, not by design or from choice, for had they been left to themselves they would have passed on together. But the old men directed, and in those days, among the Cayugas, the young men obeyed. Success had marked their progress in many a weary toil and danger—bear and deer had fallen in numbers before them, and their boldness and address could not be exceeded. After an absence of several weeks, the party to which *Man-tin-o-ah* belonged, returned richly laden with skins, and the more substantial burdens of the chase. The old men and women, the children and youthful maidens, went out to welcome them on their return ; feasting and dancing followed ; all things passed on in the usual routine of

aboriginal amusement and thanksgiving on such occasions. One of the first places to which *Man-tin-o-ah* bent his steps after his return, was the cabin of the fair *Kah-yan-sa*; for the magic name had become more and more endeared to him, as absence had ripened his hitherto tender impulses to perfect love.

She received him with extended arms, and now openly avowed what before she had scarcely dared to breathe. The tender passion as it existed between them, was pure and reciprocal. It increased. Each sought happiness in the society of the other, and could find little enjoyment elsewhere. Days passed fleetingly away. All things proceeded in the calm sunshine of rational fruition. At length the party to which *Os-sa-hin-ta* belonged, returned also. They, too, had been successful, and fortune to him had not been less propitious than to his friend. He, too, hastened to the dwelling place of the kind-hearted *Kah-yan-sa*. He entered, but the open smile of gladness, as at other times, dimpled not her cheek. An embarrassed greeting, and a cool, uninviting welcome, only heightened the surprise of *Os-sa-hin-ta*. Unobserved until now, *Man-tin-o-ah* sat in a reclining posture, in full view before him; his countenance was composed, yet a dignified smile played over his features, which told too plainly the triumph of his feelings. As the vivid lightning flashes over the clouded heavens, so passed this startling secret across the mind of *Os-sa-hin-ta*. As the pealing thunder succeeds the streaking flash, and impresses its effects upon the soul,

so entered this stinging disappointment into the wounded heart of this neglected man. In an instant, he saw through the whole matter. He forebore to express his displeasure, and retired in sullen silence. His former friend had become sole possessor of the affections of her he had secretly, though ardently, loved. A deadly and irreconcilable hatred settled in the breast of *Os-sa-hin-ta*. No sooner was the fact revealed to him that he was rejected, than his resolution was fixed. The world was not wide enough for *Man-tin-o-ah* and *Os-sa-hin-ta*, and he speedily resolved to sacrifice his early friend at the shrine of his vengeance.

Not long afterwards these two rivals met in a secluded place, and *Os-sa-hin-ta* thus accosted *Man-tin-o-ah*: "You and I have for a long time loved each other; our friendship was sincere; I trusted it would always remain so. Oft, in times of difficulty, when danger was near, have we effectually assisted each other. And in seasons of peril, when despair seemed hovering over our destinies, it has been our mutual good fortune to afford his friend relief. Our cares and trials, our perplexities and difficulties, our blessings and evils, have been borne with the kindest feelings towards each other; we have been linked together in the unbroken chain of friendship. But the time of our separation has come. Our joys and friendships must here have an end. Hereafter, we are enemies; you have supplanted me by taking an undue advantage of me in my absence. You have sought

to win the fair *Kah-yan-sa*. You have succeeded too well; hereafter I remain on earth only to be miserable. I cannot bear to see so rich a treasure in the possession of another. The pale moon has often been a faithful witness to our attachment, and the stars cannot number our mutual acts of friendship. Much I regret it, but they must all have an end. Ere the rising sun shall gild the tops of the trees on yonder hill forest, the soul of *Man-tin-o-ah* will be winging its way to the mansions of the Great Spirit who gave it. Know this: you must die; prepare to meet your end."

The high-souled *Man-tin-o-ah* disdained an explanation. He listened to the voice of the chafed *Os-sa-hin-ta* with the most stoical indifference, in the proud consciousness of rectitude. As *Os-sa-hin-ta* finished speaking, he suddenly drew from his girdle a burnished tomahawk; at the same time his blanket dropped from his shoulders. With a high extended arm and a piercing yell to give it power, and a motion quick as thought, the tried steel was ready for its work. A glittering sunbeam flashed across the dreadful weapon as it was about to descend on the head of *Man-tin-o-ah*. But the practised eye of his antagonist was not closed to his doings, for while the polished instrument of death was poised ready to give the fatal blow, the trusty blade of *Man-tin-o-ah* pierced the heart of *Os-sa-hin-ta*, and he fell powerless to the ground. *Man-tin-o-ah* retired to his cabin in mournful silence, and brooded over this unlooked

for calamity with the most poignant sorrow. The body of *Os-sa-hin-ta* was found, and dark suspicion rested on *Man-tin-o-ah* as a guilty murderer. He denied not the charge, nor did he seek to palliate insinuations. His lofty pride and haughty bearing forbade him to say, "I did it in self-defense"—lest the people of his nation should suppose he said so to save his life. He disclaimed to flee. He boldly determined to meet the consequences, let them be what they would. The first suspicions were, in the minds of his countrymen, confirmed.

By the unwritten, though acknowledged laws of the savage, the nearest of kin to the slain, is the avenger of his blood. In this capacity was the brother of *Os-sa-hin-ta* called upon forthwith to avenge the blood of his brother. But in consideration of the long-established friendship which had been so firmly cemented, and was now so fatally and unhappily terminated, and the interference of friends, a temporary suspension of the sentence was granted as a boon from the brother of *Os-sa-hin-ta*. The day, the hour, the place and manner of his execution were agreed upon. *Man-tin-o-ah* was to retire from the nation till the full time should expire, and then return; all of which, on his part, he vowed faithfully to perform. *Man-tin-o-ah* left his native village. Before his final departure he repaired to the cabin of the agitated *Kah-yan-sa*, to take of her a last farewell. Of his doom and destiny she had been informed. He tendered her a formal release from her former vows. She rejected

the proposal with a kind but decisive negation. The full tear glistened in her eye, yet it moistened not her cheek, but returned unshed to the fount from whence it came. She whispered softly in his ear: "In all your trials be courageous, be true, perform strictly your vows. We will yet be one—if not on earth, we will in the presence of the Great Spirit. On the hour of your execution, I shall be near you with this token of your attachment, (holding in her hand a rich wrought sash which had previously been the gift of *Man-tin-o-ah*,) to inspire you with fortitude, that you may meet your end as becomes a worthy descendant of the Great *Ka-ha-a-yent*. It is true, the time of your probation will pass heavily away," said she, as *Man-tin-o-ah* pressed her trembling hand in his. "But I shall live happy in the knowledge that you will act the part of a true brave of our nation. You cannot dishonor the name of a Cayuga; our destinies are firmly knit; while you live, life to me will be pleasure. When the soul of *Man-tin-o-ah* quits its earthly home, the spirit of *Kah-yan-sa* must soon follow. Linger here, her joys would be few, and the memory of *Man-tin-o-ah* dead, could not be borne. At the time of your sacrifice I will, from some large tree not far distant, display this white belt in token of peace and recognition. Let it nerve you to acquit yourself in that trying hour, with the courage of a tried warrior of the Cayugas. Till then, farewell. Keep this blue belt I have wrought for you, and during your retirement let it be a talisman to truth,

fidelity and virtue. Till then, sustain yourself in meditating on the noble deeds you have achieved, and in the prospect of eternally enjoying the favor of the Great Spirit, who freely dispenses his favors to the brave and true: farewell. The maids of the five nations must not openly hold converse with the doomed."

The heart of the chief was full. His broad chest heaved with emotion. He gently pressed the loved one to his bosom. He would have told her much, but the tongue of the brave denied him utterance. His calm demeanor and expressive looks told more than could a multitude of words. He sighed and beckoned a silent farewell. Slowly and reluctantly, with a heavy heart, the warrior departed. The eye of the trembling girl followed his retiring steps, till the dim shade of night shut his tall form from her view, and she listened till the last footfall died in the distance. The rising sun found *Man-tin-o-ah* in a lone wilderness, far from his home. During the time set for the banishment of the chief, *Kah-yan-sa* continued mostly at her home. The dance of the maidens, or the song of the warriors, had few charms for her. She busied herself almost unceasingly in the domestic concerns of her parental fireside. Often when alone would she recount the noble deeds of him who was the center and circumference of her affections, and break out in a few wild notes expressive of her gloomy feelings. She sought not nor yet shunned the society of her former friends, but chose rather to seek consolation

in listening to the rushing wind as it swept over the leafy forest, or the rippling brook as it murmured sweetly along its pebbly channel. Oft would she wander alone at evening to the shore of the glassy lake, place her ear near its grassy margin, and catch the trembling sounds as they came across its smooth surface. Midnight might find her gazing upon the face of the well filled moon. Often and again would she number the changes it would perform ere *he* would return. Her night dreams were of him, and her daily thoughts forgot him not.

Early one morning, as several chiefs of the Onondagas, with Mr. Webster, (whose Indian name was *Sa-goos-ka-nooks*,) were sitting around the door of the council-house, a young man, a stranger, presented himself before them. After the customary salutations, the young man proceeded. "Fathers, I have come to dwell among you and your people, if you will permit. I have left forever the home of my fathers and the hearth of my mother. I come to seek a home with you. My name is *Man-tin-o-ah*. Deny me not." The most aged chief, *Kah-wick-dota*, answered him—" *Man-tin-o-ah*, you are welcome here; sit you down with us. Be our son — we will be to you a father. You can hunt and fish with our young men, and tread the war-path with the braves of our nation. You shall be honored as you deserve." Near two years passed around and *Man-tin-o-ah* was apparently contented and happy — always foremost in the chase, most active in the dance, and loudest in

the song. Between *Man-tin-o-ah* and Webster a bond of firmest friendship was formed. When Webster climbed the hill, *Man-tin-o-ah* was his companion. When *Man-tin-o-ah* watched the midnight moon, Webster whispered friendship in his ear. Their wakeful eyes caught the first glimmering of the rising sun together, and its last parting gleam, as it sank below the western horizon, departed from both their visions at the same time.

Said *Man-tin-o-ah* to his friend one morning, while sitting in a more contemplative mood than usual, "I must soon leave your beautiful valley forever; I must go toward the setting sun. Four and twenty moons have filled their horns and waned, since I came to this place between the hills. I have a vow to perform—my nation and my friends know *Man-tin-o-ah* will be true. My friend, will you go with me?" Webster assented.

A hasty preparation was made for the journey. They left the Onondaga valley together. *Man-tin-o-ah* looked upon it for the last time. After a walk of three or four days, taking it leisurely along, hunting and fishing by the way, they arrived at an eminence near *Man-tin-o-ah's* village. Here, said he, let us rest. Let us here invoke the Great Spirit to grant us strength to pass triumphantly through the scenes and trials of this day. Here, said he, we will eat, and here, for the last time, we shall smoke the pipe of friendship together. After a hasty repast of broiled venison and bread, the pipe was passed from one

to the other in regular succession. "Now," said *Man-tin-o-ah* to his friend, "a little more than two years have elapsed since, at my native village near to us, partly in self-defense and partly in a burst of passion, I slew one who had been my chosen friend—my bosom companion. I was condemned as guilty of my friend's blood. It was decreed I should suffer death. I sought the gloomy recesses of the forest—it was then I presented myself before the chiefs of the Onondagas, and sought admittance into that nation; it was then I won your friendship. The nearest of kin to him I slew, according to our customs, was to be my executioner. My execution was deferred for two full years, during which time I was to retire as a banished man from my nation. The time of two full years expires this day, when the setting sun sinks behind the topmost branch of yonder tree. Beneath the broad branches of this venerable oak, at the foot of this ancient rock against which I now lean, I stand prepared to receive my doom. My friend, we have had many a cheerful sport together. Our joys have not been circumscribed—our griefs have been few. Look not so sad now, but let new joys arouse you to happiness. When you return to the Onondagas, bear testimony that *Man-tin-o-ah* died like a brave man; that he shivered not at the approach of death, like the coward pale face, nor shed tears as a woman. *Man-tin-o-ah* fears not to die. Take my knife, my hunting pouch, my belt, my horn, and rifle; accept them as mementos of our former

friendship ; I need them no longer. A few moments and the avenger will be here. I am ready ; the Great Spirit calls—farewell.”

Webster firmly remonstrates against his determination. In vain he urges him to escape the consequences. A short silence ensues—a yell is heard in the distance. *Man-tin-o-ah* responds, and suddenly a single Indian approaches, and takes *Man-tin-o-ah* by the hand. He, too, had been his early friend. But the laws of the savage cannot be broken. After mutual salutations and expressions of friendship, the avenger thus addressed him : “*Man-tin-o-ah*, you have slain my brother ; our laws declare me his avenger and your executioner ; your time has come ; death is at hand ; prepare to meet him ; be steadfast, be firm, and may the Great Spirit sustain you.” At this moment the quick eye of *Man-tin-o-ah* perceived the promised signal. The white belt opened its folds in the deep shade of the forest, as the soft light of the sun’s last lingering rays fell upon it. It waved from the hand of the fair *Kah-yan-sa*. It was enough. His full, dark eye met triumphantly that of his destroyer. He gracefully elevated his manly form, and carefully bared his broad bosom. His majestic head was already uncovered. He laid his arms across his manly breast—not a muscle moved—not a breath was heard ; there he stood ready for the voluntary sacrifice, immovable as adamant. Accompanied by a deafening yell, the deadly tomahawk of the avenger glittered in the fading light. Its keen edge sank

deep into the brain of the victim. The thirsty earth drank the life blood of *Man-tin-o-ah*, and he sank a lifeless corpse before his friend.

Instantly, as if by magic, a host of savages appeared. The mournful song of death reëchoed through the forest. The gloomy dance for the dead moved in melancholy solemnity around the corpse of the departed. The low, guttural moan peculiar to the savage, murmured through the trees, and all was still. They silently surveyed the scene, when slowly, in groups, in pairs and singly, the spectators of this thrilling scene retired. The gloomy tempest of this fatal tragedy was followed by a quiet calm ; every sound was lulled, save the waving of the green leaves of the thick trees, and the soft-toned chorus of the chirping insect-song. All was hushed in the peculiar stillness of evening. The star of night had set her vigil in the east ; twilight had cast her dim mantle over all things ; nature's self seemed profoundly wrapt in the solemnity of the melancholy catastrophe. Still as the scene around her, the gentle *Kah-yan-sa* moved from her covert. Silently and devoutly the Indian girl wended her way to the corpse of her lover. The dim light of the stars exposed the ruined form of the fallen one. His stern features had not relaxed ; the unflinching look of fortitude was indelibly stamped on his brow. The mantle of dignity still shrouded his noble form. He yet seemed as if the same inflexible, indomitable spirit possessed him.

Kah-yan-sa drew near, and on her bended knees,

with uplifted hands, in the perfect spirit of devotion, breathed forth a prayer to the Great Spirit. Her upturned eye moved not, a placid smile played over her countenance, as if conscious her prayer was answered. Her features denoted a mind wrought up to some eventful purpose, as if its last energies were concentrated to a single deed ready for consummation. A flush of satisfaction glowed over her cheeks, and mild resignation sat triumphant on her brow. Her hands dropped suddenly motionless at her side, her muscles slowly relaxed, a poisonous vegetable had left a purple stain upon her lips, and she fell extended across the breast of her lover. Her sweet spirit quietly left its earthly tenement, to dwell with his beyond the troubled cares of time.

As shuts the tender blossom at evening, so closed the eyes of the Cayuga maid. As the trembling and unstained petal of the rose seeks its rest on the bosom of the earth departing from its stay, so sank the beloved *Kah-yan-sa*, and she calmly yielded up her spirit at the shrine of her adoration. The lovers were buried sitting side by side in the same grave, with their faces towards the rising sun, near the spot where their lives so tragically terminated. Sixty years ago, as the Cayuga hunter roamed in perfect freedom over the then unbroken forests of Western New York, as he approached the high ground between the Cayuga and Seneca lakes, he would point with a sigh to the grave of *Man-tin-o-ah* and *Kah-yan-sa*, and say — “There was the Sacrifice.”

THE BROKEN HEART,
OR
THE MARTYR MISSIONARY.

“There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity,
Due to ourselves ; which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintained and cherished to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shows sovereign contempt
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.”

LILLIO'S *Fatal Curiosity*.

ON lot number forty of the military township of Pompey, county of Onondaga, on the west branch of the Limestone Creek, is a noted waterfall of about one hundred and seventy feet, known as Pratt's Falls. At first, the stream falls perpendicularly about sixty feet, and then rushes over an abrupt and shelving ledge of shale rock, breaking and foaming in all the fury of a mighty cataract, over one hundred feet more. The chasm is narrow, deep and gloomy, and everywhere along its high-walled sides, may be seen standing out in bold relief, dark evergreen shrubs in perennial beauty, variegating the waste of rock, shading and beautifying its native grandeur. Here are no artificial embellishments. The surrounding scenery

still wears the artless robe of nature in all its magnificence and sublimity. Picturesque, romantic and sublime, are the objects comprising the gorgeous scenery here concentrated. Events have transpired, which make these transcendent works of nature still more interesting and attractive, and add much to their celebrity. In modern times, more than one individual has by accident been precipitated from the giddy height to the wild abyss below, the story of which is still fresh in the recollection of the living.

“There is a tale about these gray old rocks,
A sad tradition of unhappy love,
And sorrows borne and ended, long ago,
When over these fair vales the savage sought
His game in the thick woods.”

Two hundred years ago, when the red race flourished here, this spot was the scene of a fatal tragedy, the tradition of which is preserved, and repeated with solemnity and earnestness by the gray and wrinkled seers of a former generation—the red patriarchs of the forest, as they gather in stately conclave around their symbolic council-fire.

The colonization of New France (Canada) forms a grand and prominent feature in the history of North America. In 1603 the flag of the “*Grand Monarque*” was unfurled on the island of Montreal. In 1609, Mons. Samuel Champlain planted a colony there, which subsequently prospered. It was one of the first objects of the French, in their attempts at colonization, at the same time that jurisdiction was acquired over

a territory, and the regal scepter swayed over a people, simultaneously to introduce the banner of the cross, and the crosier, symbols of pastoral authority and care, signifying that with things temporal should be blended things spiritual, and that if civilization increased the happiness and consequence of a savage people, Christianity elevated them to still a higher point.

Fired with the grand project of christianizing the world, the head of the Roman Catholic church found no difficulty in securing the services of devoted young men, animated by the spirit and novelty of adventure, filled with enthusiasm and zeal for the advancement and prosperity of the church, who were willing to exchange the comforts of civilization, the luxuries of wealth and refinement, and the green fields of sunny France, for the wilds of America, the gloom of the forest, and the poverty, destitution and rude society of ignorant and barbarous savages.

Mons. Joseph Le Caron, of the order of Recollets, the celebrated Franciscan Father, was the first to proclaim to the wondering natives of the north the glad tidings of salvation, and to unfold to them the grand scheme of redemption, wrought to save a lost and ruined world. This bold adventurer reared the standard of the cross among the Hurons, the Algonquins and Ottawas. The fascinating tones of the gospel were heard among the Iroquois, along the great lake of the "*Entouhonorons*," (Ontario,) and new as were the doctrines proclaimed by the Father, and strange

as was his manner of conveying them, still, disciples and proselytes thronged his pathway, and multitudes, with the most rapturous ecstasy, chanted the glories of the Redeemer.

By some unexplainable arrangement, the order of Recollets, who had always been the pioneers of new missions, were recalled from New France, and the order of Jesuits, under the direction of Henry de Levi, Duc de Ventadour, Viceroy of New France, were appointed to take charge of the missions in that country, and extend themselves far and wide among all the Indian nations.

In 1625, Mons. Saussaye, with Fathers Massé and Brebeuf, was selected to prosecute with vigor the missions in New France. The three entered with a well tempered zeal upon this great work. The rude sons of the forest hailed with gladness these heralds of the cross as they approached their villages. The words of the Fathers breathed love, joy, peace and good will. Their glory was to suffer, and their business, to teach humility, righteousness, temperance, faith, hope, charity, and a judgment to come. They visited a people who had always believed the sweeping fire, the roaring tempest, the rushing cataract; the sun, the moon, the stars; the winds, the woods, the waters, fit objects of deification—appliances and lights of the Great Spirit to control the world. A people who had ever embraced the superstitions, the idolatries and degrading rites of the heathen, following gross practices of delusion, and influenced by a sys-

tem of myths and fables—still profoundly ignorant of everything agitating the world beyond their own territorial circle.

From 1643 to 1650, Onondaga was visited by the Fathers Le Mercier, Claude Dablon, René Mesnard, Jaques Fremin, Paul Ragueneau, Pierre Millett, Jerome Lalemant, Simon Le Moyne, Joseph Chaumot and others, as missionaries, having their headquarters at Quebec, Onondaga being the principal point of operation among the Iroquois. Simultaneously with the selection of missionary stations, and their occupancy by the Fathers, colonies were projected and established, and as early as 1665, a considerable colony was planted on the Butternut Creek, about a mile south of the present village of Jamesville, at which place a chapel of respectable dimensions was erected and consecrated to the worship of the Most High. Small parties of the colonists were scattered abroad over the country south and south-east, from the principal location, through what has since been called Pompey, La Fayette and Fabius. Then it was known as "*Te-kanea-to-heung-ne-ugh*," or the Highland hunting ground, interspersed with small lakes, the outlets of which flow in contrary directions. The scattered colonists occupied the little prairies, or openings so frequent in that region, when first visited by the whites. In many of these little settlements, chapels were erected, and missionaries stationed, so that the whole aboriginal population, as well as the

French, could easily avail themselves of the services of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is true that both colonists and missionaries were preceded by trappers and traders, who practiced their arts and displayed their trinkets, long before systematic plans were adopted for the civilization and conversion of these benighted people, so that the natives had timely knowledge of the French, a foretaste of the craft and of the cupidity of these designing men.

Among those who were companions of the celebrated Fathers, was one whose name was not as conspicuous as those before mentioned, but who was zealous, active, and most piously devoted to the holy cause in which the Society of Jesus had embarked. The Rev. Mon. de Trouve came to Canada in 1665, and was soon after assigned, by the bishop of Quebec, to the charge of the Iroquois converts in the villages along the shores of Lake Ontario. For more than two years, his time and talents were directed to the conversion of these uncultivated souls, with such a measure of success as usually attends true piety, a well directed zeal, unwavering perseverance, and a just regard for all the sacred duties of his profession. He went forth, amidst the countless mutations and streams of time, strong in faith, to soften and mould the minds of savage men; to form in them new characteristics, new hopes, new desires, and new aspirations, till the simple accidents and circumstances of his mortal pilgrimage should effect, through Jesus, a revolution in their habits, a renewal of their lives, and their souls

be retrieved from impending ruin. He was afterwards transferred to the colony above named, and during his ministrations, a church, named "*St. Jean Baptiste*" of Onondaga, rose, as if by magic, in the wilderness, in all the simplicity of rural beauty. The missionary was soon able to make a full and favorable report of his labors to the Grand Superior General of Missions at Quebec. In his new field of usefulness, his energies were applied with renewed vigor—proselytes were multiplied under his teachings, and the wilderness was made glad, and the desert rejoiced in the fervor and success of the far-famed Mons. De Trouvé.

Had it not been for another circumstance, or rather a train of circumstances, this might have been the last we should have heard of our estimable missionary. But unfortunately he was sorely tried, he became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and his eventful career terminated in sadness and woe.

As opportunity offered, he visited the sick, was extremely attentive to their wants, and by his kindness and sympathy softened the couch of the dying, cheered them by his prayers, and soothed them by his earnest intercessions in their behalf. He absolved those who had been received into the bosom of his church. He baptized the smiling infant and the innocent child; and gentle youth and faithful adults were encouraged in their pious course. Besides, he had formed a class of juvenile catechumens, and the little bright-eyed *eleves* gathered around their spiritual

teacher, drinking in the sweet words of instruction, with all the eagerness and satisfaction so characteristic of the touching and earnest simplicity of pious childhood.

All, everywhere rejoiced in the kindness and pious example of the young missionary, and every tongue was active in his praise. Among the native proselytes was a family well beloved and of influence in the nation, who were among the first to repudiate Paganism, and embrace Christianity. They were, in truth, what they professed to be, generous in spirit, lost to the things of this world, zealous advocates for the faith, and were unremittingly exact in the observance of all the requirements, duties, rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. The parents of the family were remarkably devotional and exemplary, and by all, were considered as patterns of excellence and virtue. They trained their offspring in all the ways of religious obligation, and these grew up like olive plants adorning the cabin of the seer, and were the admiration of the devoted missionaries, who evinced sincere satisfaction at the prosperity of the newly established church at Onondaga. The reverend Fathers were lavish in their caresses upon the youthful proselytes, and bountifully showered blessings upon their heads.

Owing to the unhealthfulness of the climate to which M. de Trouvé had been but little accustomed, the frequent exposure to the inclemency of the weather and the noxious miasma of the wilderness, combined

with his arduous duties and a naturally tender frame, he became a victim to a raging fever, and for many tedious weeks was a prey to wasting disease. In his troubles, he sought refuge and shelter in the rude tenement of his very Christian friends, who had, on many occasions, shown substantial examples of charity and benevolence towards their suffering brethren, and he calmly yielded himself to the scathings of sickness and distress. Housed in a simple cabin formed of poles and barks, stretched upon a couch made of leaves and skins spread upon the ground, without a single object of interest to vary or enliven the scene, he became dejected, melancholy, and entirely broken in spirit. No ready hand was extended to administer the simple remedies of the savage. No tender heart, warm with affection, sympathized with his, to allay the feverish flame. No kind mother, with appropriate dainties, was near to nurse his sinking frame; nor dear friend, with cheering voice, came to soothe his sorrowing heart.

“Stretched on his weary couch, pale and dying,
The missionary lay. Dusky faces
O’er him bent: stranger voices on his ear
Fell sad, and stranger hands his pillow smoothed.”

There he lay, a prey to torturing disease, impatient with confinement, and gnawed to the very soul by lassitude and *ennui*. No ray of hope shot across his comfortless mind, no expectation of release but in death, relieved the gloomy prospect before him. He

looked upon his course as already run, and mourned in agony for the little good he had accomplished, and the short space allotted for the perfection of his labors. He sighed that the righteous cause he had espoused should lose one who had solemnly vowed to exhaust his energies for the renovation of a benighted race, and that the church should suffer loss for want of laborers in her vineyard.

Revolving these subjects in his mind, he fervently prayed his heavenly Father to send him comfort in his distress, and grace to bow with becoming humility, resignation and submission to his sacred will. A bright and steady calm came over the mind of the feeble man, his resolution was summoned for the dread pangs of the last sad event, and without regret, he prepared to bid adieu to every sublunary object. While tortured with disease, despairing of recovery and almost lost to sense, there was unperceived and unnoticed among the dusky group of anxious observers, one who, more than the rest, bent with earnest solicitude over the couch of the sick and apparently perishing stranger. It was a daughter of the woman in whose cabin he lay helpless and depressed. She had been a devoted disciple, and an attentive listener to the teachings of the pious missionary. She had drank deep at the Christian fountain, was an humble and constant devotee at mass; she had been baptized in the faith, and had solemnly dedicated herself to the service of the Most High, in the reception of the holy Eucharist. Day by day she had watched the

sallow and sad countenance, and the emaciated form of the man of God, praying that he might be restored to his friends, to his sphere of usefulness—a shining light to the church, and spend a happy and long lifetime of religious activity among her people, and finally, through the merits of a crucified Redeemer, receive an imperishable crown of glory.

A crisis in the good man's case had arrived and favorably passed, his sufferings gradually abated, and he was finally restored to a comfortable measure of health and strength. He was soon enabled to renew his labors, and he did so with vigor and zeal, and abundant blessings seemed to crown his efforts with success.

The Indian girl was one whose devotion was supreme, whose zeal and philanthropy were prominent, whose self-denial and exemplary propriety were proverbial among her people. The simplicity of her nature and the delicacy of her spirit, rendered her keenly sensible to pleasure or pain. With a heart full of affection, overflowing with confidence, her soul was all sunshine within, rendering everything bright and joyous around her. By degrees, she insensibly won the esteem and admiration of the missionary of the wilderness. Far above her countrywomen in every virtue and grace which adorns the christian heart, so in form and features she far surpassed all others of her nation in beauty and just proportions. She was teachable, and possessed, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of communicating to others the

knowledge she had herself attained, and was thus a continual help in the conveyance of instruction to the inquiring neophytes, as they circled round their spiritual teacher. Simplicity, gentleness and timidity were her prominent characteristics, yet, when aroused in her native pride, dignity and power, she was supremely grand and lofty in her bearing, exhibiting a haughtiness and reserve which none could fathom.

As the meek and holy man left the rude cabin of his hostess, on his errands of mercy, visiting the sick and suffering proselytes, administering comfort to their necessities and distress, and relief to their troubled spirits, the eye of the Indian girl followed his receding footsteps till his tall form was shut from view, and she sighed in retirement, in silence and in wonder, that his absence should produce so singular a sensation, while his returning voice filled her soul with pleasure and delight. In his presence, joy lighted her dusky countenance, a soft, bewitching smile played over her sweet features, and only cheerfulness and peace pervaded her bosom. Her dark eyes and ebon hair rippled like the sunlight upon water, kindly stirred by the evening breeze. Her dimpled smile heightened the beauty of her cheek, and with her merry, melodious voice, told the sweet harmony of mind within. From her unwearied attention to his wants, and a willingness to render in all respects his situation agreeable and happy, and above all, from her steady, unwavering devotion to the cause of instruction in which she had zealously

embarked, and her strict observance of the duties of a Christian disciple, it was not wonderful that with all her high qualities, her beauty and her grace, she should awaken in his bosom a feeling more intense than admiration, a sensation more enlivening than esteem, and a passion more enduring than affection. Longer than with others of his faithful disciples he spent with her his leisure moments, and with a far different feeling did he impart to her instruction from the "*Breviaire*," and hear her repeat her "*Pater Nosters*," and tell her "*Ave Marias*," till her *rosaries* were completed. So far removed was he from his former youthful companions, so isolated from every being worthy of intimate and social intercourse, so remote from the haunts of courtly splendor to which he had been accustomed, so distant from the glittering circle of high life in which he had once moved with pleasure and delight; it is no wonder, that in the vicinity, and often in the society of one so worthy and so good, he felt an indelible impression of that tender passion beneath whose controlling power, mortals of all stations and degrees are indiscriminately and irresistibly doomed to bow. In truth, he was in love, and in love, too, with one of another race. He weighed well the mental graces of the Indian maid, and compared them with those of many of his countrywomen, and with pleasure saw the comparison preponderate in her favor. She seemed to him fresh from the hand of nature, cast in a mould of heaven. Free from every taint of evil, she stood forth in all the

innocence and bloom of unsullied youth and beauty, like the mother of the world in primeval simplicity and heavenly purity. In the honesty of her heart, she felt and reciprocated the tender passion, but from disparity of circumstances, she strove to suppress the kindling hope, and in pensive melancholy whiled her anxious cares away. She struggled hard and long against her love, and reasoned with her heart, to still the rising tumult there; but from her tender bosom she could not uproot the pang that wrung it.

The barbed shaft had penetrated too deeply the tender heart of Mons. de Trouvé to be eradicated without rending and lacerating his vitals. There it was doomed to remain, to rankle and to rot, unless the wound was soothed and healed by the sweet and sovereign balm of conjugal affinity. But to the consummation of their earthly happiness, there was an absolute hindrance — an impassable barrier — a positive interdiction. The vows which the youthful priest had taken, upon assuming the responsibilities and credentials of his order, forever forbade the faithful recipient from entering the blessed estate of matrimony. There was no honorable mode of accomplishing a happy union of heart and hand with her he loved, but for Mons. de Trouvé to resign his station in the church, and return to some of the professions or employments pursued by men of the world. With this view, he solicited the superintendent of missions, the Bishop of Quebec, for a release from his vows, that he might once more return to his beloved home

in France, and that he might spend the remainder of his days in retirement, and devote his undivided attentions to one he loved to adoration, and without whom the world was but a blank. His petition was denied, his prayer was rejected. In vain he asked a dismissal from the services of the church. The bishop was deaf to his entreaties, and in the sternest manner rebuked the trembling suppliant, bade him remember his solemn vows to his church and to his God, which were unchanging and unchangeable—fast and irrevocable. He bade him return with contrition of heart and sorrow of soul, with penitence and faith to his field of duty, and perform faithfully his missionary work. He even threatened him with instant excommunication, degradation and anathema, unless he forthwith abjured his present purpose, promised faithful and implicit obedience to the commands of the Spiritual Fathers, and banished at once and forever from his heart all thoughts of conjugal alliance. Mons. de Trouvé had been too thoroughly disciplined in the rubrics and canons of his church, and too long schooled in her mandates and dogmas, to depart from the injunctions and commands of those whom he was bound to consider in a degree the keepers of his conscience, although obedience might forever deprive himself of happiness, and render another most miserable.

Awed by the severe and imperative decree of the Bishop Superior, faithful to the requirements of his church, and obedient to her established rules, he re-

solved, at whatever cost, to submit to all her demands, although in an unguarded moment he had been recreant to his trust, false to his profession, and had pledged his whole heart and soul to her, a mortal, who had supreme possession of his affections. He now, as a matter of duty and obedience to his spiritual directors, resolved to tear away from her who had fast and abiding influence over his destiny, and in oblivion bury every sentiment of hope and love. With a melancholy heart, the agitated and afflicted missionary departed, to convey to the dark-haired maid the heart-rending intelligence. The dread thought cost him many a bitter pang. He resolutely, though with trembling diffidence, imparted the fatal secret to the confiding girl. A gloomy spell passed over her clouded vision. The words of the man of God fell not upon her ears as in former times.

Had the yawning earth in sulphurous tumult, threatening instant destruction, opened before them, a greater degree of astonishment could not have been depicted on mortal face, than was upon hers at this unexpected revelation. Had the heavens opened their sacred portals and involved the world in immediate, inevitable ruin, the shock could not have been more complete. The blackened storm which had been long impending, had gathered in lurid silence, and now burst with portentous fury upon her fragile frame, and in its desolating rage annihilated her hopes and happiness forever. The deep avenues of grief opened to her breast, and its dark waters rushed in

like a flood, spreading ruin and desolation in its course. The gloom of woe sat brooding over her, like the shadow of silent, desolating misery. Intense internal anguish blanched her cheek, and carved upon her youthful brow wrinkles like those of age. The clouds of death encompassed her like a ghastly shadow—terrible, but welcome. She resigned herself at last to that sweet peace known only to the aching heart in the hour of deepest affliction, while steeped in the bitterest sorrow. The rosy atmosphere of hope was stagnant. Every pulse throbbed languid, cold and cheerless. The blood rushed to her heart like an icy flood, and the dark winter of her earthly sorrow obliterated every outward appearance of suffering and woe. A wild, idiotic stare was fixed upon the amazed missionary. She gazed in the blankness of despair for a moment upon her bewildered lover. She sighed not. No murmur of reproach escaped her lips. No tear of sorrow came to her relief. No mourning drop bedewed her beauteous cheek; silent, fixed, immovable as a statue, she stood with intensest gaze, as if penetrating the inmost recesses of the heart of the suffering man, to search his withering soul.

She, at length, slowly turned her back upon her disconsolate lover; she gave no parting glance, nor cast one lingering look behind, but with an air of proud disdain, fleet as a wild roe of the mountain, she fled from his presence. The half-distracted maiden rushed on with all the speed which delirium and high resolve could lend, and ere long was seated on a huge

rock on the brink of the lofty precipice above the high falls of the west branch of the "*Te-a-une-noghe*." Stung to the very soul by disappointment, distracted by delirium and frantic with desperation, she bent her tall, womanly form over the deep, dark gulf, and her eyes rested with delight upon the rushing waters, as they whirled and foamed in madness over the rugged rocks in the dreary abyss below. In all the storm of grief, yet beautiful as the morning, she stood aghast upon the rude rock, like a lone flower adorning the world's wide waste. No voice of wail escaped her quivering lips. She carelessly loosened her flowing robe and wavy hair to the breeze, a settled calm came over her troubled spirit, till feebler and more feeble fled the stream of thought, and she unconsciously resigned herself to the unalterable decree of destiny. In an attitude of devotion, she raised her hands towards the Great Spirit's home,

"And prayed that safe and swift might be her way
To the calm world of sunshine, where no grief
Makes the heart heavy:—"

She sighed—" *The Broken Heart*," and with a single bound leaped into the awful chasm. For an instant she was suspended in the realms of space, and then the overwhelming flood closed over the shattered remains of the heart-broken girl forever.

She was sought by her friends, and traced to the rock, where a portion of her dress was found so disposed as certainly to indicate her unhappy fate.

The history of the tragic event so far as known, was

speedily conveyed to the mission station. The nation mourned with bitter grief the sorrowful bereavement, and the stricken Jesuit received the dreadful tidings with amazement and mournful dejection. Remorse seized his soul ; he wandered about, the very picture of despair, completely unfitted for the duties of his station, and finally settled down into despondency, a prey to the most poignant anguish. Time rolled on, and the proselytes and neophytes of his charge were neglected. The sound of the chapel bell failed to summon the leader of devotions to his post. The warning chant of matins was not heard as usual on the morning's breaking light ; mass was neglected and unsaid, and vespers died away in the calm hush of the evening twilight, unsung by the holy man and his disciples. His altar was made more than desolate. It was prostrate, broken down, defaced. The last and most precious of his household deities had been shivered, and the dark stream of oblivion flowed over the shattered and precious relic. The idol of his heart had perished in her beauty and her love. She had withered before his eyes, a victim to the holy passion which had bound them together. The melancholy catastrophe was accomplished without remedy, and there was nothing further for him to fulfill but death.

The weary sentinel on the battlements of the citadel of the wilderness Zion, failed to give his accustomed warnings ; the enemy crept in without alarm, and nought but confusion reigned throughout the station. The Holy Fathers chid their unfortunate

son, and in vain bent their efforts to arouse him from his reverie, to reinstate him in health, and vigor of mind and body. The wound he had received was too deep to be healed, too fatal for recovery, and he pined away in silence, in solitude and sorrow, irresolute, inconsolable, spirit-broken, self-abased, self-accused and self-condemned.

Like a solitary tree, upon a bleak hill-top, which has withstood the storms of ages unharmed, at length is singled out by the vivid lightning, and in an instant is blasted in every part of its articulation—totally bereft of vitality and verdure, so he became dead to everything around him. To him the wide firmament was hung with black, and the bright blue curtain of heaven was rolled together as a scroll. He fed only upon the past; he derived no pleasure from the present, and he manifested little concern for what was to come. He ceased from his labors; his place was supplied by another; the days of his usefulness were at an end, and like a fallen and withered leaf, rustling only in the tempest, still hurrying on to its final resting place to perish and decay, so he was tossed to and fro by the rude storm of adversity, abiding the time when with joy he could depart and be at peace with all men, and finally be wafted to the mansions of heavenly bliss.

He lingered around the cabin which had once been the happy home of the fair, but ill-fated maid. Many endearing mementoes enchaind him to the spot, hallowed as having been the birth-place of his first love,

the play-place of her childhood, and the spot where she, heaven-directed, first listened to his spiritual teachings, and where she meekly embraced the faith. Although there was nothing left that could afford his troubled soul relief, yet he was bound to it as if by enchantment.

He would often wander away to the rough unsightly rock from which the devoted maid had precipitated herself. In mournful solemnity would he cast his eyes from the giddy height into the fierce and foaming current, as if to catch a glimpse of the departed one. He almost fancied he could see her hallowed form in the rocks, her dear image in the trees, and hear her sweet voice above the roar of waters. Upon the ivy clad rock he often reclined his languid head ; he rested his limbs, feeble and motionless, on the rough brink of the obscure chasm, and thus resigned his thoughts to images of the eventful past, and revolved the web of his short history, from his birth to his prospective grave, ready to surrender to their final impulses the fading powers of life. From thence, like a mendicant, he roamed the forest, seeking consolation in solitude and loneliness. By degrees, his dark hair became prematurely gray ; from suffering, his face became lined with deep and lengthened furrows ; on his thin lips a flush of gnawing fire had gathered, his sunken eyes had lost their lustre, the pulses of his heavy heart throbbed feebly, his hollow look, his feverish brow and withered mien,

betrayed a vacancy of mind, and the feeble spirit seemed ready to leave the world's wide stage.

About this time the little French colony, thinking itself, perhaps, more secure than it really was, had assumed an air of superiority and arrogance, which greatly provoked a large portion of the Onondagas, who in their anger had secretly resolved to massacre every Frenchman in the canton, and destroy every vestige of the trader, the trapper and the missionary. A secret scheme was concocted, so well arranged and so effectually carried into execution in the dead of night, that not one, except Mons. De Trouvé, escaped the horrors of the fell catastrophe. It is supposed that not less than sixty persons fell victims to savage vengeance and cruelty. The missionary was timely forewarned, by his kind hostess, of the devastation that was to be made, and the fate which impended over his doomed countrymen, but on pain of exposure, which would involve him in the general wreck, he was not permitted to divulge the fatal secret. A constant watch was set upon his movements lest he should discover the plot, for it was well understood that although his situation was made as agreeable as circumstances would allow, he yet placed no value upon the short time he might be permitted to live. While the work of death was proceeding, he was concealed in the cabin of his hostess, who confidently expected to save him from the general overthrow. For a time he escaped the surrounding wreck and ruin. It was the intention of the family, to whom the mis-

sionary was under many obligations, as soon as the fury of the storm had subsided, to convey him privately to Quebec, beyond the reach of danger. But it was soon rumored that he had not been seen during the *melée*, nor since the night before the fatal onslaught. It was believed he had either fled the country, or was secreted in the vicinity. Search was made and the place of his concealment ascertained. A watch was set over his motions so as to prevent all possibility of escape, for the warriors had too much respect for his guardian, to wantonly violate the sanctity of her cabin. As the succeeding day advanced, the hidden missionary came forth from his covert, and with surprise and dismay, with disgust and horror, beheld the mangled corpses of his countrymen soddening in gore, extended over the ground.

By this treachery and massacre, the labor of more than two years was rendered worse than nugatory to the French, for they had lost a valuable colony, and those whose places it was no easy matter again to fill. Besides this, an important missionary station, which had long engaged the attention of the Roman Pontiff, and had been fostered with parental care by the good Fathers of the Romish Church, and which, under the highest protection and patronage, had promised abundant success, was now, for the time being, by ruthless hands completely broken up. The young missionary was now alone, without power or hope of mercy, and completely subject to the will of infuriated savages excited by slaughter, and rejoicing in

bloodshed and success, at whose hands he could neither claim nor hope for grace or favor. The small portion of the nation who had embraced christianity or received it with approval, were too few and irresolute, or too indifferent and undetermined, to effectually resist any act of violence which might be meditated by men, intoxicated with rage, against a feeble and helpless stranger. Extermination had been the grand design from the first conception of the plan. It was selected as the watch-word and rallying cry at the onslaught. The murderous hatchet had done its work; the burning brand had been applied with glaring success, and it was now no time to falter when the only obstacle was a helpless, defenseless man. The unhappy, unresisting missionary was seized and arraigned before a council of warriors, and condemned to suffer the fate of his slaughtered countrymen. He was laden with chains around his neck, to which was attached a ponderous plowshare, hanging across his back, as an emblem of civilization. A large wooden cross was appended to his breast as a token of his profession. Thus heavily laden, the suffering martyr was led forth to bid a final adieu to all the ties which bound him to earth. In this condition, amidst the shouts, the jeers and yells of these blood-thirsty, barbarous and merciless men, he was marched to the rock from which the self-sacrificed maid had made her untimely exit. Upon the craggy cliff which overhangs the foaming flood, he was long exposed to the taunts and ridicule of the motley multitude, who

had assembled to witness his execution. Howls and groans echoed through the woods; deafening yells of savage delight, rose in dismal peals above the roar of the sweeping cataract, and the hideous discord increased the horrors of the scene. A circle of warriors in the gayest gala surrounded the suffering priest, exulting in his tribulation, and they completed their hellish orgies with the exciting war-dance, to the appalling music of the war-whoop. A circle of fagots and brushwood was placed around the victim; the funeral pile was quickly lighted; the scorching flame drove fiercely around his body; the glowing pyre scathed his feeble frame; he earnestly prayed for the forgiveness of his enemies, and the remission of his own sins; he commended his soul to the hand of his maker; he sunk beneath his load, and with his expiring groans were mingled sighs for the untimely fate of the maid of the broken heart. During the whole of his protracted torture, he bore up under his sufferings with a firm and manly fortitude, and when the dread summons came for his soul to leave its clay tenement, and take its chamber in the mysterious realms of everlasting light, he calmly yielded to the stern mandate,

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

With all the grace and meek submission of a lowly Christian, and with the heroic boldness of a true soldier of the cross, he resolutely perished, a willing

sacrifice, with his armor on. The moans of the dying man had ceased; in the throes of death he embraced the emblem of his faith and fondly hugged it to his bosom; the fierceness of the flame subsided, and among the black and smoking brands and scattering ashes, lay all that remained of the unfortunate Martyr Missionary—a shapeless mass of dark, crisped and soddened clay.

After the close of the melancholy tragedy, the dusky warriors in masses hovered around the disfigured corpse, chanting their national death song, and with a cry of hideous exultation raised the charred body upon sticks and hurled it over the frightful precipice, where it was left to waste among the rocks, with the roaring cataract to wail a sad requiem to his memory forever.

F

THE CHIEF'S REVENGE.

* * * * "Revenge so truly great,
Would come too cheap if bought with less than life.
If cold, white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom Revenge is virtue."

YOUNG'S *Revenge*.

It was in the year 1759, while the contest denominated "The old French War," was raging between the French and English crowns, that the Iroquois nations were summoned to bear arms against the French. The Mohawks and Onondagas took up the hatchet in favor of their ancient ally of Britain. The wrongs inflicted by the French upon the Indians in former times, had not been forgotten. The burning passion, revenge, ever sweet to the savage, was not stifled; and as the summons was proclaimed to the Onondagas, the shrill and startling war-whoop was echoed and reëchoed from hill to hill, with intense delight. Many a gallant heart beat high with hope—a full council unanimously adopted the cause of war—the veteran braves girt on their armor—the youthful warriors plumed their scalp-lock crowns for battle—the war-dance was celebrated with all the ecstasy of valor

and delight—the war-post was set and shivered with half a thousand hatchets, and as the serried files deployed upon the war-path, the distant hills resounded with the measured tread of valiant men.

Among the gathered host was *Ta-whis-quan-ta*, the second on the list of civil chiefs of the Onondagas. Long had he been noted for his amiable and quiet disposition, and long had he sat lonely in his cabin, the willing advocate for peace. But when the grand council of the nation raised the war-cry and brightened the hatchet for murderous strife, he could no longer remain a silent spectator of the thrilling scene. Although not obliged by the time-honored customs of his countrymen to bear arms in an enemy's country, yet when the shrill clarion sounded its stirring war-note, he felt determined not to lag on the path of danger.

All things being in readiness for the departure, an only daughter of the chief desired permission to accompany her father on a visit to some family relatives in Canada. This was indeed a breach of decorum, for a female to be even seen in the camp of a body of warriors upon a hostile expedition. But to obviate the difficulty, the chief and his daughter preceded the war-party, and at the end of their journey awaited its approach. In due time the warriors advanced, and were joined by the chief. Onward they proceeded, and finally joined the English provincial standard, in the neighborhood of Montreal. When the heroic Wolfe scaled the towering precipice

and deployed his gallant army in full array upon the Plains of Abraham, the brave Onondagas were there to greet him. Of the overthrow of the French, and the important events connected with this stupendous conflict, we do not design to speak; only, that the Onondagas were there, and faithfully and effectually did battle for their victorious ally. The victory won, and the services of the red men being no longer available, they were dismissed with the most flattering testimonials of approbation. Exulting in the overthrow of the French, and the certain prospect of their power in North America being forever annihilated, the warriors departed for their homes, and in time were greeted there with all the accustomed demonstrations of joy and festivity on like occasions.

Ta-whis-quan-ta had lingered behind his companions, expecting to enjoy a season of relaxation and repose among the friends with whom he had left his daughter. In the gray of evening, while everything was hushed in silence, he approached the cabin, where long before he had left the darling object of his affections. As he neared the humble dwelling place, no ray of light gleamed cheerily through the rude openings, no stir of human being was abroad, not even a dog raised his watchful howl, nor living thing was there to extend a cheering welcome. Silent as the grave was everything around. Solitude in its most awful majesty reigned throughout the dreary tenement. He passed over the threshold of the opened door, and the gloom of desolation was

within. The baffled chief could not comprehend the meaning or divine the mystery. He sat himself down in almost hopeless despondency, and gravely meditated upon the surrounding ruin. "Can it be," thought he, "that an enemy has been here and despoiled the cabin of my friends, and murdered or led away captive its inmates?" Mournful thoughts of the uncertain fate of his beloved daughter, rushed with a thrill of horror through his mind. His anxiety was raised to the highest pitch. His flushed cheek and clenched hand showed the wrath that rankled within. But in a moment all was calm, and his ruffled temper became quiet and serene as a summer's eve. As yet, his vision had not penetrated the inmost recesses of the desolate and forsaken cabin; impenetrable darkness obscured the view, and he mused in mute astonishment upon the cheerless prospect around him. Intent upon unraveling the mystery, he struck a hasty spark from his flint and steel, and from his pouch of punkwood kindled a fire, the light of which showed him that some destroying hand had been at work.

Groping about for some vestige whereby to discover the fate of his beloved child, nothing could be found that satisfied his anxious mind that harm had befallen her. In a state of uncertainty and doubt, he wrapped himself in the ample folds of his blanket, closed the door of the cabin, extinguished the fire he had lighted, and stretched his weary limbs upon the floor, thus to await the light of another day, and then renew his search.

Ta-whis-quan-ta, left alone to his melancholy meditations, could not obtain that refreshing sleep so necessary to renovate his tired frame. He shifted from side to side, and turned upon his hard couch; still no rest came to relieve him. Long and tedious were the silent hours that passed. That awful period of suspense, deepened by the loneliness of night, would have overcome one possessed of less stoical indifference or a fainter heart. But as a brave of a noble nation, he knew no fear. It was the uncertainty of fate, not the dread of events, that perplexed him. Although there was much of mystery in the past, there was no terror of the present, or fear of the future.

At length the gloomy night gave place to the dawning day, and feverish sleep to watchful waking. As the first glimmerings of light brightened the sky, *Ta-whis-quan-ta* arose from his wooden couch and walked forth. His quick and penetrating eye soon discovered traces of the footprints of white men. "Has the pale face been here, and has his hand been laid roughly or rashly upon an Onondaga maid," exclaimed the agonized chief, as he discovered places indicative of strife and struggle? At length, collecting himself, he forbore further exclamation, and resolved to leave the spot and seek for the dear object of his affections. Several days were spent in fruitless wanderings, and no tidings could be gleaned to reveal the history of events which must have transpired to render desolate the cabin of his friends. His daughter

had not been seen, nor her companions, since the day he left them. Everything seemed still to be veiled in the most impenetrable obscurity.

“Could she,” murmured the chief, “have returned to her home; would she have retraced a trackless wilderness, unaided and alone, or would her friends have accompanied her on the perilous journey?” And here again was he lost in the contemplation of imaginable circumstances, all of which only tended more and more to mystify and perplex. As nothing could be heard of the Indian girl, and as it could not be ascertained whether or not she had returned to Onondaga, he speedily resolved to bend his steps towards home. Upon his arrival, diligent inquiry was made throughout the canton, but no one had seen the beloved *Agonla*, the idol of the nation. Satisfied that she had not returned, the bereaved parent, with a heavy heart, retraced his steps to the wilds of Canada, and again surveyed the deserted cabin. Like a chafed panther, he roamed far and wide through the dreary forest, still hoping to obtain some clue to the hidden mystery. Lonely indeed were the hours spent in fruitless search. Toilsome above measure were his journeyings, and worn and weary were his limbs, as they sunk nightly to repose. As the stricken father was wandering about in almost hopeless despair, in the vicinity of Montreal, he fell in with a young Indian, who informed him that a Frenchman living at no great distance, had been seen hunting in the vicinity of his friend’s cabin, and on

his return, had in charge an Indian girl ; but nothing more could he tell. With this vague report, new light shot across the mind of the bereaved chieftain ; a ray of hope gleamed in his bosom. Not a moment was lost. He wended his way to the embowered cottage of the white man, and there in tones of injured pride and dignity, demanded an explanation of the unusual occurrence, as related by his Indian friend. Surprised at this sudden intrusion, the Frenchman evaded a direct answer, but in the evasion betrayed too plainly the inward workings of a guilty conscience. Satisfied in his own mind that he was on the right track, the persevering chief strode back to the forest, and there, alone in the wild solitude of nature, he vowed vengeance. But ere he gave full vent to this fell passion, he resolved to probe the matter to the bottom. For many a day did the patient chieftain linger around the cottage of the guilty Frenchman. Inquiries were made of every one he met relative to the fate of his long-lost daughter, but none could furnish the most distant tidings of her fate. Weeks and months had passed away with no result but fruitless labor ; still, the energy, subtlety, and perseverance of the chief had not languished, nor was his patience in the least abated. Being completely satisfied of the guilt of the Frenchman, yet not of its depth and malignity, he sought to obtain by stratagem that information which could not be gained by direct appliances.

Not far distant lived an Indian maiden, who afore-

time had been an inmate of the Frenchman's family. Well was she known to him, and to her was confided a plan whereby the truth could be wrested from the wily deceiver. To her was the scheme communicated, and to her was committed the task of working its consummation.

To lull suspicion already excited in the Frenchman's breast, *Ta-whis-quan-ta* returned to his home at Onondaga, gratified with the reflection that time would reveal the truth, and bring a season of revenge.

The *féminin espion* commended herself to the favor of the unsuspecting Frenchman, who in turn became interested in her personal charms and womanly graces. Time rolled on, and the too confiding Frenchman, charmed with the witchery of the dark-haired girl, who had artfully ingratiated herself into his most tender affections, was, by her dextrous management, thrown off his guard. In a fatal moment, with unblushing confidence, he revealed to her the story of the abduction of the daughter of *Ta-whis-quan-ta*. With the most lively feeling, in perfect reliance upon her trustfulness to him, he made, in substance, the following narration: While on a hunting excursion, he had passed the cabin within which the fair *Agonla* was a visitor. Turning in thither to quench his thirst, the cup was presented by the hand of the daughter of *Ta-whis-quan-ta*, and with such grace, that the heart of the Frenchman was smitten, and he became captivated by her modesty and beauty.

In the solitude of the forest, for the time being, with

no male attendant, lived the friends of the Onondaga maid. To them the hunter made known his wish to spend the approaching night. To him the rude hospitality of their Indian cabin was freely extended, while he, with all the characteristic vivacity of his nation, entertained his hostess and her companions, with thrilling tales of the border, and of his gallantries among the dusky maidens of the forest. Better had it been for him had his presence been with his countrymen at Quebec, for there, was needed the help of all who could, by word or deed, lend a helping hand, or by wielding the Canadian lance, or the sabre of St. Louis, do earnest battle for the cause of the colony and the king of France.

The amorous heart of the Frenchman entertained no partiality for the alarms of war, but with the timidity of a child, shrunk from scenes of danger. Long and archly did he continue his conversations, and won much upon the guileless simplicity and artlessness of his hostess and her companions. Shrewdly did he weave his wiles, and, with the captivating, bland, and fascinating charm of the basilisk, did he hold, under magical influence, his unsophisticated listeners. With promises rich and arts seductive, did he seek to move the pure heart of the Onondaga maid. From all his approaches, she turned with horror and disdain. Her troth had been plighted to an Onondaga brave, and to him only would she prove true. To her, the smiles and affected speech of the hunter were repulsive. None of his arts were available in

enticing her from the path of virtuous innocence. Chagrined by disappointment, and despairing of success, the Frenchman proceeded on his way, but the sylph-like form of the Indian girl haunted him wherever he went. Whether in pursuit of the bounding deer, or watching the returning rounds of the hound-hunted fox, or reclining at night on the ground, wrapped in his blanket, his day dreams were only of her, and at night, sleep vanished from his eyelids, while sweet, voluptuous visions of the future continually swept over his feverish brow. Never at rest, and always ill at ease, he again returned to the cabin of the Onondagas, and again feasted his eyes upon the much caressed object of his affections. Although graced with beauty of person and fascinating speech, none of his attractions had power to move the heart of the dark-eyed maiden, to whom his attentions were particularly directed. With scorn and contempt she rejected all advances, and with a *hauteur* that would have done honor to a princess, she strode from his presence, hoping never to see him more. Mortified at so firm a denial, disappointed and discouraged at the ill success of his nefarious scheme, he left the humble cabin, and wended his way towards home. The sting of disappointment rankled sorely in his bosom. Rejection by one whom he thought easy of conquest, and she, too, an Indian girl, was more than his haughty pride could brook. Instead of looking upon the high-souled maid with esteem and reverence for her virtues, he resolved not to be thwarted in his

purposes. Mortified pride and disappointed hopes were more than his lascivious heart would endure. Long and wistfully did he seek some new device whereby he might become possessed of the proud girl of the forest. To win her by fair means was more than he could expect, after the cold repulses with which he had been already met, and at last he presumed to accomplish by force, what could not be effected by persuasion.

Not far from his dwelling, was the wigwam of a party of Algonquins, whose deadly national hatred of the Iroquois knew no limits. In this his hour of need, the subtle Frenchman made overtures to the Algonquins and a few renegade whites, to whom he revealed his plans. Nothing loth, by the promise of a rich reward, the party were engaged to abduct the unsuspecting girl from her forest retreat, and place her at the Frenchman's disposal. Silent as the grave, on the verge of night's dark noon, with stealthy step the ruffian band surrounded the hut within which was couched the daughter of *Ta-whis-quan-ta*, and while the harmless inmates were locked fast in the embrace of slumber, tore the hapless maid away. In vain did she struggle to be released. In vain did she protest against their barbarous cruelty. But the iron gripe of the Algonquins was upon her tender limbs; her efforts were powerless; none were near to rescue.

Well was it for them that the Onondaga warriors were not near. Well for them that the sound of her voice in distress was not heard by the braves of the

Iroquois. On, on, pushed the Algonquins with their prize. Swift, swift, flew the mercenary wretches with their victim. Before them, a runner was dispatched to advise the Frenchman of their success. As the day dawned, the remaining inmates of the forest cabin, in affright left their lone lodge, and took their solitary way deep into the fastnesses of the wilderness, leaving their habitation desolate, as found by *Ta-whis-quan-ta*.

Before the retreating sun sunk below the western horizon, on the day after the seizure, the party were met by the Frenchman, who was in ecstasies at the success of the villainous enterprise. To him was the precious treasure consigned, and with the promised reward, the guilty Algonquins departed, leaving the base, unprincipled Frenchman to exult in the vileness and venality of his horrible iniquity. Having now the object of his passion within his grasp, he presumed an easy conquest. But in all his approaches the same inflexible, determined resistance presented itself. Neither the soothing voice of the charmer, nor the subdued threats of a goaded debauchee, could cause the unyielding girl to swerve from her high resolve. Finding her alike inaccessible by the allurements of flattery or rewards, by the fear of punishment or threats, the cowardly dastard quailed beneath her haughty glance and shivered in dismay. Upon reflection, he found himself in a dilemma from which it was no very easy matter to extricate himself. To give her liberty to return to her friends and home,

would subject him to the vengeance of her countrymen. To retain her, would be a source of continued torment and exposure. To destroy her, would make him amenable to the laws of the land for a high crime. What could he do and escape the dreaded retribution of an infuriated father, at the head of a desperate and savage horde, and evade the salutary decree of man for the general safety of society. The fear of an offended Deity had not crossed his mind. Already was he too deeply steeped in iniquity to heed the admonitions of conscience, or the mandates of his Maker. Again he had recourse to the treacherous Algonquins, who, for a few pieces of the Frenchman's gold, engaged to remove the innocent girl forever from mortal ken. And so it was. In the dark and silent hour of midnight, she was again led forth into the depths of a gloomy forest. The hatchet did its murderous work. The devoted maiden sunk beneath its deadly blows, and nought but her relentless murderers, the twinkling stars, and the leafy trees, bore witness to the melancholy catastrophe. The gentle wind stirring the leaves, murmured a requiem over her new made grave, and in subdued cadence sighed mournfully as her sweet spirit took its upward flight to the Great Spirit land above.

It was thus that the story of *Agonla* was told by the guilty Frenchman to the wily Algonquin maid, who acted so well the part assigned her. Soon after this communication was made, the information was conveyed to Onondaga. With a stoicism that would

have done honor to the prince of cynics, was the hateful tidings received by *Ta-whis-quan-ta*. No look of sorrow betrayed the workings of his mind; no sigh of anguish escaped his lips, nor glistening tear moistened his manly cheek. But one feeling pervaded his heart. It was too mighty for utterance. Revenge! Revenge! sat heavy on his soul. Every muscle was nerved for daring. His powerful arm was raised for vengeance, and silently to the Great Spirit he vowed to have it.

A score of braves were summoned to his side, to whom was revealed the story of his wrongs. They severally were sworn to avenge the death of the daughter of their chief. Without declaring the object of their expedition, they silently left the Onondaga valley, ostensibly on a hunting excursion. For many a weary day they patiently and warily moved on towards the scene of the melancholy catastrophe. *Ta-whis-quan-ta* alone, in advance of his comrades, approached the dwelling-place of the Frenchman, but all was dark and dismal within. From some trifling circumstance, his suspicions had been aroused; he surmised that some evil design was meditated against him, and he had left his rural home, for another in the bustling city of Montreal. While reconnoitering the Frenchman's premises, and searching the neighborhood, he fell in with his former confidant, the female spy, who had so successfully acted her part. After a short conference with her, in which she confirmed all that had before been related, he learned

with regret that his enemy had departed. Although in a degree prepared for a repetition of the melancholy tidings of which he had been forewarned ; still, when the story was repeated by one who had received the truth from the lips of the heartless destroyer of his daughter, for an instant the heart of the chief faltered within him. It seemed more than his wounded spirit could bear. With a heavy heart, he retired to the company of his followers, who were awaiting his return with the utmost impatience. To them the confirmation of the story of his wrongs was repeated. A vow of vengeance was solemnly made, and again and again was it most religiously ratified. Not knowing where to find the hiding-place of the wicked Frenchman, their steps were bent towards the little hamlet of the unsuspecting Algonquins. Shielded by the darkness of the night, they stole within their rude enclosure of palisades and brush-wood, and ere their sleeping senses were aroused, the last of the Algonquin party had closed his eyes in death ; not a man, woman or child escaped the tomahawk of the infuriated Onondagas.

One important object of the expedition being accomplished, the thing next most desirable was to find the hiding place of the Frenchman, who, it was ascertained had removed himself from Montreal. Long and anxiously did they scour the surrounding forests, in search of the destroyer. Failing in their efforts to find the remotest trace of him, the Onondagas, all save *Ta-whis-quan-ta*, returned to their homes. He,

not satisfied, still lingered in the neighborhood, hoping to gain some tidings of the detested Frenchman. But he returned not, nor could the chief discover the faintest trace of his abiding place, and finally he, too, resolved to return. Before leaving, however, he sought and found the little mound that contained the remains of his daughter, and there, in the desolate forest, in the presence of the Great Spirit, over the dust of his loved one, renewed his vow of revenge upon the guilty head of the murderer. Directly afterwards he returned to Onondaga. There, many a heart beat in unison with his, and all mourned the loss he had sustained.

Through a long and dreary winter, the chief grieved for the loss of the sweet fawn of his bosom. As the genial spring sent forth its fragrant blossoms, and the returning sun of summer approached, making all nature joyous and gay, the chief again approached the cabin of the Frenchman in quest of the disturber of his peace. He had not returned. It seemed that some mysterious emissary of fate shielded him from harm. During the entire summer, the patient chief hung around the neighborhood seeking the object of his vengeance, but nowhere could he be found.

Often would he visit the mound which his hand had raised over the dust of his daughter, and long did he mournfully brood over the overwhelming calamity of his bereavement. For five successive seasons, as the balmy breath of spring dispelled the winter's gloom, and the genial sun clothed the earth with

gladness, the dejected chief visited the little moss-covered grave of his daughter, and there mourned her sad fate in bitterness and woe. Without the least show of impatience, he traversed the trackless forest, and among the abodes of white men unremittingly sought the object of his hatred and revenge. But no ray of hope came, and in despondency, though not in despair, he prepared to return to his home. The chilling blasts of winter found the red chieftain among his friends at Onondaga, gathering fresh resolution from disappointment, and new hopes from delay ; for he well knew, that if he lived, a day of retribution would surely come, that the time for revenge could not fail.

Five lingering years passed away, and in every one, the summer was diligently spent in the same fruitless pursuit. The sixth advanced, and as the summer sun again made all nature cheerful with its approach, the murky chieftain was again lurking in his former haunts. He for once learned that his detested enemy had returned only for a little season, but was now away. A female of his household occupied his sequestered cottage, and there, in supposed security, not suspecting evil or danger, amidst the joys of peace, plenty and repose, they spent their happy hours. Day after day *Ta-whis-quan-ta* loitered around the cottage, seeking to catch a glimpse of his foe. Night after night he pillowed his head upon the earth, with his revenge unsatisfied. It seemed to him that the Great Spirit had interposed to save the French-

man from his grasp. Still brooding over his bereavement, his vengeance still unsatiated, the Frenchman forever beyond his reach, with little prospect of ever encountering him, his patience continually on the rack, with no certainty that his object would ever be fully accomplished, the chief resolved to wreak his vengeance upon the first object to which the Frenchman was endeared.

At sundry times the chief had seen a charming little daughter of the Frenchman, sporting in all the thoughtless vivacity and gayety of childish gambol and frolic. Finding no other object more fitting, he resolved upon sacrificing her, an innocent victim to his base and demoniac passion. From day to day he concealed himself in a clump of shruberry near by, and there, like a wild beast, he crouched to pounce upon his prey. On a beautiful afternoon, as the twilight began to mark the approach of night, the little innocent in merry play bent her agile steps towards the lurking place of the sable chief, who, in an instant seized her, and in spite of her cries and struggles, bore her away in triumph. The poor, frightened, distracted child, uttered the most heart-rending shrieks and entreaties to no avail. Her stifled sobs and sighs had no effect to soften the stony heart of the relentless chief. Far into the depths of the dark wood, he had erected a temporary cabin of sticks and brushwood so artfully wrought as to escape all common observation, which for a long time had been the secret place of his concealment. Thither he bore his

helpless prize, and there it was his purpose to sacrifice the lovely being to his insatiate demon, Revenge. Upon the night which succeeded the seizure of the dear little innocent, the full moon rose with unusual splendor. Many of the larger stars lent their full rays to enrich the scene, while the gentle breeze just stirred the leafy canopy over their heads, and softly fanned the throbbing temples of the child. The chief, with a stern devotion and the most earnest solicitude, implored the "*Mother-of-the-Months*" to know, whether the victim in his possession would be a sufficient and acceptable atonement for the injury he had received. No answer came to soothe his heart. He returned straightway to his cabin, determined to wreak his vengeance upon the guiltless captive, and immediately return home. With this view, he led her forth a little space, told her that she was doomed to die for the wickedness of her father, that her hour was at hand, and she must prepare for the worst. The trembling girl was too much affrighted to answer, and too much agitated to remonstrate. She raised her little hands in agony to heaven, her eyes suffused with tears, and with a look of indescribable anguish, and an expression of horror depicted on her countenance, that almost softened the flinty heart of the savage, she in the most imploring attitude, with upturned eyes, submitted to her impending fate. Without granting time for a revolution in his feelings, the spell-bound chief raised high his polished tomahawk—a yell of fury echoed through the trees—

death seemed sure of his victim—the glittering steel gleamed in the moon's pale beams, yet, while speeding on its hateful errand, a slender bough overhead caught the fatally descending weapon ; its force was broken, and it fell harmless to the ground. The chief considered this as a special interposition of the Great Spirit to save the life of the child. His heart relented—the murderous steel was replaced in his belt, to repose till a more convenient season, and the astonished child was assured that she was safe from harm ; and although alone, and a prisoner in a gloomy forest with a ferocious savage, she felt secure.

In time the child became in a manner reconciled to the forced condition from which it was in vain for her to try to escape. She resumed her wonted cheerfulness, and soon became happy in the company of her new protector, who now used every exertion to win her to himself.

Ta-whis-quan-ta well judged that ere long the friends of the Frenchman would be out in search of his abducted daughter, and in order to bring them within his reach, in a conspicuous place he disposed of most of the child's garments upon branches of the surrounding trees, as a decoy to those who might engage in the search. These he had stained in the blood of a wild beast, that it might appear as if she had been slain. He carved the emblem of his tribe upon a tree, plainly to be seen, that his pursuers might not be in doubt *who* was the guilty homicide ; and in secret, patiently awaited the coming of those who

might pursue. The mind of the chief felt relief, but was not entirely at ease. A tumultuous throbbing racked his bosom. The full object of his wishes had not been accomplished. He had not obtained his full revenge. A being was abroad whose voice had been raised falsely to charm, whose merciless hand had been uplifted against innocence, whose wicked heart had been blackened with treachery and murder, and whose very breath tainted the pure atmosphere of heaven. Years had been fruitlessly spent to obtain the only redress esteemed honorable among the red men of the forest. The precious time was unredeemed, and while the cruel disturber of his peace was a habitant of earth, the passion of the savage could not be satisfied, nor his conscience be at peace. A silent monitor within, bade him "STAY," and he yielded in willing obedience to its promptings.

Some of the inmates of the Frenchman's family had witnessed the seizure of his daughter, and saw her borne away by the savage, beyond the reach of family and friends. Intelligence of the heart-rending occurrence was conveyed to the unsuspecting Frenchman, who had vainly concluded that the wrath of the injured chief was only directed against himself. He immediately returned, raised a company of his neighbors, who, with some Indians, proceeded abroad to search. In the woods, not a league distant from the house, the party discovered the disheveled and blood-stained garments in the most unseemly disorder, pending from the branches, as they had been left

by the chief. Upon sight of the dismal relics and mementoes of his lost child, the bereaved parent burst forth into a perfect paroxysm of grief. He mourned the loss of his beloved one, as only a parent can mourn, and the tears of bitter sorrow, of anguish and of woe, shed on the solemn occasion, told plainly the supreme hold she had upon his affections. Groans and sighs were continually uttered, and he wrung his hands in all the bitterness and horror of despair. He mourned her as certainly dead, with the sure evidence of her dissolution before him. Well he knew by whose hand she had been seized, and the reason why she had thus fallen within the grasp of savage cruelty. Repentance for his wickedness, for an instant entered his sorrowing bosom. Remorse seized his guilty soul. Reason lost its sway. Delirium obliterated his bewildered senses, and for the moment he became a raving maniac.

While the party were surveying the sad and solemn scene, and while they were collecting the tattered garments, of which the object of their search had been despoiled, *Ta-whis-quan-ta*, who had continually watched the chosen spot of his vengeance, with a stealthy step had crept very near to the Frenchman and his party. While he was involuntarily yielding to the agony of despair, and while his friends were making ready to depart, having given up all further pursuit, the wily chieftain with a tiger's bound leaped into their very midst, seized the affrighted Frenchman by the throat, and shouted at

the highest pitch of his voice, "*Ta-whis-quan-ta!* — *Agonla!* — *revenge!*" While the echo of these thrilling words was reverberating through the trees, the hunting knife of *Ta-whis-quan-ta* pierced the heart of the ghastly Frenchman. His life-blood followed the crimsoned steel, and his scalp—a most precious trophy—quickly yielded under the practiced hand of the chief. All this was but the work of an instant. A stifled cry and gurgling sound succeeded, and all that was mortal of an accomplished libertine, a crafty *roué*, and criminal debauchee, became a prostrate lump of senseless clay.

So unexpectedly and so quickly had these events transpired, that none had time or opportunity to interpose, and before any one could recover sufficient thought for action, the agile chief had accomplished his purpose, and like the lightning's evanescent flash had disappeared from their sight forever. The dreary woods covered his retreat, and there, within their gloomy recess, with the wild, unsullied devotion of his race, he poured out his heart in gratitude and thankfulness to the Great Spirit, for this interposition in his favor, and at last crowning his persevering exertions with success, and finally granting what he had so long and anxiously desired and unremittingly sought—*complete revenge*. There was no decided effort made to follow or secure the flying chief. The white men had enough in hand to carry home their deceased friend, and the Indians, who might have secured him, dared not violate a sacred, immutable

law of the savage: "Life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot," for well they knew the guiltiness of the slain man, and what had passed was counted a worthy deed of heroic and righteous vengeance.

Ta-whis-quan-ta returned to his brushwood cabin, where he had left his little captive in lonely confinement. With a familiar smile flowing from a conscience void of offense, with the most fatherly affection he accosted the little fair one, told her of the sweets of the red man's home, and the joys and pleasures of his little friends in their childish sports, and all in such a winning manner, as almost to cause her to forget her sorrows, the endearments of home, and to rejoice in her new protector. Early on the morrow, with his little *protégé*, the chief bent his steps towards Onondaga. It was a tedious journey for one so young and fragile to undertake, but for many a lonely mile he carried the precious little *voyageur* upon his back, while the way was made cheerful by the innocent prattle of the child, and the tender caresses of the chief. On the road, she was taught to call him father, and before they had arrived at their journey's end, she really appeared to believe he was such.

In due time they arrived at Onondaga. A council was convened, and the whole narrative of events rehearsed before the wisdom of the assembled nation, and the valor, perseverance and success of *Ta-whis-quan-ta* was pronounced "GOOD."

Agreeably to long established usage in similar cases, it was proposed by the friends of the chief, that the little stranger should be adopted and become a member of his family, to supply the place made vacant by the death of the much beloved and deeply lamented *Agonla*, whose untimely fate had long been deplored. The proposition was accepted with applause, and immediately, with all the formality and ceremony practiced upon such occasions, the little French orphan was religiously adopted into the Onondaga nation. She received the name "*Agonla*," and was duly affiliated with the family of *Ta-whis-quan-ta*. The circumstances connected with her captivity and the death of her father, were never mentioned in her presence, and the whole subject was obliterated from her mind forever. She ever remained in ignorance of her father's fate, and her friends in Canada always mourned her as dead. So indulgent and agreeable were her new friends to her, that she never once sighed for the home she had left, or the pleasant scenes and dear objects of her childhood. She grew up sincerely beloved by all who knew her, and became a pattern of excellence to the red maidens of the Onondaga valley. She afterward married a young chief, by whom she had children, in the veins of whose descendants flows some of the noblest blood of the Onondagas.

At the close of the council, *Ta-whis-quan-ta* exhibited the scalp of the deceased Frenchman. He strained it over a hoop of brushwood to its utmost

tension, and from a pin in the smoke-place of his wigwam was suspended this strange symbol and memento of victory and revenge. Here in his own cabin, as often as he returned from the fatigues of the chase, or the clamors of the council, he lighted his pipe, and while the savory smoke ascended in graceful wreaths as incense to the Great Spirit, the chief, with emotions of unmingled satisfaction and delight, exultingly feasted his morbid senses upon the dry and shriveled scalp of his victim, still pampering with feelings of the keenest gratification and exquisite pleasure, the most vindictive passion of the human heart. There, in pensive silence he sat, tranquil and satisfied—glorying that he had done his duty manfully as an avenger.

For many years *Ta-whis-quan-ta* bore rule in his nation as a chief of merit, and was in no way remarkable for ferocity of temper or malignity of spirit above his fellows. He was ever kind to the early settlers of Onondaga, and many distinguished acts of benevolence and generosity have been related of him by the pioneers of this favored country, who first made his acquaintance.

Ta-whis-quan-ta was noted as a famous hunter, and while out on one of his hunting excursions, he fell down dead, without an instant of premonition, in a clump of low pines, on the western shore of Onondaga Lake. Although in company with a party of his countrymen at the time, none, through superstitious fear, dared approach his remains and give

them burial. There, wrapped in his blanket, he lay exposed to the scorchings of a summer's sun, to moulder and to rot. That year (1806) was remarkable for the coldness of the summer months. The crop of Indian corn was shortened, and little if any came to maturity. A special council of the Onondaga nation was called, to ascertain the reason, when it was gravely and deliberately resolved, "*that the cause of the cold season must be because Ta-whis-quan-ta lay cold in his blanket.*" Forthwith runners were dispatched among the scattering inhabitants, then newly settled in Onondaga county, to have them perform the last rites of sepulchre to the departed chief. According to this request, the settlers assembled, and with due solemnity covered the bones of the chief with earth, on the spot where the *Great-Master-of-Breath* so suddenly extinguished his lamp of life. There, just above the earth's surface, among the pines, a little mound was raised, and to this day it is known among the Indians as the last resting place of *Ta-whis-quan-ta*.

THE DEADLY FEUD.

"Indulge, my native land, indulge the tear,
That steals impassioned o'er a nation's doom,
To me each twig of Adam's stock is near,
And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb.
And oh, ye chiefs! in yonder starry home,
Accept the humble tribute of this rhyme;
Your gallant deeds, in Greece or haughty Rome,
By Maro sung, or Homer's harp sublime,
Had charmed the world's wide round and triumphed over time."

DWIGHT'S *Destruction of the Pequots.*

AMONG the stirring scenes with which the early white settlers of Onondaga county were familiar, was one possessing peculiar interest. It originated in a quarrel between a couple of hunters—the one a Cayuga, the other an Onondaga. Sides were taken by the clans to which the hunters severally belonged, and a deadly feud between them was the consequence. The circumstances were these: On one of those hunting excursions so common to all our aboriginal tribes, a hunter of the Cayugas, who had become excited in the chase of a stately buck, and not sufficiently regarding the rights of his neighbors, or perhaps uncon-

scious that he was a trespasser beyond the fixed boundaries and limits of the hunting grounds assigned from time immemorial to his nation, had, in the eagerness of the pursuit, pushed far into the domain forever acknowledged as belonging exclusively to the hunters of the "*People of the Hills.*" To slay a deer upon the hunting-grounds of another nation, was considered a serious crime, and one that should be atoned for by suitable reparation, by restoration, or the payment of a penalty, together with an acceptable apology for the wrong. If these requirements were not complied with, the injured party claimed the right of summary vengeance. The Cayuga before named had proceeded far into the Onondaga's territory, and thoughtlessly let fly an arrow at the weary animal which had led him a long and tiresome chase. The fatal missile had entered the heart of the deer, which after a few bounds, fell prostrate upon the ground. The twang of the Cayuga's bowstring fell upon the ear of an Onondaga hunter, who was accidentally passing that way. He listened a moment, and the stricken deer lay dead at his feet. The Cayuga advanced to claim his prize, and to bear it off in triumph. His hand had scarcely been extended towards the crimsoned carcass of the antlered prey, when the hitherto unperceived and silent Onondaga thus accosted him :

"And does the Cayuga presume to tread the well-stored hunting-grounds of the Onondagas? Is there no game in the forests of the Cayugas? Does the

Cayuga brave starve and famish for want of venison to sustain him? If so, take up thy burden and flee to the land of thine inheritance, and feast upon the gift of an Onondaga warrior. But if it is to gratify a lawless thirst for plunder, or in wantonness to filch from my nation those rich blessings which the Great Spirit has bountifully vouchsafed to us, thou knowest thou hast done us wrong, and well thou knowest the imperative necessity of immediate reparation and atonement. None, with impunity, shall wilfully trespass on the hunting-grounds of the Onondagas; and the words of an Eagle shall make it good."

"Dost thou think," said the Cayuga, "that any of my people starve, or lack meat, or that they are stinted in any of the good gifts of the Great Spirit? Know this: that he is as bountiful to the Cayuga as to the Onondaga, and that the forest deer are as free to me as to you, and although this was fattened on the broad hunting-grounds of the Cayugas, and in the heat of the chase, as it were by accident, was pursued into the territory of the Onondagas, and there slain, it was nevertheless the property of the Cayuga. You may lay claim to my venison, and insist upon its being restored to you, and demand satisfaction for pretended encroachments upon the rights of the Onondagas; but you will remember to seek redress where best you can find it, for it shall never be said that a Heron of the Cayugas yielded tamely to insult or injustice, or quailed at the insolence of an Eagle of the Onondagas."

By this speech of the Cayuga, delivered with an air of defiance, the slumbering passions of the Onondaga were awakened. The national pride of both hunters became excited. The long-embittered prejudices of clanship were aroused, and each one priding himself upon his own chivalrous honor, prepared to settle the matter by mortal combat. The conflict was gallantly contested. It was long, violent, and doubtful, but finally terminated in the death of the Cayuga.

The clan of the White Heron of the Cayugas was highly exasperated at the murder of one of their most sagacious hunters and bravest warriors. In their wrath, they resolved speedily to avenge the death of their clansman. The person of the murderer was known, and it was impossible for him to escape the vigilance of the keen-sighted Cayugas. It was deemed indecorous to follow him to his castle and dispatch him in presence of his people, although this course was admissible, and not contrary to the laws by which Indian nations are governed. It was decided to send a party of two to watch his movements, and when an opportunity presented, privately to slay the delinquent and return. Accordingly, two trusty braves were selected from the clan of the Herons, who at once proceeded on their trusty errand. For more than a year, the indefatigable warriors hung around the hills of the Onondagas, watching with patience and anxiety the movements of the busy throng in the valley. Not a warrior or hunter could depart the castle, but a Cayuga crossed his track, and learned his errand and

destination. It was deemed an essential part of the plan to cut off the delinquent without the knowledge of his clan, or the exposure of the avenger.

After a long and tedious season of watchfulness and trial, the guilty Onondaga was seen to leave the valley, in company with a numerous band, for a winter's hunt. It had been no design of the Onondaga brave to seclude himself, or in the least to evade the Cayugas, who he knew were on his track, secretly watching every movement, and only awaiting a favorable opportunity to dispatch him. His goings out and comings in had not been restricted on their account; but, as usual, he had on all occasions departed and returned with boldness and freedom. The hunting party proceeded to the north of Oneida Lake, and were unusually successful in the slaughter of game. Sometimes the company was divided into small parties; at other times they acted collectively, and again they were engaged, each on his own account. But, whether single or in company, the vigilant Cayugas were ever on the watch, keeping a constant look-out, seeking a favorable opportunity for the accomplishment of their fell purpose. Patient of fatigue, fearless of danger, and untiring in their efforts, they perseveringly held on, till at length the long-sought opportunity presented itself. The doomed Onondaga, while alone, pursuing his vocation with all the ardor of an accomplished hunter, unmindful of danger, intent only upon the destruction of his game, yet pursuing and still pursued, was at length separated and

beset by the wily Cayugas. His path was crossed—his trail was followed, till his tall form was seen rapidly moving onward among the trees, thoughtless, unconcerned, and regardless of consequences. A shrill shout from the Cayugas brought the Onondaga to a full stop. He well knew the death halloo of the Herons. He leaned upon his massive bow, to bend it and adjust the string, but ere the sturdy warrior had accomplished the work, the loud twang of the Cayugas' bow-strings resounded through the woods, their flinty missiles pierced the heart of the Onondaga, and he fell a victim to their vengeance. The daring Cayugas returned unmolested and in triumph to their homes, glorying in their success, exulting in the death of the murderer of their brother clansman, and happy in the reflection that the death of an Eagle lessened the number and the power of their avowed enemies.

It now became the turn of the Onondagas to seek redress and vengeance for the wrong. The Eagles forthwith summoned their bravest men. Measures were taken to avenge the murder of a brother, to retrieve their sullied honor, and to sustain their nation's fame. For a period of more than five years, a deadly feud, amounting almost to extermination, was nourished with the most bitter animosity, and kept in agitation by constant criminations and recriminations, attacks and retaliations, which succeeded each other rapidly, and were marked with relentless cruelty. The Heron clan of the Cayugas, and the Eagle clan of the On-

ondagas, were the only participators in the angry strife. None interfered—it was a matter strictly between themselves. The nations of the respective clans had no desire or intention to intermeddle. The counselors of each, thought the affair would terminate without their interference, and without being indefinitely prolonged. But as time advanced, the hatred and thirst for vengeance increased, and it seemed that nothing short of the total extermination of the clans would end the mortal strife. To such a height had the murderous warfare been carried, and so fatal had been the consequences, that the wisest men of both nations despaired of effecting a reconciliation of the rapidly accumulating difficulties.

The last victim who fell in this bitter feud, and the one whose death aroused the nations to energetic action in this perilous affair, was a youthful chieftain, called Handsome Harry by the whites, and by the Indians, "*Sah-da-ga-has*," or "*The Tall Pine of the Mountain*." For a long time, he had been the idol of the Onondagas, on account of his tall, erect figure, his gigantic prowess in war, his sagacity and endurance in the chase, and his superiority in every athletic sport. He had long been a terror and a scourge to the Cayugas. He had watched, with untiring vigilance, the sworn enemies of his clan, and as occasion offered, his hatchet had dealt death and destruction wherever it was wielded. No interval was long enough to cool his ardor, or that of his clansmen; or distance too great to be traversed by the Onondaga

warriors in pursuit of their foes, when there was the faintest prospect of success. If a party of Cayuga warriors were abroad in pursuit of game, or reveling at home in the wild sports and pastimes of their people, the wily Onondagas, with Handsome Harry at their head, were sure to be upon their trail. Whether followed for a day, for a week, or for months, their patience never tired ; and if the chase led them for a few leagues, or far away over the boundless prairies of the west, to them fatigue was a stranger, and repose a luxury unindulged. The grand object was the death of the foeman, and pursuit only ceased with its accomplishment. One after another of the brave Cayugas was cut off by the merciless hatchet, the murderous knife, or the swift arrow of the Eagles. Still, there were left resolute spirits of the Herons, ready to avenge the blood of their clansmen, and who felt impelled in duty and in honor to do so. Thus, from month to month and year to year, the sanguinary strife was prolonged, and the fell spirit of revenge nourished and cultivated.

The whole bent of the rage of the haughty Herons was finally settled upon Handsome Harry, and it was decreed by them that they would exert their utmost efforts to accomplish the death of one who, more than all others, had shown himself conspicuous in the warfare of the clans. A party of six Cayugas vowed to avenge the death of their brethren, and they sealed it with an oath to the Great Spirit, that no other occupation should employ them, or arrest their atten-

tion, till Handsome Harry should be slain. This war party, with full purpose of heart, set out in quest of their victim, with a settled determination to take neither rest, relaxation, nor more than ordinary refreshment, till the shrill war-cry of the Herons should warn their detested enemy of his approaching end. True to their vow, resolute in purpose, thirsting for blood, and burning with revenge, they stealthily watched every avenue that led from the Onondaga valley, and whenever the track of a hunter led from the village, it was examined with the closest scrutiny, and eyed with all the keenness of native sagacity. The track of *Sah-da-ga-has* had been measured with the utmost accuracy ; every line was perfectly known, so that it could be readily distinguished from all others, whether stamped in the miry clay, impressed in the drifting sand, or indented in the leafy wilderness.

On a certain time, while his enemies were observing his movements, Handsome Harry left his home in company with two sisters to whom he was devotedly attached, and by whom he was tenderly beloved, with the intention of visiting some friends and relatives among the Tuscaroras. The ever vigilant Cayugas were on the lookout, and knew well the time of his departure and the place of his destination. The Cayuga braves hung upon his path, but kept secreted, so that their presence and intentions were unknown. Handsome Harry and his sisters spent a season of pleasant indulgence among their Tuscarora friends, happily and innocently engaged in, and par-

taking of, all the sports, amusements, and hospitalities peculiar to the red race. And when the feats of the chase, the anxieties of the ball play, and the excitement of the foot race and quoit pitching had subsided, the gay party started for their homes, escorted part way on their road by numerous friends, in all the hilarity of aboriginal simplicity and joy. The games, plays, and gambols so richly enjoyed during their short sojourn at the Tuscarora village, were again and again recapitulated. Joy gladdened their hearts, and every step was made cheerful by the pleasant recollections of the past. They traveled on thus joyously, in all the carelessness of those who did not suspect danger, until within a few miles of their home, when at a sandy place in their path, Handsome Harry discovered the broad foot-print of a Heron of the Cayugas, full across his way; then another, and again another, and another, as if imprinted by design. He well knew that his enemies were on his track, and were hovering around him like a pack of hungry wolves, snuffing their sure prey in the distance. He knew that they were at least four in number, from the well known foot-marks across his pathway. From the moment the tracks were discovered, the chief entertained a presentiment that his end was approaching, and forthwith he resolved that, let death present itself in whatever form it might, he would meet the dread summons with heroic fortitude, and submit manfully, like a true brave of the Onondagas, to his fate. Filled with the most doleful apprehensions, a

settled melancholy pervaded his demeanor, and he moved on in silence, without naming to his companions the cause of his depression, while they continued in ignorance of the reason of his dejection and his forebodings of prospective evil. The chief wished not that his dearly beloved sisters should see him perish, or witness his fall by the ruthless hand of his detested enemies. He therefore, on some simple pretext, sent them forward on their homeward way, upon which they proceeded without suspicion of harm. On their departure, the chief smilingly bade them farewell, with the most affectionate regard, and dismissed them with fondness and fervor. His adieus were received with playful pleasantry, and although spoken with seriousness and emphasis, and with an air of dignified solemnity, still there was nothing certain to indicate the sad event which immediately succeeded. Farewells were exchanged, with a prospect, at least on their part, of a speedy reünion and the enjoyment of many happy days together. Yet there was in the countenance of the chief that which showed plainly enough that in the workings of his mind were concealed some unaccountable forebodings — the development of some incomprehensible catastrophe. At the approach of the inevitable crisis which awaited him, and which he was fully convinced would very soon be past, the chief desired not to be interrupted or moved by the sighs or the sobs and moans of women, especially those so near of kin as those whose departure has just been named. Being left alone in the

solitude of a gloomy forest, with no eye upon him but that of the Great Good Spirit, he hastened to prepare himself for the dread prediction which he was certain would be soon fulfilled upon him, and which he had neither desire nor inclination to evade. He kneeled upon the sacred earth from which he sprung, and poured out his soul in devout thanksgiving to the *Great-Master-of-Breath*, desiring Him to take him to his happy realms forever.

While the chief was in the attitude of devotion, the Herons showed themselves in the distance. Upon discovering their enemy, they raised the shrill war-whoop and advanced. From the posture in which they found their mortal enemy, they well knew he would offer no resistance, but agreeably to the laws of the savage, he would submit with fortitude to his fate, and was only making preparation to do so with manly grace. The Cayugas came forward and greeted Handsome Harry in apparently the most friendly manner. After familiar salutations were interchanged, the chief spokesman of the Herons enumerated the many aggressions so frequently committed by Handsome Harry and his clan, and added :

“Know this, that during the long and bitter feud which has existed between the Herons of Cayuga and the Eagles of Onondaga, many valuable lives have been sacrificed. Revenge has been sought by both, and obtained. The blood of the Eagles and that of the Herons has flowed freely. The thirsty earth, which has so often drank the crimson stream, still

opens her mouth. She is not full. Her fair bosom, so often made red with the common tide of the life-blood of the Herons and the Eagles, still claims another victim, and her claim shall be satisfied. You know that the cause of this long and angry contention was the killing of a deer. The blood of a Cayuga was shed for the alleged outrage, and in turn his blood was avenged. The war of the clans had been continued with unexampled malevolence and fury. The last one sacrificed was a Cayuga, at your hand. Numbers of our brave men have been slain. Your hand has been busy in the work of death. The Herons have been thinned, and though vengeance has been meted to their assassins, you are the last of the Eagles who is deemed guilty. You merit death at our hands. Your fate is sealed. Before the declining sun sinks below the western hills, your soul will be in keeping of the Great Spirit, who will reward you as you deserve. Our words are few. We have done."

The Onondaga chief replied :

"What you have said is true. The troubles of our people have been many. The affair terminating so seriously, originated in a very simple quarrel. Blood enough has been spilled to satisfy the vengeance of all. I yield myself a willing victim to appease the injured and angry Herons. I have killed many. My revenge is complete. I am satisfied to the full. I am ready to sacrifice myself for the peace of the nations, and my sincere hope is, that no friend of

mine will rise up to avenge my death. Let peace ensue. Let the nations be at rest. Tell the people to heal this foolish quarrel. I am ready for death. I have done."

As the Onondaga closed his speech, he raised his gigantic form to its utmost height; he bared his broad bosom, and exposed his manly chest. He stretched forth his arms, at the same time telling his murderers to execute their work. Instantly, as if all things had been previously arranged, three bows of the sturdy foemen were strained; the feathered shafts were adroitly fixed, and at a word, the flinty heads were in contact with the arching bows. The fatal missiles were let fly; the heart of the Eagle was pierced, and he fell without a groan. The last feeble pulses of the Onondaga beat faintly as he lay extended on the earth, while her open mouth drank the ebbing tide as it rushed from his manly bosom. The Herons advanced and satisfied themselves that he was no more. They chanted the death-song around his bleeding corpse, and with an air of ecstasy and delight returned triumphant to their homes. The mutilated remains of the chief were left exposed by them to the ferocity of wild beasts and the mercy of the elements.

As soon as intelligence of the massacre of Handsome Harry was communicated to his sisters, they yielded themselves to the most poignant sorrow. They were his nearest kin, in fact his only near relatives who had escaped the fatality of the dreadful

feud. They mourned in the deepest anguish of heart, and gave vent to their woes in sighs and in tears. In all the agony of total bereavement they exclaimed — “ *The tall Pine of the Mountain* is laid low. His prostrate form will rise no more to greet us. No more will he smile with joy at our coming, or frown at the approach of the rude hunter of the Cayugas. His voice is hushed forever. No more can it resound in the shrill war-whoop. No more can it enliven the mellow strains of song. No more will he whisper love in our ears, or with sweet words beguile the maidens of our valley. No more with his piercing yell, will he frighten the shivering Heron in his cabin, or the wild beast in his lair. He sleeps the endless sleep of death.”

With a devotion far more rational than that which is usually allowed to savages, the bereaved maidens repaired to the place of the fatal tragedy, and there, over the disfigured remains of the chief, gave vent afresh to their sorrow, and bewailed their sad loss in all the bitterness of untutored woe. They gathered the withered leaves, which were scattered around in profusion, and strewed them reverently over the last sad relic of a beloved brother. Every morning sun found the fond sisters at the little mound, raised with so much care by their own hands, trimming the new-made grave, and the setting sun witnessed the performance of the same sad office. For nearly a year, these devoted women twice daily made their visits to the spot, hallowed to them by being the depository

of the remains of their brother. The ready tear of sisterly affection burst forth daily, and moistened the earth that lay lightly on his bosom, while with measured cadence, they gravely chanted the national death-song to his memory. From the regard they paid to his remains, they received the appellation of the "*loving sisters*," and when death gently released them from their sorrows and their mourning, they were buried by the side of him whose memory ever lived in their affections.

When the news of the sad catastrophe had been conveyed to the Onondaga Castle, every one was astonished. The nation was instantly aroused to a state of unexampled excitement. Numbers of the most enthusiastic braves vowed vengeance on the murderers. A hundred hatchets leaped from the warriors' belts and gleamed in the sunbeams, wielded by arms nerved for fight. As many knives flashed their polished blades in the mellow light, held by hands strong to strike, sustained by hearts eager for the conflict. The sages of the nation—the "*Anciens*" of the race—saw the gathering storm, and interposed to avert the threatening danger. A council of the people was convened; a rehearsal of all the circumstances connected with the feud of the clans was had; the first murder of the Heron was recapitulated, and all the causes of controversy thoroughly investigated. Every death which had followed in consequence was named. It was acknowledged that the Eagles of Onondaga had suffered almost to extermination. It was be-

lieved that the Herons of Cayuga were nearly annihilated. The first slain was a Heron, the last an Eagle. The account was nearly balanced. Blood enough had been shed. "Here," said some of the gravest men of the council, "the matter should end. It is best to follow the advice of our late friend and counselor, *Sah-da-ga-has*, who with his last breath advised a reconciliation. His words are good." This advice was followed. A delegation of Onondagas, with rich presents for the Cayugas, was sent to appease the wrath of the Herons, and to prepare the way for negotiation and a final adjustment of difficulties. The ambassadors for peace were formally and favorably received. Negotiations were opened, and finally all matters of difference were amicably settled. The timely presents of the Onondagas pacified the unruly passions of the Cayugas, and stanchd the bleeding wounds of the Herons, who in turn ratified the treaty of peace and friendship by the bestowment of presents still more magnificent. The deadly feud, which had so long been cherished with so much hatred and malignity, and had carried death and destruction along with so devastating a hand, was now at an end. The Eagle and the Heron could now breathe the same air, roam the same forest, tread the same war-path, and smoke together the calumet of peace.

For many a returning year, the little mound indicating the grave of *Sah-da-ga-has* was replenished with earth by the hands of his clansmen. The Eagles took pride in honoring his remains and in paying

constant tribute to his memory. As often as the red hunter returned from the chase, or the warrior from the battle-field, they would point with a sigh to the grave of their chief, and in sorrow mourn his untimely fate.

Then the country was a waste—a wilderness, with here and there an open space, with the bright, glassy lake of the Onondaga valley in view, with enticing, sunny slopes of the mountains in the rear, where the young leaves of spring glanced in primeval beauty, and the blithe forest birds hymned a requiem to the manes of the brave. The everlasting hills still show their lofty heads undiminished, and the bright blue wave still dashes on the marly shore of the lake. But the light canoe with its dusky burden has disappeared from its bosom. The majestic forests have fallen, and the green grass and golden grain wave in their place. Another race has supplanted its predecessors. The pale face furrows the obliterated path of the red man, who feels that his destiny is fulfilled.

As the gray and wrinkled hunter of a past age and generation, returns to visit the home of his fathers, as was his wont in former times, he seeks to pay the sad tribute of affection at the grave of *Sah-da-ga-has*. But in his efforts, he finds himself treading the streets of a crowded city, and amidst the thronged thoroughfares, where the great human tide rolls fullest, with all his native scrutiny and sagacity, he fails to identify the precise spot, yet he is certain it is somewhere in the immediate vicinity, if not in the very midst.

As his active mind broods over the unaccountable changes which, within his recollection, have taken place, and his thoughts revert with sadness to the olden time, he reasons of the future from what he has experienced of the past, and says :

“A few short years, and the last of all our race will be as things that were, all swallowed up, or driven off to wilds of the far west, broken in spirit, destitute of hope ; victims of the cold white man’s avarice — dead every spark of human sympathy—despised—forgot. Death comes at last and ends the tale of fate. Our glorious deeds are chronicled on high, beyond the white man’s malice, hate, or rage. Thither, at the Great Good Spirit’s call we go. None live to mourn our strange, unhappy fate. No trace is left of all our ancient deeds. No monument will tell that here a race of bold red men once existed, and held the sole sway of empire.”

Pioneer Tales.

LE CHASSEUR.

"I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With rev'rence and pity. Mild he spake,
And entering on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell,
For he had been a soldier in his youth.
Pleased with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters;
Then, having shown his wounds, he'd sit him down
And all the live long day discourse."

HOME'S *Douglas*.

LE CHASSEUR.—Undoubtedly this eccentric character had some other name by which he was known in his fatherland; but if it was ever spoken here, it is so long since, that everybody must have forgotten it; for he, poor soul, has long since joined

"The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death."

Of the many singular personages who have been known to the early settlers of this part of the country, we know of none more peculiar in his habits, and

remember none with more pleasure, than the man known familiarly by the *sobriquet* of *Le Chasseur*. Often and again in childhood, was it our pleasant lot to meet his merry look and

“Mark the fleers, the gibes and the notable scorns
That dwelt in every region of his face,”

when it was lighted up with life and action ever and anon, as was his wont. He was of French extraction everybody knew; but whether born in Quebec or Quiberon, in Montreal, or Montagris, no one knew, and none, perhaps, cared. In stature he was neither short nor tall, rather stout built, with a well knit frame, muscular limbs, and a constitution capable of great endurance. He was, perhaps, at the time we knew him, (forty-five years ago,) about sixty-five years of age. He knew well the medicinal properties of every bark, berry, root, plant, shrub or tree of the fields or forests. He knew all the natural antidotes for the bites of poisonous reptiles, and rabid animals. He could call all the stars by their right names, partition every constellation with the accuracy of one of the ancient magi, and point out the residence of every heathen deity with the precision of an accomplished mythologist. He could render a reason for all the phenomena of nature in the language of learned philosophy, and discourse upon state affairs with the sagacity and acumen of an accomplished diplomate. He was rather graceful in his manners, and under a somewhat rough exterior, was hidden a

heart "open as day to melting charity." He possessed a vigorous mind, stored with a full share of common sense, always tempered with good humor; was possessed of very agreeable colloquial powers, and withal had a strong *penchant* for the marvelous in story-telling. He had evidently seen service in the battle-field, for his face and limbs were literally seamed with scars.

On all occasions he maintained that manly bearing, erect position, and ingenuous boldness of countenance known only to a dignified soldier, long drilled to obedience. He was just the character that would rivet the attention of the frontier woodmen and forest hunters, and compel them by some irresistible charm to listen to a recital of his tales, and from whom the more refined and accomplished citizen would find it difficult to break away. He had for many years pursued the business of collecting furs among the Indians, and some of his most glorious feasts were of moose-snouts and beaver-tail, deer haunch and bear fat. Everybody knew *Le Chasseur*, for he was in all respects one of those real, indispensable characters, always to be found on the undefinable borders of savage and civilized society—everybody's friend, a friend to everybody, but, of little note in the world. In short he was one of those noble, whole-souled spirits of obscurity; a hero of humble life, a generous spirit in poverty, whose modest deeds never met the light, and whose virtues have passed away without a record or remembrance.

In early life he had married, and for several years lived most happily with an amiable wife, of whose memory he always spoke with the most affectionate regard. But in the changes and vicissitudes of life she had been by ungentle hands unkindly cut off, and forever shut out from the cares and crosses of the world. They then lived in the province of Upper Canada, far away from the society of civilized men, and in the Indian wars, of which that province became the sanguinary theatre, his home was made more than desolate by ruthless savages. His home was destroyed by fire, his only child, a little girl of four years of age, was made a prisoner and carried away captive to one of the cantons of the Iroquois, and his beloved, amiable and innocent wife was massacred by barbarian hands—mutilated, disfigured and most brutally exposed to nakedness and decay. At the shocking sight, the high-born heart of the hero shrunk to nothingness within him. From the thrilling effects of that fell catastrophe he never fully recovered, and his after life was marked with a degree of sadness, really embittered by the irreparable bereavement, and the demoniacal circumstances under which it was accomplished.

After giving the remains of his wife a decent burial, he resolved to quit forever a spot which could retain nothing but pain and disgust on the darksome leaf of memory. Upon hearing that his daughter had been carried off captive, he resolved, that as he could be of no use in comforting the dead, he might

yet seek consolation in the hope of recovering his darling child, and that his best energies should be spent in diligent search.

He resolved, whatever might be the cost, to scour the whole country of the Six Nations, and, if possible, recover her to his care and consolation. He knew that the marauders consisted of Senecas, Onondagas and Mohawks, but to which particular nation she had been consigned it was not in his power to determine. For the purpose of ascertaining this, he had faithfully explored the country of the Senecas, and had sought with due diligence among the Mohawks, yet not the slightest trace could he find among those people, of his lost child. His only hope now was, that she might be somewhere among the Onondagas. It was this which first brought him to Onondaga, and upon this fraternal errand was he engaged at the time of the first settlement of the country by the whites. When they came, they found him here enjoying, in the most primitive simplicity, the rude hospitality of a savage people, with whom, in a degree, he was domesticated. Here he was engaged without reserve in the exciting occupation of hunter and trapper, enduring with heroic fortitude the perils of a wandering life, and pursuing with unflinching ardor those doubtful sources of gain. As the families of the settlers, one after another, dropped into their newly acquired homes, he still remained, and very soon after their arrival he became intimately acquainted with every man, woman and child, and at

once enjoyed the distinction of being a universal favorite. He always, everywhere received a most cordial welcome, and was really a very great help to those who were strangers in the country.

There was not a path, or a trail, or a plat of ground, or an opening, or a copse, but he was familiar with it—and, after the country had been surveyed, he knew the position of every landmark, could describe the boundaries of any particular lot, perhaps name the soldier who served for it, and affix its value to a dime. Notwithstanding his great knowledge of the country, he valued not, nor cared for riches. Present wants satisfied, he felt secure in the reflections of an approving conscience, and sufficient reward for him, was in obliging others. So long had he been deprived of the comforts of civilized life, and so long had he conformed to Indian language, customs, employments and dress, that he could scarcely be distinguished from a native in all those essentials that go to make up the outward man. He hung around the outskirts of advancing civilization, forever watching its progress with anxiety and regret. Often and again, in our boyhood, have we listened with the most fixed attention and delight, to the recital of his tales and adventures, and our only regret is, that the long time which has intervened since we saw his honest face, and heard his mellow voice, and grasped his callous hand, has entirely obliterated many thrilling incidents from our mind, and stricken from memory's leaf the finest touches of his exquisite style of delineation.

It was on a cold December evening, more than forty years ago, that we with several juvenile companions, made our last visit to the cabin of the veritable character, *Le Chasseur*. On that night, he was more than usually thoughtful and abstracted. He paid little heed to the jokes of his guests, and wholly declined the quick retort and sprightly repartee, so characteristic of the man. His merry, peculiar laugh, had lost its heartiness. Nor was the accustomed smile with which on former occasions he so familiarly greeted us, seen gayly to play upon his lips. In place of these, were the contracted brow, the stifled sigh, and starting tear. In this frame of mind, he thus began :

“ My young friends, you see before you the wreck of a being who was once like you, young, joyful and happy ; without guile, without malice. In an unlucky hour, I loved, married, and still was happy—happy in the blessings of a lovely wife, and she the doating mother of my only child. But the mother, God bless her, was stricken down in her youth and beauty, and cruelly murdered by profane and idolatrous hands. I alone performed the rites of sepulchre. Peace to her sacred dust. My child, my darling child, was carried away captive, and for many long, long years have I sought her among the wigwams of the red men. They know my errand. By their shrewdness and circumspection, I am persuaded my child yet lives. That is my greatest consolation. I shall yet, ere I die, behold the counterpart of the loveliest being that

ever adorned the walks of life." Emotion was visible in his features, his voice trembled, the ready tear of affection started to his eyes, and he buried his face in his hands, lest he should betray a feeling unbecoming the dignity of an old soldier. It seemed as if the most abject despair had seized his mind, and that the mighty throes of death were racking his manly bosom. While he was thus absorbed in melancholy reflection, our boyish hearts were melted in the intensity of glowing affection. Long and silently did we mingle our inward griefs and outward sorrows with his.

While we were completely awe-struck by the solemnity of the scene, sympathizing with childish simplicity in the agitation of the iron frame and aching heart before us, we were suddenly startled from our reverie. The door was opened, and like a phantom from the land of spirits, in glided the tall, lithe form of an Indian. Without ceremony he drew a seat to the hearth, and in silence looked intently upon the expiring embers, as they lay piled against the back of the jamless fire-place, and calmly brooded over the scene around him. At a glance, he seemed to comprehend that he was in the presence of distress. By his scrutinizing looks he seemed to recognize in the features of *Le Chasseur*, those of an acquaintance. The recognition was mutual; it was a cordial greeting, and the two were soon engaged in familiar conversation. *Le Chasseur* opened anew the deep fountains of his sorrows, and repeated

with lively pathos, the story of his trials and bereavement. The Indian listened with the most fixed attention without the least emotion until he had finished, occasionally throwing out from his capacious mouth, in graceful curls, large wreaths of smoke which he watched in their ever varying gyrations with evident delight. When the words of *Le Chasseur* had ceased, the silence of eternal night pervaded that room. Not a foot or finger moved—not a whisper, not a breath was heard. All eyes were intently riveted upon the Indian, who regarded not the presence of others, nor heeded what was passing. He remained immovable as a rock, and silent as a statue. It was an instant of intense anxiety, for we all expected the red man would break the silence. He was evidently arranging his thoughts for some mighty effort, but what were the workings of his pent-up mind, or what would be disclosed, no one could conjecture. At length he laid aside his pipe, rose to his feet, and began :

“ Brother, I have listened attentively to your words. They have sunk deep into my heart. Once I was young, but now I am old. My years are fast fading away. My life is rapidly drawing to a close. Once like you, I had a wife. She has long since gone to the land of spirits. We, too, had an only daughter. She was our stay and comfort. The cruel white man came stealthily to my lodge. He stole my child from my bosom. She died of grief, for she would not consent to live in the bonds of guiltiness. Her mild spirit sweetly reposes in the regions of the *Great-Master-of-*

Breath. She is happy—I am content. For many years I have wandered about disconsolate. I have sought death upon the war-path. He would not relieve me. By chance I was one of the party that destroyed your home. I saw the fierce flame envelop it. I saw the swift wind scatter its ashes. I saw the bright tomahawk gleam in the fading sunlight as it cleft the skull of the wife of your bosom. I saw her fair form stiff and cold in death. I rejoiced. On that dread night, I found a little child clinging to its lifeless mother's breast. I heard its piteous cry, and raised my hand against it. I could not strike; the crimsoned weapon dropped from my powerless hand. My heart relented. Thoughts of my own dear child rushed to my bosom. I took her to my arms. I adopted her as my own. She was as a daughter to me. She grew up in my bosom. She has been the comfort of my existence, the solace of my years.

“Brother, listen! Forty winters have shed their snows upon the earth since the close of those angry wars, which so long employed the French and English. It was during the last of those bloody struggles that you were bereft of your wife and child.

“Brother! I will harass your feelings no further. I wish to do you good. Your daughter yet lives.”

Upon this announcement, *Le Chasseur*, who had caught every word with eagerness, fell upon the floor as if struck dead. The Indian heeded not, nor moved a muscle, but still looked upon the fire with the most philosophic indifference. The youthful listeners

raised the prostrate man, his temples were bathed in cool water, and he soon recovered. After the excitement had subsided, the Indian resumed.

“Brother! this seems sorrowful to you. On the morrow go with me, and I will show you your long lost daughter. Be of good cheer. She is sweet as the dew-drop upon the mountains; she is as gentle as the sucking fawn; she is swift as the wind that sweeps the broad prairie, and wild as the young pigeon of the wood. She is the loveliest flower that has ever bloomed in our valley. She is the support of my tottering age, and the stay of my weak infirmities. She only knows *me* as her father. Her heart is the seat of buoyant innocence, and every grace that can ornament or ennoble the female character, is hers.”

By this recital of his daughter’s virtues, *Le Chasseur* was most tenderly affected. He buried his head in his hands, and in sighs and sobs gave vent to his grief. Here the scene closed upon our view, for the juvenile listeners were admonished to retire. What passed under that humble roof upon that eventful night, we know not. But upon our return on the morrow, these aged seniors had departed.

It was a long time before we again heard from *Le Chasseur*—so long, that we despaired of ever having tidings of him again. After a tedious interval, it was on a summer evening announced, that an Indian had taken lodgings in a neighboring barn. Curiosity led us to the spot. Upon opening the door, to our infi-

nite surprise, we noticed the identical old man whom years before we had left at the rude cabin of *Le Chasseur*. Our first promptings of course led us to inquire the fate of one who had so long held a conspicuous place in our affections, whose life had been regarded as very much at the disposal of his youthful friends; whose varying wishes he would most studiously and agreeably condescend to gratify. It was a charming night—the stars shone out with unusual lustre, and the gentle breeze of evening cooled and refreshed us as we sat. The Indian withdrew to a pile of boards near by, struck fire upon his punkwood tinder, lighted his pipe, and soon began.

“On the morning after you left us at the cabin of *Le Chasseur*, with the rising sun, we departed for Onondaga. When within about a mile of the castle, we halted near to my cabin at the foot of a venerable oak. It was a stately tree; it was near the close of the day; the sun had sunk behind the western hills, casting their lengthened shadows over the valley, and burnished the trees beyond with a golden lustre. At the foot of that old oak he was to wait until I should bring forward his daughter. She soon came, led by my hand. Till this hour, she was ignorant of her parentage. Me, she had ever been taught to call her father. Now, she could not believe to the contrary. She reluctantly consented to accompany me to the spot. *Le Chasseur* saw her as she approached. He rose to greet her; his face was pale as ashes; as he rushed to embrace her he fell, and

exclaimed, 'my daughter! my daughter!' With a faltering voice, he added, 'The very image of my murdered wife!' He struggled—his piercing eye lost its brightness; his fingers became cold and stiff as with an iron gripe they clasped the hands of his child. He gasped; he ceased to breathe; we looked on him—he was dead. On the morrow we dug his grave, at the foot of the oak where he died. We placed his body in a coffin made of barks; it was buried in the evening. The old tree will stand long as a guide to the grave of *Le Chasseur*. There he calmly reposes. No stone marks the spot of his grave—only the tree does.

"His daughter—*my* daughter, lived on. She was loth to believe that a white man was her father, or a pale face her mother. But when she reflected that her skin was not red, that rich blue veins lined her bosom, that her eyes were not black—when it was told her that her mother had been slain, that herself had been taken captive, that her true father had sunk to rest in the embrace of death, for joy of meeting her at last, that his earthly form was withering at the root of the old tree—the natural affection of her heart burst forth in all its native wildness. She felt the crash of desolating misery and the anguish of unutterable woe. Her grief was silent. Hers was that earnest sorrow, too deep for soothing in tears. It found no vent in weeping. Her heart was agonized to the core. Her soul was comfortless.

"For many a week and month she ceased not daily

to visit the old oak tree. With her hands she devoutly smoothed the turf on *Le Chasseur's* grave. At length a day came. It was a day of tempest. She went forth amid falling torrents, terrific lightnings and awful thunders. She was seen mournfully all the day dressing the resting place of the dead. At evening she sat pensively down upon the little mound, which during the day had been her care. She sat as one bereft of reason. Her face was pale. Her eyes had lost their brightness. The deep, dank dews of agony had gathered upon her brow. Her features seemed convulsed with the dreadful workings of her soul. The protecting arms of the ancient oak were above her. The storm had subsided; the bow had been set in the cloud; there was a calm. A solemn vow made in this awful solitude was on her lips. The fatal doom she had reverently invoked met her here. The night passed away; she returned not. In the morning she sat there still; but her spirit had gone to seek that of her earthly parent. She was a corpse upon the grave of *Le Chasseur*. She was buried. Their kindred dust mingles in the same grave. The gentle breeze of summer still rustles the green leaves of the old oak tree, and the howling blasts of winter sweep fitfully through its bare branches. But the deep sleepers heed not the wild requiem of unruly elements. They rest in peace."

The old man carelessly knocked the ashes from his pipe and was silent. We gazed upon him with mute admiration and wondering astonishment. We knew

him to be one of the chiefs of his people. For many years afterwards we carefully watched the distinguished career of this ancient man. We have often admired his noble deeds. He lived on, till those of his generation had all passed away. An hundred years were his. His final exit was made without premonition. He died as suddenly as those of whom he spake. He expired by the roadside while on official business of his nation, at Oneida, in 1838. The honored dust of the war-worn Brave reposes there now. There have we seen the moss-covered grave of the chief. His name?—it was OUNDIAGA.

THE ISLAND HOME.

“Light the nuptial torch,
And say the glad, yet solemn rite, that knits
The youth and maiden. Happy days to them
That wed this evening! — a long life of love,
And blooming sons and daughters! Happy they
Born at this hour—for they shall see an age
Whiter and holier than the past, and go
Late to their graves.”

BRYANT'S *Jupiter and Venus*

DURING the great revolution which placed Napoleon at the head of the national affairs of France, there appeared a conspicuous character who for many years had been an adherent to the Royalist party. As the prospects of the citizen-general brightened, and there was no longer doubt that the hero of the day of the sections, the 13th *Vendémiaire*, would gain the ascendancy and retain it, this personage, and many others of his countrymen, joined their fortunes with his. Mons. Buchez was of noble lineage, derived from one of the oldest and most influential families of the ancient noblesse. During the early part of the revolution he was of the political party denominated Girondist, and was a member of the Legislative Assembly from the department La Gironde. He was contemporary with Gaudet, Gensonne, Vergniaud, and others, chief leaders of that party. Upon the

breaking up of the Girondists, and the final triumph of the Jacobins in 1793, Mons. Buchez, after a few months of concealment, and after the Jacobin influence became paralyzed, retired to his chateau upon the Garonne, not far from the city of Bordeaux. Here, in the bosom of his family, in humble retirement, free from the turmoil of changing times and busy strife, he resolved to spend the residue of his days. But his destiny was not thus quietly to be fulfilled. A person of distinction in those stirring times was sure to be called upon to declare himself upon one side or another. There was no middle way — “somewhere or nowhere” was the watchword, and woe betide the man who occupied a neutral position, or aspired to unite himself amicably with all. If he did so, he soon became the reputed enemy of all factions, all parties, and all men.

Charmed with the glorious victories of the hero of Italy and Austria, Mons. Buchez obtained a commission in the army of the republic, and with a regiment of conscripts joined the standard of his general. Of course, the family of Mons. Buchez were left without the superintending care of a kind husband and indulgent father, leaving the honors and hospitalities of his mansion to be dispensed by his agreeable and accomplished lady.

Madame Buchez was social, lively, and gay, and by her fascinating and bland manners won many admirers, and secured a multitude of friends. Her house was the seat of hospitality, and none who had

ever experienced the munificence of her favors but gladly embraced the opportunity to renew that sweet pleasure again. The most polite, polished and refined society frequented her splendid *salon de compagnie*, and in no case was any person of deserving merit or modest worth excluded from her brilliant *soirees*. The society of men of taste and genius was courted, and those of sterling worth were always made at home in the ordinary round of harmless dissipation. If wealth and worth were not combined in the most extensive sense, if the latter was predominant, a cheering welcome was universally extended.

Amongst others, the accomplished Madame Roland, the talented and conspicuous promoter of the Girondists, was a frequent visitor at the gay chateau on the Garonne. But the factious times, and the supremacy of the Jacobins, soon deprived the inmates of Madame Roland's society, for in 1793, she was consigned to the gloomy cells of the *Conciergerie*, and finally expiated her political offences under the murderous axe of the guillotine.

The ardent Charlotte Corday, the subsequent destroyer of the tyrant Marat, had been a frequent visitor at the chateau, and enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of those political aspirants and followers of Rousseau, Raynal, Corneille, and others, the founders of that school of French democracy, which had dethroned a monarch, subverted a kingdom, and consigned the chief actors in the bloody tragedy to the scaffold.

But she, too, was too pure a republican to live, and like thousands of her political creed under the more modern regime of Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, was obliged to yield her life upon the block almost daily crimsoned by the blood of martyrs to the cause of liberty, at the *Place de Grève*.

Amidst the gayety and splendor of fashion, and all the luxuriance and magnificence of wealth and refinement, so happily displayed at the residence of Madame Buchez, there was one other character, whose juvenile years had hitherto prevented her from mingling much in the busy crowd.

Marie, though young, was endowed with the most fascinating personal charms. Her laughing blue eye was full of intelligent expression, her countenance beamed with light and joyousness; dark and waving curls hung loosely over her ample brows, while her expansive forehead portrayed the capacity of her intellectual and cultivated mind, and a slight curl of her ruby lip showed plainly she was not devoid of stately pride and an uncompromising decision. Marie had received a fashionable education under the tuition of the most accomplished masters, and from her elevated position, vivacity, good sense, and brilliant wit, was qualified to shine in the most exalted circles. Although modest and retiring in her demeanor, she nevertheless mingled with the multitude, and became a graceful partner in all the gay pastimes and amusements in which her countrywomen so greatly excel.

Henri de Vitzy was an occasional visitor at the hospitable mansion of Madame Buchez. He was youthful in appearance, and had just made his *début* on the grand theatre of life. With the advantage of an excellent education, just finished at a German university, with a highly cultivated taste for the fine arts, particularly music and drawing, and with a mind richly stored with the treasures of a continental tour, he had returned to the sunny south, with the intention of spending the residue of his days in the commercial city of Bordeaux. He had his fortune to carve by his own skill and ingenuity, and the superstructure of his fame was to be erected on the foundation already laid, from materials already provided.

As the world terms it, Henri was poor in worldly goods; he was not richly endowed; but his heart was honest, his reputation unsullied, and with a high sense of honor and self-respect, he had firmly resolved to brave the cold austerities of fortune, and by his own well-tried exertions, place himself among the noblest of the noble, and the richest of the rich.

Such was the graceful and talented Henri de Vitzy at the time he was first introduced to the inmates and society at the chateau of Mons. Buchez. Not choosing to mingle unreservedly in the giddy maze of fashion, but preferring to cultivate acquaintances of a purely intellectual character, he was rarely found among the gayest of the gay, but more frequently spent his leisure hours with the gravest of the grave. Madame Buchez was particularly attentive to her

youthful guest, till she herself became deeply impressed with the worth and highly cultivated faculties of Henri de Vitzzy.

Madame Buchez was often heard to praise her gifted friend, and although her encomiums were little heeded by many, yet there was one, whose ear caught the flattering sound with peculiar pleasure, and often at the mention of his name, she involuntarily breathed a sigh, and in modest silence, wondered why the simple sound should produce so sensible an emotion.

Frequent opportunities presented themselves for the youthful couple to enjoy the society of each other. Time moved on, and the parterre, the lawn and park, were often made more graceful and gay by the presence of the youthful pair. They seemed to enjoy only the society of themselves. In feelings, tastes, inclinations, and associations they were very nearly assimilated, and to each other they were quite indispensable.

In truth, as the world terms it, they were in love. They loved not, however, with that romantic fervency of which we so often hear, yet never behold existing, but with that steady increasing fondness, that unsullied purity, that right onward course, which no change of fortune can vary or decrease, no variableness of circumstances can alter or diminish. Vows of fidelity and constancy were interchanged; their sacred troth was plighted, and nothing but the consent of parents was wanting to make their joy complete. Overtures were made to the mother of the bright-eyed

Marie, who, with surprise at what she termed his audacity in contemning the restraints of propriety and decorum, gave an imperious denial to their united request, charging the ardent Henri with a breach of confidence and good faith in taking advantage of her patronage, favor and hospitality, to captivate the heart of her daughter. She uncompromisingly forbade the attention of the devoted Henri. Not satisfied with this alone, she communicated the facts by post to Col. Buchez, who being influenced in a measure by his wife, wrote to his beloved daughter an affectionate letter, beseeching her to pause before taking any decisive step, and wait his further pleasure, giving her to understand that his consent might be refused. As soon as circumstances would allow, Colonel Buchez obtained a furlough and returned to his home. A full investigation of affairs produced a decided conviction in his mind that the union of Henri De Vitzy and Marie was on no account admissible. The objections interposed were, that she was of noble blood, was heir in her own right to a large fortune, that her prospects were favorable for a union more in accordance with her rank and station—with some one of the noblesse of her country. On the contrary, Henri was poor and friendless—no titled star graced his bosom; no princely coronet ornamented his brow; no family escutcheon, graced with armorial bearings, indicative of an ancient and distinguished ancestry and lineage, was his. He had neither estates in expectancy, nor titles in abeyance; it was his misfortune simply to

have centered his affections upon one far above himself in what the aristocratic portion of the world pleases to denominate *rank*. Yet it was the joy of his heart that his pure and generous sentiments were reciprocated. True to the imperative injunctions of the haughty Colonel Buchez and his consort, Henri left the province of Gironde, determined to bury himself in the turmoil of business, and forever banish from his heart the object of his love. But his mind was so intensely engaged—his whole soul so completely absorbed in this strong, ennobling sentiment, that for an instant his thoughts could not be diverted from the remembrance of his dear Marie—there could be no worthy abiding place but with her. He was completely incapacitated for all ordinary pursuits; he felt himself rashly tossed about upon the rude, rough sea of fortune, unkindly cut loose from his gentle moorings, without even an anchor of hope to cast as a stay from the threatened ruin. He became a prey to his own romantic passion, as well as the sport of the idle, the vicious and the gay. As often as his mind reverted to the beautiful chateau on the banks of the Garonne, and the invaluable treasure it contained, he felt impelled to return, regardless of consequences, and once again pay his *dévoirs* at the shrine of his idolatry. At length his resolution became fixed, and at once he was found on his way towards the mansion of Mons. Buchez. Loth to do a dishonorable act, or to intrude upon the rights of others, to transgress the rules of propriety, or transcend the commands of his

former host and hostess, he lingered in sadness around the noble chateau, happy that he could gaze upon the massive walls which contained the precious prize, and tread unknown the broad grounds which surrounded the palace. The air yielded the freshest, sweetest fragrance, and it afforded him the most exquisite satisfaction, when he reflected that it was inhaled by himself in common with her he loved.

For a while, these reflections lulled his extreme anxiety, but it brought no rest to his hankering soul. His longings were not satisfied, and he faltered in determining the course he should pursue. At first, he resolved he would boldly renew his suit to the mother and her daughter. Again he thought he would seek a private interview with her he held most dear. He finally resolved to address a letter to Mons. Buchez, soliciting him to change his resolution, and restore himself to the confidence of his family. In the mean time, he forwarded a polite note to Madame Buchez, asking liberty to again visit his own dear Marie. To his earnest importunities, both parents were inexorable. In epithets not the most pleasing to the wishes of Henri, Mons. Buchez forbade the unfortunate youth from presuming to intrude upon the rights and hospitalities of his house. Madame was equally decided in her denial. Having entirely failed in overtures to the parents, and having no hope of effecting a reconciliation with them, the devoted Henri felt warranted in promoting his own happiness and the

happiness of another, by the most effectual means in his power.

In the ardency of his attachment, Henri sought and obtained an interview with the gentle Marie. The meeting of the long-separated lovers was touching and sublime. In true faith, they renewed their vows of attachment and fidelity, and in the presence of their Maker, promised eternal constancy. It was a long time before Henri could summon resolution enough to propose to the weeping Marie a plan whereby they might be united, in spite of the objections raised by her parents. Well he knew the pangs it would cost the tender-hearted girl to be separated forever from parents and friends, and well he knew her willingness at all times to implicitly obey the commands of her parents, as well as to anticipate their wishes by a thousand little kindnesses.

At times, he doubted whether the love Marie had for him, would overbalance her parental affections, her regard for dear friends, and the pleasures of home. These, indeed, were strong inducements for a tender girl, reared in luxury and affluence, caressed by friends, and gratified in every wish by the most indulgent parents, to reject any proffers he might make. He scarcely dared propose to her the consummation of their bliss other than by consent of parents. Well he knew the danger it would incur, and the tender ties his loved one must sever to accomplish so desirable an object; and he was, also, well aware that delay only strengthened their preju-

dices, and increased the circumspection of Mons. and Madame Buchez.

As there seemed to be not the remotest prospect of the parents of Marie ever consenting to their union, the unwilling Henri, as a last resort, proposed an elopement. Although the pure heart of Marie was chained to that of her lover, this was a step which her duty to her parents forbade her rashly to take. It was a thought she could not suddenly entertain.

“Where,” thought she, “in the wide world shall we hide from an enraged father and sorrowful mother, whose hearts will overflow with grief at the loss of an unworthy daughter? And whither shall we flee an angry father’s vengeance?—and oh, the final separation from a doting mother. Shall the fond, parental tie be broken? Can one guilty of disobedience rest in quiet while a mother’s tears are flowing for her child’s cruelty, and a father’s anger burns for his daughter’s rashness? Can I thus make the paternal fireside desolate, and my now happy home miserable?”

These were subjects which agitated the mind of the kind-hearted, half-yielding Marie. But on the other hand, there was the noble, her beloved Henri—the idol of her heart. He whom she loved more than all the world besides. He to whom her sacred troth had been plighted. He on whose bosom she had so often leaned with delight. He who was ready to sacrifice all he held dear to promote her happiness. Without him the world was a blank; her soul was knit with his, and she could not reject him. Notwithstanding

the many struggles she encountered, she reluctantly consented to relinquish her friends, abandon her home, and bid adieu forever to her family, and the sweet fields of France.

Arrangements were speedily made with all the privacy necessary to secure success in so important an enterprise. Marie placed her most valuable and useful wearing apparel in a convenient traveling trunk, and was soon ready to bid a final farewell to the play-places of her childhood, the gay lawns, the charming bowers, the fragrant flowers, the singing birds, and all the kind comforts of home, which had afforded abundant happiness in her latter years. At an appointed time, at early morning, long before the watchful world was abroad, the faithful Henri was ready, and the happy couple were driven rapidly from the brilliant chateau of Mons. Buchez. A few miles and an easy drive brought them to the city of Bordeaux, and ere the golden sun lighted up the blue vault of heaven, Henri and Marie, by the voice of a good priest, were indissolubly united. An American vessel at this juncture was on the point of leaving on a homeward-bound voyage. Without hesitation, a passage was secured. The ship was soon in readiness to sail. The passengers were all on board, the vessel was speedily under way, and a favorable breeze soon wafted them out to sea. As the land receded from view, the *ci-devant*, though faithful, unflinching lovers, for the first, began to realize the magnitude of the transaction in which they were the prominent ac-

tors. The adventurous couple had been too much absorbed in the thrilling scenes of the past, to calculate much upon the future. As the trusty vessel, true to her pilot and her helm, plowed her way magnificently through the deep blue sea, and the last traces of land were lost to view, and nought but the rounding billows of a trackless ocean variegated the prospect, Marie for once "cast a longing lingering look behind," and sighed in amazement and anguish at the irretrievable step she had taken. For a moment the wide world seemed a blank, the boundless ocean a grave, and the frail barque in which they were wafted towards a strange and homeless country, only a means or vehicle of transit from an earthly to a celestial locality.

While Marie was gazing intently over the blue waste of waters, to catch a faint and fleeting glance of her native coast, long after its dim outline had sunk below the horizon, her eyes suddenly became suffused with tears, her disheveled hair streamed wildly from her uncovered head, and sighs of sorrow strangely agitated her bosom. Her dear Henri had been absent, busily engaged in arranging their little stock of goods in the safe keeping of the proper officer of the ship, and the whole had been carefully stowed away, as appendages necessary to make the voyage comfortable and agreeable, and their new home cheerful and happy. His surprise was at its highest pitch upon finding his loved one in a state of so much misery. He consoled her as best he could,

she soon resumed her wonted cheerfulness, her Henri was nigh, he filled the widest space in her affections, and was a world of happiness and delight to her.

The voyage was prosperous, and proceeded in the ordinary monotonous routine of sea voyages in general. In due time, after a favorable passage, they were landed in the city of New York. For a while they wandered about that busy town, seeking seclusion from all observers, continually thinking they might sooner or later be recognized by some of their countrymen or acquaintances, or some one who might be sent to seek them out. Ill at ease in their new situation, and finding a tumultuous city no fit place for security and solitude, they boldly resolved to bury themselves in the gloomy recesses of the forest. Taking the usual avenues to the western country, they passed up the North River, to Albany, where they spent a few days in making inquiries of the western traders for the most sequestered regions of the (then) west. They laid in a small stock of provisions, purchased some necessary furniture and cooking utensils, and without coming to any definite conclusion as to a place of destination, pursued their journey up the Mohawk River to Fort Schuyler, and from thence in light *bateau* to the Oneida Lake. Coasting along the southern shore, they found much in the country to admire, and were peculiarly fascinated with the grandeur, magnificence, and loveliness of the unbroken forests.

They had toiled on during a long and tedious day.

Night was approaching, and two beautiful islands presented themselves to view. The deep blue sky was on all sides tinged with the varied hues of a delightful summer sunset; and tinted foliage with its gilded edges, set all around in the calm, glassy waters of the lake, presented the scene like a splendid picture in a vast frame. The winds of centuries had swept their furious currents over the idle waste; strange birds, with brilliant plumage, everywhere spread their wide-extended wings along the midway air, with harsh, discordant notes, while others of lesser magnitude, with arrowy swiftness, darted from branch to branch in the dense forest, and caroled in merry glee the melody of gladness. Myriads of insects with jeweled wings sported on the sweet petals of the gay flowers, which were scattered in wild profusion over the whole of the deeply shaded wilderness. Here the fleeting beauties of the wood lingered around as if listening to the sweet ripple of the running brook, or the wild, dashing wave of the troubled lake. Nature seemed languishing in all the simplicity and beauty of vegetable life. The soft breeze gently stirred the leafy forest, and the tall trees were hushed in all the silence of an unbroken solitude. The rising ridge and mossy banks, the bushy slopes and sandy shore, the running rivulet and silent pool, along whose borders the alder and the shadbush dipped their brown and snowy blossoms, as if to awaken the most lively and exalted sentiments. As yet, this beautiful region had been only

the heritage of the wild tenants of the wood. The hand of man had made no inroad upon its dreary solitudes. Long had they been passed, by the jolly and toiling *voyageurs* of the lake, and noted by them only for the gloominess of their aspect and inhospitality of their shores. The red hunter had here pursued the bear and deer for his sustenance, and these objects of the chase had long made the little islands a browsing-place and burrow, during winter's dreary reign; while the fox, the wolf, and panther had only occasionally howled a requiem to the wild winds as they swept heedless by. The busy insect had sported his gay colors in vain, and the sweet songs of the beautiful birds had died upon the breeze, unheeded by the wild beast, and unheard by man.

Such were two nameless islands near the west end of Oneida Lake, when first visited (in 1797) by Henri De Vitzy and his dear Marie. On one of these, a romantic spot, the little party resolved to spend the night. Their *bateau* was turned land-ward, its sharp prow furrowed the sandy beach, the joyous mariners walked gayly forth, their fragile craft was drawn high upon shore, and properly secured, and all were delighted with the enchanting prospect. The next step was to select a comfortable place, where to erect a temporary shelter for the night. They were not long in choosing a site. A couple of crotches were cut and set, a pole laid across, and green branches were cut from the low hemlocks and cedars. With these were made a covering sufficient to protect them from

the damp dews of evening, and the chilling winds of night. Delighted with the originality of the scenery, the isolated position of the locality, and the remarkable salubrity of the atmosphere, after a confidential conversation, Henri and his wife resolved to make this island their future home. Here the happy pair, in the quiet of this woodland retreat, far from the busy haunts of men, resolved to spend the residue of their days. With the assistance of the two *bateau-men* who had rowed them from Fort Schuyler, they erected a rude log cabin—to them a palace, sufficient for the abode of love, and all the wants of contented and happy man. They had brought along with them such indispensable furniture as they needed to carry on the affairs of housekeeping in a most simple and frugal way, and here the devoted lovers bestowed their little stock of provisions and furniture. A neat traveling bed occupied one corner, three rude stools served them for seats, a permanent table graced the center of the room, and a few iron utensils for cooking, were sufficient for all the purposes of luxury, enjoyment and necessity. Being quietly settled in their new habitation, they felt happy in the society of themselves alone.

Sweet music like that of Calypso and her Nymphs breathed in soft and mellow gladness around their fairy-like home. And although the bribe of immortality was not tendered them as a condition of their permanent abiding here ; nor their tempting Ogygia threatened with an engulfment with the islands of the

Sirens in case of its abandonment, still a power, like enchantment, riveted them to the sequestered spot, and they felt happy in so favorable an opportunity to bury themselves in the depths of this most acceptable rural solitude, free from the restraints and allurements of society—apart from a cold, ungente world, its false, enticing blandishments and bitter woes.

Occasionally, the weary *bateau*-men as they passed on their route from Oswego to Albany called on “the Frenchman,” and he was known far and wide to all the oarsmen of the lake only by that name. The lake supplied him abundantly with delicious fish. The woods furnished him with plenty of meat, and the use of his fishing-tackle and trusty rifle, became not only a source of pleasure, but the means of affording him and his family a measure of sustenance and support, while the trading boatmen furnished him with flour, meal, and such necessities as were indispensable. With the scanty funds he had secured and brought with him from France, he commenced with his red neighbors a traffic in furs.

In time, he extended his operations, and the trade became lucrative. The result was, that the limits of his primitive cabin were enlarged, and improvements made, such as his increasing prosperity and ingenuity suggested. Henri and his beloved Marie had in former years been well instructed in music, of which both were passionately fond. Often and again was the rude cabin made cheerful by the spirited notes of Henri’s flute, and the sweet tones of Marie’s voice,

accompanied by the gentle touches of her guitar. By perseverance and industry, aided by the assistance of casual travelers, a broad spot was cleared of a heavy primeval forest, and a lovely garden was planted and cultivated by the adventurous pair. Shrubs of beautiful foliage were planted to adorn their humble dwelling, and trees of noble bearing yielded a profusion of precious fruits, and flowers of sweetest fragrance shed their rich odors upon the surrounding air, while delicious vegetables served to enrich their board, and make their situation more inviting, and their happiness complete.

De Vitzy and his wife, usually about the first of December in each year, proceeded to Albany to spend the winter, and to make sale of the furs he had secured during the summer. There, in a most retired part of the city, they lived almost entirely unknowing and unknown. Neither of them was at all anxious or even desirous of the society of the gay metropolis. Seclusion, and their own enjoyment, were the only riches they coveted. When the balmy breath of spring pervaded the atmosphere, and the kindly suns of summer promised a speedy approach, the vigilant pair again longed for their sweet, inviting island home, and the smiling first of May usually found them quietly settled in their forest lodge. For seven years, Marie and her husband pursued the same undeviating course. In summer, they whiled away the time in decorating their humble dwelling, in training sweet flowers, in cultivating the substan-

tial products of the garden, and in trading with the Indians. Many a lonely hour was beguiled by the sweet, melodious strains of Marie's voice and guitar, blending in harmony with the dulcet notes of Henri's flute. To the sweetest rose, there is always a thorn. Notwithstanding all this apparent enjoyment, encompassed with an air of the most lively and romantic pleasure, there was a constant drawback, a continual check. They were far distant from all the pleasant associations of their early years. The fields, the friends, the flowers so familiar to them in their youth, were away ; and, although their residence was romantic, and happiness was enjoyed to an almost unlimited extent, still, there were times and seasons when they would sit in mournful silence, brooding over their sorrows, thinking upon the dear parents they had deserted, and brothers and sisters abandoned, friends and companions relinquished, and all the most tender ties of consanguinity rudely snapped in sunder, and all the luxuries renounced that wealth and affluence and polished society could give. Contrasting these with their lonely cabin for a dwelling-place, the untutored savage or the rude boatmen for their only companions, it is possible their hearts misgave them, and they might, in some of their more gloomy hours, have sighed for the sunny fields of France, the dear friends, the delightful pleasures, and charming scenes they had left behind.

In a measure to compensate for their seeming vacuity, and to fill this void in their hearts, three smi-

ling little cherubs, the bright pledges and solace of their loves, had been benignly added to their number, at their island home. But when they reflected that these precious gifts of a kind Providence were to be reared without the advantages of society, or education, or accomplishments, and with no prospect of a richer portion than poverty could give, a deep shade passed over the sunshine of their joys, and at times a sigh would escape the lips of the mother, while the sire brooded in gloomy silence over the dreamy prospect of his little ones. The sweet music of their cabin would be hushed for a season, while yielding to sorrowful reflections—and the roar of the wild wind and the crash of the rude wave break in, in sorrowful melody upon their inward grief and stifled melancholy.

While the feelings of the truant pair were vacillating between their transient pleasures and accumulating misery, while despair seemed to be hanging over their doubtful destiny, while the last hope of release from their voluntary exile was ready to expire, and the gloom of woe darkened all their former bright visions of happiness, an unexpected and unlooked-for change came over their cheerless prospects.

Upon a dark, dull evening in 1803, while nature was hushed in the quiet stillness of night, after there had been a long rehearsal of by-gone days, with their pleasures and amusements, interspersed with gloomy speculations, and forebodings of the future, and their minds had sunk in despondency over the dim taper,

which shed its feeble light around the walls of the humble island cabin, the inmates were suddenly started from their reveries by the measured footsteps of a man, and a loud knocking at the door. It was opened, and a tall figure glided silently in—calmly surveyed the rude tenement and its inmates, and without a word of premonition, clasped the good lady in his arms, and in accents of ecstasy exclaimed,

“My daughter, my daughter.”

She gave one shriek of joy, faintly articulated “father,” and swooned upon the floor.

It was Mons. Buchez, who thus unceremoniously ventured to visit the truant pair. He turned toward the astonished Henri, extended his hand in silence, which was received with a cordial grasp, and pressed with gratitude to his bosom. After the application of the simple restoratives at hand, Marie recovered; the recognition was complete, a hearty forgiveness was mutually proffered and accepted, and all unpleasant memories of the past sealed in oblivion. The little grandchildren—natives of the island—were aroused from their slumbers, and presented to their grandsire, and the joy of all was full.

Not long after the departure of Marie and Henri from fair France, the gallant Buchez relented. His sentiments were changed in this matter, and his mind sensibly affected by the unexpected death of Madame Buchez. From the first moment of the departure of Marie, she had brooded over her bereavement in bitter anguish; she closed her doors upon society;

she shunned the votaries of fashion, and the splendors of the brilliant constellation in which she was ever the leading star, and became a very recluse in the midst of a gay and giddy world. She was suddenly seized with fever, delirium succeeded, and her distracted thoughts dwelt exclusively upon her lost and forsaken daughter. At intervals, when her mind was more clear, she made Monsieur Buchez promise never to relax his exertion until he had found their lost child, and restored her and her husband to their proper rights and station. Remorse and regret hastened the issue of her disease to an unfavorable crisis, and she expired, regretting to the last, the course she had taken, and that her life could not be prolonged to receive to her arms her beloved child, and make that reparation without which she felt but ill prepared to enter upon

"That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns."

Upon her death, Mons. Buchez relinquished the toils of the camp, resigned the duties of the tented field, and far and wide sought the hiding-place of his daughter, with a view to a reconciliation. He traveled over the continent of Europe without success, and finally departed for America. He landed in New York, and from some French residents there, learned for the first, tidings of his long-lost daughter. He heard that persons answering to their description had landed in that city, and had proceeded westward. At

Albany, he ascertained the place of their residence, and with the utmost expedition, thither hastened and found them, as before related.

After a short stay at the island home, the overjoyed family retired to New York, bidding a final adieu to the charming spot, which, for more than seven years, had afforded them a kindly shelter, and pleasant retreat. Upon the clearance of the first packet, they all set sail for France. Mons. Buchez welcomed his children and grandchildren to his home, the magnificent chateau upon the Garonne. The gay mansion resounded with the sounds of revelry and shouts of joy. Music and song lent their aid to grace the festive occasion, and hilarity and gladness filled the hearts of the old friends of the restored family to paternal confidence and favor. Mons. Buchez reinstated them in all the rights and privileges of heirship, settled upon them the whole of his immense fortune, and some months afterwards, expired.

Being now possessed of extensive wealth and numerous friends, Henri and his beloved wife spared no pains in the education of their children, who grew up ornaments to their parents and society, and ever held their birth-place in happy remembrance, and dwelt with delight upon the scenes of their childhood, in their solitary, but romantic island home.

The liberal principles which Henri had imbibed during his sojourn in America, were such as were not easily eradicated. He had become charmed with American liberty and American institutions. These

principles and feelings were instilled into the hearts of his sons and a daughter who were native born Americans, and grew up with all their predilections for American customs, laws and government, although they became the adopted children of France.

At the time of the dethronement of Charles X. these young men bore a conspicuous part; and after the settlement of the crown upon the head of Louis Phillipe, their minds were ill at ease, and long and patiently did they wait the progress of reformation in a government thought by them to be partial, unequal, and unjust.

In the recent liberal movements which, we believe, ought to have totally eradicated the footprints of despotism, and firmly established a more liberal government upon broad and equitable principles, upon a basis enduring as time, these men took an active part. And these children, born upon an obscure island in the Oneida Lake, are at this day ranked among the highest dignitaries of France.

De Vitzy and his wife lived on in the full enjoyment of every blessing which elevates mankind in the scale of being, and contributes to the welfare of humanity, surrounded by a multitude of friends. They were finally gathered to their fathers in a good old age, beloved and lamented by all who knew them.

Fifty years have passed away since this island was abandoned by Henri and Marie, but the ruins of his cabin, so long their sweet, sweet home, and the fruit trees of his planting, and the little clearing for his

garden, are still to be seen upon the little island yet known as "*Frenchman's Island*." While sweet summer flowers idly waste their fragrant odors upon the listless air, and the glistening plain of icy crystal annually enchains its pebbly shore as in former times, still the primitive forest as yet otherwise unbroken, stands erect, having firmly withstood the sweeping storms of centuries, and the wild north wind whistles harmlessly through the strong branches, and hurls the waters of the blue Oneida in rushing and receding waves upon the same solitary, uninhabited shore.

THE PIONEER.

“He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love of learning or the learned,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dreamed that others were concerned.”

BYRON'S *Don Juan*.

THE following story is literally true, and may be considered perfectly in keeping with backwoods life, as it was in this favored land sixty years ago. It is also illustrative of the expedients often resorted to, to sustain life, and the trials, troubles and losses incident to the borderer.

In the year 1791, there lived in the township of Manlius, on lot number ninety-seven, a complete specimen of uncultivated humanity. His name was Nathan. He was a sort of Daniel Boone or David Crockett in a small way, and could grin the rough bark from off a hickory sapling in January, snap a rattlesnake's head off at a jerk, let cold lead into the “*daylights*” of the terrible “*varmints*,” or “pink” the shirt of a red-skin equal to the best. In fact, he was never more at home than when half-starved, half-clad, fully equipped, ready for a tramp. He was a real free-and-easy, slip-shod, down-at-the-heel sort of a fellow, clever to a fault, strong as a giant, yet never

knew harm or harbored malice against his neighbor. He was one of that class who are always dependent upon their ways and their means for a living, which to a man of his temperament and disposition, were always ample, whether in scarcity or abundance, in prosperity or adversity. It was all the same to him if the instant wants of the family were satisfied, and the last meal upon the table was equal to a full storehouse of eatables. He never took thought for the morrow. His abiding motto under all circumstances was, "*The Lord will provide.*"

At the time of the removal of Nathan with his family from the "*Old Bay State*," his worldly goods were few. That is, they would be so considered now-a-days. These consisted of an aged mare, that had seen the most favorable side of twenty good old New England summers, and at this period had more the appearance of just escaping in doubtful condition from the labors, trials, privations and other calamitous contingencies of a past hard winter, than anything else. The residue of the stock, consisted of one old cow, the worthy progenitor of a numerous progeny, and one old ewe, doubly valuable for having been bred a cosset, and for possessing a wonderful proneness to multiplying her kind. You will perceive that Nathan had a strong *penchant*, a remarkable veneration for the antique in all things, for in his casual enumeration of goods and chattels, he invariably named himself first, and then the children, then "my old bonny, the old mully, the old nanny and my old wo-

man." The faithful mare had hauled on a snow track the wife and children, and such other things as were deemed indispensable to house-keeping in a new country. These last had been carefully stowed away in the box of the old wood-shod "*pung*," which, with a stock of provisions for the journey, and a beginning, made quite a formidable load. But the kind and true old creature was enough for it; she proved worthy of her task, and by dint of great bodily exertion and perseverance, with uncommon capacity for endurance, she transported them all safely to their new home. The older members of the family, of course, occasionally eased the jaded creature up the hills. Nathan himself, on foot, drove the cow and ewe. With this array of live stock, he thought himself rich for a commencement, and from the increase, he had pictured in his lively imagination, magnificent steeds, neighing fiercely in their stalls; splendid herds, fat and well-favored, feeding lazily upon broad meadows, waving with luxuriant grass, and countless flocks, with their rich, snowy fleeces, checkering the green hill sides.

It was in the month of March, 1791, that Nathan, with all his auxiliaries and appendages made his entrance upon his newly selected abode. At this time there had no one settled in that neighborhood, and his nearest neighbors were located at Morehouse's Flats, Salt Point and Onondaga Hollow. Nathan was, with his wife and little ones, quite alone in the forest, and without shelter. Nothing daunted, how-

ever, he set to work at once, made a temporary hut of poles and hemlock boughs, against the lee side of a prostrate oak, throwing some stones together for a fireplace. The wide wilderness served my dame for kitchen and parlor for the time being, and the box of the old pung for bunks and bedroom. The baby-jumper of Nathan's nursery was simply a slip of birch bark, curled up in the sun. Everything around him seemed to correspond in perfect harmony to the rudest primitive simplicity. The little, barefooted, half-clad children, as they gamboled in frolicsome glee and merry mood around the blazing log fire, and shifted about to avoid the smoky side, exhibited their rosy cheeks, brilliant eyes and pearly teeth, in a very enviable way, compared with the pampered progeny of the present generation. Ere long, Nathan reared a comfortable log cabin, and began to estimate the ways and means of living. Tree after tree fell under the vigorous strokes of his axe. The clear unobstructed light of heaven began to reveal itself, and came cheerily into his cabin unshadowed. Prospects everywhere brightened around him, his ambition was aroused, and had not misfortune succeeded misfortune with greater rapidity and more boisterous tide than he could buffet, it probably never would have flagged. His progress might have been more rapid and still onward, and his career attended with abundance, prosperity and success. But in an evil hour the current of his hopes received a check, and like many a

wise and careful calculator he was doomed to disappointment, and all on account of "*bad luck*."

The first event of importance that happened after his arrival, and which in itself was indeed a great calamity, was the death of the old cow. Had he not himself been unwittingly the cause of her destruction, he might have eased himself somewhat of the grief it gave him. It happened that the friendly, docile animal never strayed far away from the cabin of her owner, but found ample employment in browsing the tender buds and shoots from the trees felled by his master hand. At length Nathan became careless and thoughtless of the cow, and before he was aware of it, a monstrous maple fell across her and crushed her to atoms. Alas for him, the fatigues of the journey, and continued hard fare afterwards, had worn her down by degrees, almost to that doubtful, undefinable condition, just between living and dying. That is, she was none of the fattest, and perhaps might have been properly likened to one of the seven lean kine dreamed of by Pharaoh, which came up out of the river. She was, therefore, a perfect loss, and one sincerely mourned by the family. Yet the thing that sat heaviest on the heart of poor Nathan and grieved him most acutely was, that he had not been considerate enough to furnish the "*kind old critter*" with a bell, that she might thereby have warned him of her presence. The loss of the cow was really a source of discouragement to all, himself and his household. But when he reflected upon the matter, he felt recon-

ciled to take a philosophical view of it, and amidst the consequent desolation of affairs, the dearth of necessities and the want of milk, he quietly consoled himself by applying his favorite maxim, "She is gone, the good old critter, but for all that, *the Lord will provide.*"

Of course it was better to be reconciled to unavoidable troubles than to be continually murmuring—to shoulder the clog and carry it, rather than to drag it. Had it not been for other disasters that followed directly upon the heels of this, poor Nathan might have fully recovered from the effects of his loss, resumed his wonted equanimity of temper, and jogged on again, hopefully, to happy days of prosperity. But as misfortune seldom comes single, and with him it thickened to a tempest, the thing was impossible. Only a few mornings after the death of the cow, he was doomed to further misery in the loss of the old ewe. An ugly wolf, in the dead hour of night, had made bold to take the helpless, timid animal to himself, tearing it limb from limb to death, leaving nothing for poor Nathan but scattered locks of bloody wool and fragments of her mangled carcass. This was indeed a sad catastrophe, for from the fleece had been anticipated at least one pair of stockings for each of the family, and frolicsome lambs not less than two. In this case as with the cow, he had cause to reproach himself, for he well knew he could, with little trouble to himself, have put the helpless animal in fold, and by so doing saved her

life. Still, the loss, to his idea, was mainly owing to "*bad luck*." It was a loss incalculable, for with her and the cow, expired all his hopes of lowing herds upon the boundless meadows, and bleating flocks upon a thousand hills. Nothing was left but the old mare, and she now showed such evident symptoms of dissolution and decay, that no dependence or calculation could be placed upon her prancing posterity. These adversities not only blasted his hopes, and lulled his aspirations, but had the effect also to cool his energy and repress his ardor. His spirit became sad, and he sunk involuntarily into a dreamy, moody, pensive state, forgetful of his duties to himself and family. Yet when aroused by his wife from his stupor, and reminded that exertion might become necessary for their preservation and existence, he only shrugged his shoulders and replied—" *The Lord will provide.*"

During the summer of the before-mentioned year, the really substantial things of life ran pretty low with our friend Nathan, especially those most necessary for the sustenance of the inner man. His wife, poor, patient soul, had long retained her pent up grief in silence, but when the certain gnawings of absolute hunger were upon her innocent children, the mother's heart gave way, and she murmured, only in the too certain prospect of approaching famine. As the season advanced, affairs looked more gloomy, for there was no meal in the tub, no pork in the barrel, nor flour in the bag, nor corn, nor pig, nor wheat to make them of. There was nothing in store. "The summer

was past, and the harvest was ended," but his garner was empty. There was a cold and cheerless winter before them, and but a doubtful prospect of comfortably reaching the sunny side of smiling May. "Never mind," said Nathan, most heroically, "*The Lord will provide.*" "He never yet made a mouth but he filled it." This was cool consolation to the poor woman and a numerous family of half-clad, famishing children around her crying for bread. It is true that Nathan was sober and temperate, though not remarkably industrious. If the weather was fair, it was well, and if it stormed it was just as well. Nathan went on in this way for some time; his means of subsistence daily becoming alarmingly less and less, while the pressing wants of his family became distressingly more and more. In fact, everything in the shape of food and raiment was well nigh exhausted. His wife repined, murmured, looked demure and felt sad. But to all this, Nathan still calmly replied, "*The Lord will provide.*"

Affairs were rapidly approaching a crisis; but as good luck would have it, Nathan procured a grist of corn. This kindly god-send cheered the drooping spirits of the hungry family. Their blood coursed freer. The samp and molasses revived the flickering lamp of life, and all again felt happy and refreshed. "Ah," said Nathan, "I always told you '*The Lord will provide,*' and moreover, when things come to the worst, they are certain to mend."

Not long after this timely assistance, he took a turn

to the Limestone Creek, near which he lived, and while crossing, to his great astonishment as well as joy, he discovered a shoal of salmon shut up in a deep "*hole*," where it was impossible for them to escape, the shallow water running out over the natural basin as fast as it ran in, not leaving depth enough for them to swim away. This was indeed a joyful scene for Nathan. In a perfect transport of delight he ran home, took his fish-spear, returned, and in less than no time secured seven as nice salmon as ever swam. When the glorious prize lay extended on the green grass, in full view before him, he felt rich indeed; and as if his former losses were in a degree compensated, and every glittering scale was as a piece of silver. When he had them "*strung*," in order that he might conveniently carry them, he found that he had two full back-loads. With a portion he trudged home, and soon returned for the remainder, and after the whole were deposited at the door of his cabin, there was a general shout of exultation over this timely good fortune. "*Ah*," said Nathan, in a perfect paroxysm of joy, "*I always said, 'The Lord will provide,' and it is a long road that has no turn.*"

It soon after happened that Nathan, in one of his rambles, accidentally stumbled upon a bee-tree. Again the hearts of the despairing family rejoiced, as the sweets of life so opportunely entered their cabin. When the precious store was fully secured, it was found that one hundred and fifty pounds of pure honey was the result of their good fortune. "*Ah*,"

ejaculated Nathan, "I always said, '*The Lord will provide*' — always better late than never."

Not long afterwards, in a cool, clear November morning, after a light fall of snow, Nathan crossed the track of a bear, which he followed to his den. Nothing daunted, he drew up his trusty firelock, and laid the monster dead at his feet. The savage animal proved to be an enormously large one of his kind, and fat enough to satisfy the taste of the most dainty epicure. Nathan speedily divested his bearship of his skin, dressed his carcass, and was not long in conveying the whole to his humble cabin. The skin was tanned, the fat was tried, and the flesh was salted, dried, and laid away for keeping. He had now a full supply of that excellent substitute for lard and butter, in the excess of bear's fat, and plenty of that valuable substitute for pork, bacon and beef, in the hams and carcass. Many a hearty meal was made joyful thereafter, as the healthy family gathered around their humble board, and a contented gladness for a long time pervaded the now happy cabin.

The skin was one of great value, provided it could be got to market. This was a work of great magnitude, for there was no depot for furs nearer than forty miles. It was finally resolved that the eldest daughter, Lowly, a girl of about seventeen years of age, should take the skin to Whitestown, on horseback, and there barter it for flour. The old browse-kept mare (by the way, one of the first horses introduced into the country) was now in urgent requisition. She

was made ready, and the bearskin—the whole available “*funds*” or surplus commodity of the estate—was securely tied on, and the girl, mounted above all, with a light heart set out on her adventure of trade. Success attended her efforts, and on the fifth day she returned with one hundred and fifty pounds of good wheat flour, tea, spices, &c. &c., sufficient for a long time. It was a most cordial greeting the girl received on her return, and none felt the reality of this timely succor more than Nathan, because it relieved him from labor or further exertion. He could look forward with delight to a long period of ease and inactivity—to him, the real essence of his being. Now, more than ever, he felt assured that he experienced the kind interposition of Providence in his behalf, and again in a perfect ecstasy of joy he exclaimed, “See; *The Lord will provide.*”

The flour was kneaded with the bear’s fat and honey, and converted into cakes. These were sold to travelers at a good, round profit, and thus turned profitably into cash. The sale of these dainties made sufficient business for a man of Nathan’s easy humor. Lowly, the patient daughter, was sent again and again to Whitestown, to make new purchases with the profits of trade. The making of cake was continued so long as the bear’s fat and honey held out. In process of time, however, Nathan’s capital stock considerably diminished, and from the daily drafts made thereon by himself and family, it was destined, in the long run, to become exhausted, for the sole reason that

he became too indolent to line bees, to hunt bears, or to labor at scratching the back of his mother earth, forcing her in ecstasy to yield him bread. The result was, he soon found it convenient, if not necessary, to again trench himself behind his old maxim—*“The Lord will provide.”*

If it were possible to add to the losses and disappointments already sustained through Nathan's improvidence, indolence, and “bad luck,” a penetrating mind would have been somewhat guarded against future contingencies. But he had passed along so swimmingly and so much at his ease, that he had put too far off the evil day. At length a new and unlooked-for calamity overtook him, and filled the measure of his misery to the brim. He had not laid in a sufficient stock of hay and provender for the old mare, and the little laid by had long since disappeared. The faithful old creature had been doomed to get her living as best she could by browsing. Her tottering limbs were unable to bear her away far into the woods, and all the underbrush near by had been thoroughly cropped. Of late the haggard animal had spent the most of her time in a particular corner of her master's enclosure, and there, in a state of perpetual decline, with arched back and downcast eye, she swayed to and fro, as if meditating whether it was best to give up the doubtful struggle without further effort, or merely satisfy her present hunger by an attack upon her fore feet. A flock of crows, with lively appetite, had for a long time anxiously watched

the matted coat, the prominent bone, and relaxing muscle of the emaciated animal with much apparent gratification, as appeared by their frequent cawings and lively gyrations. For many a day they sat pluming their feathers in antic mood on the neighboring trees, waiting the period of onslaught. But, unwilling to bide the course of nature and events, one gloomy afternoon, after the poor creature had endured a long and trying abstinence, the saucy birds made a sudden descent upon her, and before the battle closed, the ravenous rogues had secured to themselves the best part of her. Of course, she did not long survive the disaster. Ever after this, as you may well suppose, our pioneer was "death on crows," and he never afterwards was greeted with a caw from one of the black rascals, but he renewed his vow of revenge for the murder of his mare. This sad catastrophe wound up the affairs of Nathan into a hard knot. His live stock in less than a twelve month had all forcibly paid the debt of nature, and so far he was relieved from care—a fact which really afforded him some consolation. The wife and children, however, were left, and for these provision had to be made. As for the solid materials with which to do so, he knew not from whence they were to come. His only hope in this perplexing extremity was—*"The Lord will provide."*

The last part of the winter found the necessities of life running pretty low. He had dug ground-nuts to make soup of, and leeks and crinkle-root for season-

ing, which, with beechnuts and butternuts, had contributed materially to *help along*, and spice-bush, and evan-root tea, sweetened with maple sugar, of which he had made a little, though something of a luxury, had been the family beverage for some time. Even these, in their turn, were difficult to obtain. Money was scarce, though there was nothing to exchange for it, had it been plenty. Provisions grew dear; they could not be obtained without money or labor, and these could not be furnished by Nathan, for the former he had not, and the latter he never had a disposition for. Bees could not be "*lined*," for they were dormant in the trees. Salmon did not inhabit the streams at this season; they were all out at sea. Bears were not easily found in their burrows, and if they had been, they would scarcely be worth the trouble of slaughtering, so lean and haggard did they come out in the spring; and deer were altogether too shy for one of Nathan's indolent habits, to get sight of.

Before the last snows of winter had entirely disappeared, or the balmy breath of spring had fairly regained its joyful empire, poor Nathan was compelled to wander abroad in quest of those things considered indispensable to the union of soul and body. He found himself in no very agreeable mood with mankind in general, or with his immediate neighbors in particular, for they were rapidly hemming him in on every side, and were considerably in advance of him in everything that adds to the comforts of life. Ad-

vancing prosperity had no charms for him. This apparent thrift in others made Nathan discontented with himself and his own sorry condition—for it would not bear a contrast. He cursed his “bad luck,” and from moroseness and misanthropy began to distrust that Being in whom he had but lately imperfectly trusted to “provide” for him. In one of his vagrant wanderings, he accidentally met a venerable clergyman—a pioneer missionary—who had lately arrived as one of the first laborers in this gloomy and uncultivated portion of Zion. This was enough for our poverty-stricken pioneer. He returned home perfectly crest-fallen, told his family that he felt completely discouraged—that the settlers already began to talk about establishing schools, and erecting school-houses. And now, said he, with a woebegone countenance, “the missionaries have come—we shall have them to feed, and meeting-houses to build. It is really too much; it will prove our ruin. It is high time for us to leave a country yielding so rapidly to improvements. It affords no protection to the natural tastes, habits and dispositions of man.” He took no rest until he had sold his little farm, with a slight advance for “the betterments,” and made immediate arrangements to leave for that ever-retreating, indefinable, unknown, illimitable country—the “*Far West*.” He soon left between the late and early, and the last that was heard of poor Nathan, he was somewhere between two set-

lements, trudging along with a back load of goods, with his wife and children, and two dogs at his heels, patiently, though slowly, widening the distance between himself and the last link of civilization.

J*

15

TRIALS OF BORDER LIFE

“To them the deep recess of dusky groves,
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,
The fall of water, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favorites share.”

COWPER'S *Retirement*.

SIXTY years ago was a period noted for the plain-dealing, economy, industry and perseverance of the few inhabitants who were gradually settling the rich lands of Western New York. Everything was different then from anything known to the present generation. Sixty years ago the beaver and the flood erected the only dams across the streams. Woods thickly covered the earth in all this vast, delightful region. Men's houses were uniformly built of logs, chimneys of sticks, plastered with mud made more adhesive by an admixture of straw. Fireplaces had no jambs then, only a huge pile of stones for a back, piled up and mortared with mud. Doors were set opposite to each other, so that monster logs, three feet through and eight feet long, could be drawn in with a horse or well-trained ox. Against these, large fires

were continually kept burning. It was then an object to get rid of wood—not to preserve it. The faster it was burned the better. Windows were made of greased paper, which let in only a dim translucent light, ill fitted for seeing objects abroad. Roofs were made of barks, and floors of split logs, “*spotted*” to sleepers lying on the ground. Log barns and hovels covered with barks and brush were abundant, though frame barns came into use long before frame houses. Farming utensils were rough and clumsy. An old “bull plow,” with its wrought iron share, the like not known to this age, and an old “crotch drag” were all the tools used in preparing ground for a crop, and a wood-shod sled was about the only vehicle in use for the farm, for market, mill or meeting.

Occasionally a little grain, and perhaps a little pork could be purchased, provided a man could procure the money with which to buy. Here was the rub; very few possessed this all-important article, or the disposable means wherewith to obtain it. Labor, however, was as good as cash, and he who had no money could go to some one who had a little of something to spare, and work a few days, or chop an acre by the job, live comfortable while doing it, and on settlement receive his earnings in flour, corn meal, and a few pounds of pork, sling the whole across his shoulders, and trudge off a dozen or more miles on foot, to his home, when he and his wife, and perhaps three or four little ones, would get along very well for a while, with the additional help of the milk fur-

nished from a cow that could get a tolerable living from the browse and herbage of the woods. While this stock of provisions lasted, the woodman was usually earnestly engaged in clearing his own lands, and fortunate indeed was he, if, on the second or third year, he could clear and fence a field sufficiently large to raise a few potatoes, a little wheat and corn, sufficient for his own immediate wants. The earliest settlers were often very much relieved by a timely supply of bear's meat and deer's flesh. But this was a means of subsistence too precarious to be relied upon, except by those who were hunters entirely by occupation. Often has the laboring axeman toiled on patiently from day to day, upon a scanty allowance without a murmur or complaint, hoping for relief in better times to come.

Leeks were plenty, which used to be gathered and boiled for greens. Indeed they were considered very nutritious and palatable; always up and green as soon as the snow disappeared in spring. They constituted the earliest food for cattle of anything of spontaneous growth, and frequently by "*sugar time*," the southern mill sides were literally as "*green as a leek*." There never was a fresh clover pasture that cattle were half as fond of as they were of the wild leeks. It is true, that the butter made from the cream of the cows feeding upon this vegetable, would taste somewhat rank of the article itself. New comers from the east declared they could not endure it, nor ever learn to eat of it. But a few days of prac-

tice, after being told (by those who had become more experienced) to take a bit of raw leek and chew a little at the time of sitting down to eat, completely cured them. Indeed this leek-tasting became so common that it settled into an almost universal custom, and when women set their tables they placed a nicely dressed white raw leek beside the plate of each person, to bite before tasting the butter.

The few old settlers who yet linger among us, distinctly recollect these circumstances, notwithstanding they may appear strange to the present generation. The old adage that "necessity is the mother of invention" was perhaps never more practically verified than during the early settlement of Western New York, in the prudent and economical manner by which the people contrived to live, while subduing the sturdy forests preparatory to raising food for themselves and cattle. A thousand resources were made available in procuring the means of subsistence, that in this, our day, would be considered singular enough. There was the evan-root, which formed with many an essential article for family use. It was indigenous to the wet grounds, and was used as a substitute for tea, coffee and chocolate, which latter it very much resembled in flavor. Then came the water cresses growing in every little stream, a most beautiful, green, tender, brittle and delicious salad. The crinkle-root and ground-nut contributed their share; while sassafras, spice-bush and wintergreen constituted the principal spices, and the liberal maple

supplied all that was necessary for sweetening. People had no occasion to visit the stores; necessities and luxuries flowed in upon them spontaneously; sturdy men, with no fortune but an axe, set themselves at work, and by diligence and industry soon acquired wealth, by a sure and steady process. Health and strength prevailed among men in those days, more than now, and industry, economy and frugality were the adorning qualities of woman. We say woman, because, according to the modern acceptation of the term, there were no ladies then. Most of the gentler sex enjoyed the highest of heavenly titles bestowed upon mortals: Woman—"Heaven's first best gift to man."

Clothing was all homespun, strong and durable. Tow shirts were all the rage in summer, and linsey-woolsey, or woolen-flannel in winter. My dame also took great pride in her nice pressed, madder red, new gown, all of her own manufacture, cut and make. It was comfortable; it kept out the cold and reflected a high, healthy color to the cheeks of herself and blooming daughters, as if defying lassitude, moping, melancholy and consumption. Spinning wheels and looms were the musical instruments of those days. Pianos, guitars, harps, harpsichords and such like, would have been as much curiosities as the horns sounded at the downfall of the walls of Jericho, or the sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer played at the dedication of the image set up by Nebuchadnezzar. Women's "slips and gowns" were very different articles

from the "dresses" of the ladies of the present generation. A new calico gown was a "dress up" article, and could not be afforded for every day wear.

Many men made their own shoes, or substitutes from the "hockskin" of neat cattle. Boots were seldom worn, and "Suwarrows, Wellingtons, tasseled-tops, and white-tops," were only known to the more wealthy, and these only succeeded the old shoe-buckles and short-breeches, after a long and violent struggle. Shoes and boots were considered only half worn when it became necessary to bind the old rips and rents together with withes, and not unfrequently a pair lasted the owner for years before being cast away. Many a good man and woman have been known to go all the week bare-footed at home, and on Sundays walk almost to the meeting-house, and then sit down by the road side, put on the "new shoes," so as to "appear decent in meeting."

A good suit of clothes was never out of fashion, and in some instances lasted a whole generation without decay, being carefully brushed and laid away as soon as the wearer returned home. Some of these old suits have been in and out of fashion's scorn and derision, favor and approval at least a dozen times within one man's lifetime. When new, they were kept especially for great occasions, and "Sunday-go-to-meeting."

Old men frequently went to meeting on horseback, with their wives seated on a "pillion" behind them, and perhaps a child before them, and a third in the

mother's arms. If snows were deep, the ox-sled was brought out and the whole family piled on, adding neighbors by the way, till the room within the stakes was full, and more holding on outside. Those were days when all carried their lunch to meeting and ate it with a relish—when the old men gathered in summer under the shade of some wide-spread tree, and near to a bubbling spring, where they could dip up the sparkling water in the broad-brims of their felt hats, to quench thirst and wash down their bread and cheese. Many a good story has been related—not spoiled by being told on "*Sabby-day*." Besides, it gave a most favorable opportunity to discuss the merits of every ox, cow and horse in the country, and doubtless these were better remembered than the parson's sermon.

Notwithstanding the humble dress and simple fare of these early settlers, and some excusable singularities, they were neighbors—emphatically so: good, generous, kind and affectionate to each other. The cheerful smile of welcome and the open hand of hospitality, always met the stranger, and new comer to the settlement. Among them there was no jealousy, no strife nor malice; and if there are any examples of good neighborhood deserving commendation more than others to the rising generation, it is that state of unreserved, truly social, honest good feeling which once so universally prevailed in our newly settled country, but which, even now, is fearfully departing. On all occasions a sterner republican virtue existed,

and a loftier patriotism burned in the bosoms of the purer patriots of those thinly peopled districts, than are ever found in large towns and cities, which if more closely imitated at the present day, would forebode greater permanency and stability to the government and institutions of our country.

Snows fell deeper in those days than now, and lasted longer, because the winds could not sweep them away, nor the sun melt them, for the dense forest shaded them effectually. One of the circumstances peculiar to those times, will give an illustration of the singularity of the age.

The winter of 1797-8 was an uncommonly cold one. The snow commenced falling in November, and accumulated without thaws to the depth of several feet. There was little yielding until after the vernal equinox. Little chopping could be done by the foresters. Most of the highways were completely blocked up, yet, when broken, they left on either side a high wall, rendering it almost impossible for teams to pass each other. Many a family had to back their wood during the winter. Other privations were not wanting; there had been considerable deficiency in the harvest the summer previous. Yet, for all this, there was one alleviating circumstance, very favorable to the prosperity of the settlers. There had been an unusual growth of nuts and acorns the fall previous. Upon these the hogs had fattened. These animals frequently strayed far away from the habitations of their owners and made their resting-places in the woods. After

the snow fell they still continued searching after the mast among the leaves, and as the snow increased in depth and density, they made roads underneath. A heavy crust soon formed over the whole surface, which completely hid the swine from view. It was impossible for them to return home. Many persons came to the conclusion that their hogs were lost. Months passed away, and no tidings of them could be gleaned. They had made roads under the surface of the snow through every portion of the woods where nuts and acorns were to be found, and through a long severe winter subsisted entirely upon these spontaneous productions. When the sugar season came on, while out tapping trees, some of the woodmen observed, that in walking over the crust, there were many places having the appearance of being hollow underneath. Upon thrusting a pole down, it was found to be paths made by the hogs. These led about, intersecting each other in every direction. The places selected for the night would be at the root of some tree which had been upturned by the wind. From these places they would make their daily sallies for food, and return at night to rest. When the spring came on they were released, but wild. What was most surprising, many of them had so increased in size that they were unknown to their owners, and much trouble was had in identifying the right.

LOST CHILD.

Of all the terrible cries that ever agitated a frontier settlement, none was more appalling than that of "*lost child!*" One must have lived in a new country, and in a sparsely settled region to understand the thrilling import of these startling words, and to realize the electric effect they produced in rousing a whole community for miles around to unwearied search. On a given signal, hundreds of people would, at a moment's notice, assemble and scour the woods and fields for miles, or until the object for which they were in search, was found.

In 1811 two little girls named Shephard, whose father lived near South Bay, on Oneida Lake, went into the woods to look for the cows, near night. After searching some time in vain, they found themselves unable to trace their way back. The neighborhood was alarmed, and arrangements were speedily made for their recovery. The woods were scoured for twenty miles around—the most vigilant search was made day and night, and it was not till the third day at evening that the little wanderers were found snugly, ensconced, fast asleep, beside an old log, unharmed. Their only subsistence had been from the ground-nuts and wintergreens they had gathered in their rambles.

HUNT FOR A LOST CHILD.

In 1799, several families had taken up their abode in the township of Fabius. One of these families had three or four small children, and among them, an interesting little girl, three years old. The children had played about the bushes near the house, as usual, and when night approached, they all came in except the little girl, who was missing. The mother called, but no voice responded. Darkness came on and excluded every object from view. It requires no effort to describe the keenness of suffering and agony which pervaded the hearts of the bereaved family group. The alarm was speedily communicated to the scattered population for miles around. Each man with a bark torch in his hand, repaired to the scene of distress. The woods were thoroughly scoured by torch-light, but no child could be found. During the night, the whole country had been alarmed, and by daylight next morning, a large force was ready upon the ground to proceed in search. The men were marshaled under command of officers chosen on the spot, and the search was systematically renewed. As the line swept around in a wide circuit, words could be readily passed to one and another, so as to keep up a regular and constant communication throughout the whole extent. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, word was passed along the line — "*Child found!*" This intelligence produced the most frantic joy, and complete disorder. He that could leap the highest,

run the fastest, or was nearest the house, got there first.

Judge Miles, now no more, was the fortunate finder. The child had lain on a nice little bed of leaves, between two logs, and when the judge stepped upon one of them, the little innocent, standing upon her feet, looking him full in the face, with a smile of sweet affection upon her lips, saluted him with the endearing cry of "*papa.*" The child had apparently slept well, and exhibited no signs of suffering, although the night had been chilly and cold. When the child was restored to the arms of its mother, sprightly and cheerful, her sighs of agony were turned to tears of joy. Indeed, the sturdy hunters and hardy axemen, who witnessed the scene could not refrain from weeping.

AN INCIDENT.

The first settlers were not exempt from accidents, any more than the people of these days. Steam boilers did not explode then, nor the cars run off the track, but many a man has been crushed to atoms by falling trees, or killed by the unlucky glancing of an axe.

In the fall of 1794, a Mr. Palmer, and his son, a youth of sixteen years of age, went into the woods to chop, for the purpose of making a clearing. Sometime in the afternoon, they felled a tree, and as it struck the ground, it bounded, swung around and caught the young man under it. The father at once mounted the log, cut it off, and liberated his son.

Upon examination, one of his lower limbs was found to be badly crushed and mangled. He thereupon carried the youth to his log hut, close at hand, and with all possible diligence, made haste to his nearest neighbors, some three or four miles distant, desiring them to go and minister to his son's necessities, while he should go to Whitestown, fifty miles distant, for a surgeon. The neighbors sallied forth with such comfortable things as they thought might be acceptable in such a case; but amidst the confusion, the dense forest, and the darkness of the night, which had just set in, they missed their way, and after wandering about for a long time, gave over pursuit and returned home, leaving the poor sufferer to his fate. Early next morning, all hands again rallied, and in due time found the young man, suffering the most extreme anguish from his mangled limb, and greatly benumbed with cold. They built a fire, made him comfortable with such palliatives as could be procured in the wilderness, and waited with patience the return of the parent. In the mean time he had proceeded rapidly on his journey on foot, and succeeded in finding a surgeon, as he had anticipated, at Whitestown. Here, he engaged an Oneida Indian to pilot them through the woods, by a nearer route than to follow the windings of the road. The surgeon and Mr. Palmer were at sundry times fearful the Indian would lose the way, and at every expression of doubt on their part, the Indian would exclaim, "*Me know!*" and told them he would bring them out at a certain log which lay

across the outlet, at the foot of Otisco Lake. The Indian took the lead, and within forty-eight hours after the accident happened, the Indian brought them exactly to the log, exclaiming, triumphantly, "Me know." Here Mr. Palmer arrived on familiar ground, and at once proceeded to the cabin where he had left his son, whom they found greatly prostrated, and writhing under the most intense suffering. No time was lost. The case was thought desperate—the limb was amputated at once, half way from the knee to the thigh. The youth bore the pain with heroic fortitude, recovered, and lived many years afterwards.

A SCENE OF SUFFERING.

In 1791, Mr. John Thayer undertook the journey from Salina to Fort Brewerton, twelve miles distant. It being winter, the undertaking was somewhat hazardous; but possessing a resolute mind and a hardy constitution, he thought he could overcome all obstacles. He was directed to follow the Indian trail and blazed trees, but during his journey he became bewildered, lost his way, and roamed about the woods three days and two nights, without shelter or food. He at last struck the Oneida River several miles west of the fort, and in attempting to cross on the ice, broke through, got his feet and legs wet, and before he arrived at the place of his destination, his feet were badly frozen. He suffered severely for several weeks, when his feet began to gangrene. He was then conveyed to Dr. White, of Cherry Valley, on a hand-

sled, where both limbs were amputated above the ankles. Five years ago he was alive, and hale, for one so advanced in years, at Palermo, Oswego county, apparently cheerful and happy, hobbling around on his stumps.

These reminiscences of a past age, though perhaps of little interest of themselves, nevertheless, are examples of privation, suffering and distress incident to pioneer life in this country, as it was sixty years ago.

THE MONEY DIGGERS.

* * * * * “Damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds have gone,
For fear that day should look their shames upon;
They wilfully exile themselves from light,
And must for aye consort with black-browed night.”
SHAKESPEARE’S *Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

DURING the first few years in which the early pioneers of this favored country were engaged in clearing away the sturdy forests, and in laying broad and deep the foundations of a nation’s prosperity and greatness, a sentiment extensively prevailed, that at some previous time, either the Spaniards, French or Dutch held possession here, and upon their abandonment of the country, had with secrecy concealed, *en cache*, in various places, large amounts of gold and silver. This opinion, embraced with eagerness by the ignorant, being widely spread, induced a set of rapacious adventurers, more intent upon gain than was lawful, to embark with ill-judged enthusiasm, upon a very questionable enterprise, although to themselves it might have looked reasonable, and foreshadowed a prospect of success. The numerous reports and conversations respecting hidden treasures were confined

mainly to a set of idle, half-vagrant, half-clad, thriftless, cabinless sort of fellows, always to be found abundantly on the borders of all new settlements, ever ready to engage in any scheme that would effectually release them from care, relieve them from labor, and at the same time furnish aliment to their vagrant habits, with a little of the substantial things of life for present need and actual subsistence.

The precise localities were confidently named by many of the stanchest believers in the delusion. These extended from the eastern part of the town of Manlius, through Pompey and Onondaga to Camillus and other towns. Several places were selected for operations, and the initiated set to work with as much earnestness as if the hidden wealth of the world was to be exhumed by their exertions. A secret association was formed for the purpose of facilitating their operations and of ensuring success, from among the regular "*bush whackers*" of Manlius and Pompey. The leaders in this organization furnished themselves with "mineral rods, wands, spears," spades, shovels, iron bars, &c., and thus equipped, they seemed better prepared for the trade of resurrectionists than for any legitimate business. Hundreds of holes were dug in different places where their mysterious "*divining rods*" pointed out the exact spot where the glittering gold and shining silver were deposited. Incantations and enchantments were frequently made use of to mislead and delude the ignorant, simple, gullible believers in this miserable, detestable delusion.

Many strange tricks of legerdemain and other deceptive arts were practiced in order to attach a kind of mysterious importance to their nefarious schemes, and to inspire the doubting with confidence and the confiding with hope. Their work was always conducted in the dead of night, and with the most profound secrecy. Every possible, plausible stimulant was applied, in order to magnify and heighten the prospects of success. One of the grand secrets of the craft was, that in digging, one of the gifted in this species of astrology must keep a strict watch, so that there should be no interruption from intruders. Interruption was for the time a perfect annihilation of all hope. At the same time this dignified personage gave directions relative to the mode of operations, occasionally offering words of encouragement. Every thing that passed, relative to money digging, was referred to him, and the work was pursued exactly by his direction. To him every impediment to their successful progress was supposed to be foreknown, and by him was every difficulty explained, every unfavorable suspicion removed, every mystery solved, and every doubt cleared up. If in the breast of any, lingered a single fear or apprehension, all were removed and quietly settled by reference to, and application of, a certain "*miraculous stone*," which constituted an important part of his necromantic apparatus. Through its mysterious divinings, confidence was inspired, activity was excited, zeal increased, and labor encouraged in a manner perfectly

incomprehensible in the line of legitimate business. The *modus operandi* with the stone, was like this. When a question came up that required consultation "with spirits of the vasty deep," beyond the confines of this world, recourse was at once had to the stone. It was placed inside of a hat, and that was removed to a darkened room, where the conjurer buried his face in the hat, and in total darkness pretended to see everything connected with money digging, and also, through its wonderful instrumentality was enabled to foretell future events. Many very astonishing things have been told and believed of these pretended "gifted seers," through the medium of total darkness and the "*magic stone*." Upon his return, the conjurer with an air of perfect wisdom and mystery, related his astonishing visions of "pots" of glittering coin, "chests" of dollars and doubloons, massive "bars" of silver, and "weighty ingots" of gold, all of which would surely be the reward of their labor if they steadily persevered and implicitly obeyed. Many believed these foolish tales, and resolutely continued their nightly work, notwithstanding their toil was unrequited. By such false and delusive practices, these misguided men were stimulated to unwearied exertions, which, had they been put forth in a worthier cause, would have ensured them the gold, thus sought in vain. They were, however, led on by false, illusive representations, till their expectations were raised to the highest point. Another imperative injunction to be strictly observed was, that

while at work, the person engaged was not to look up, upon pain of expulsion from the association. The strongest denunciations of the fraternity followed, if such person for an instant removed his eye from the spot where the supposed treasure lay. During all their operations the most profound silence was to be observed. If a word was spoken or an eye lifted from the work, the treasure was sure to vanish. A system of signs was in use for the safety of the craft, and only the truly initiated were presumed to understand them. Any breach of the true observance of the signs or rules of the fraternity, rendered useless all former labors. Instances were not wanting where the watchman, after the delver was well nigh exhausted, saw undoubted signs of "*the pot*," and when the prize was just within his grasp, the thoughtless dupe would look off, the rich reward would vanish, and thus were their prospects in that spot destroyed forever. Neighborhoods were kept on the *qui vive*, by lights that were frequently seen dodging about the cleared fields, the thick woods and underbrush, and by multifarious excavations made in sundry places throughout the country. These were common appearances in those early days. Old men marveled, old women wondered, and children yawned, sighed, and held their breaths at the recital of the strange tales of the "*Money Diggers*."

Notwithstanding the better portion of community heartily denounced the doings of these grossly deluded men, yet, they were not looked upon with that

extreme horror and disgust which would have totally annihilated all their nefarious schemes. Many grave and otherwise sensible men thought "it might be true," or, "there was something in it."

An old man, whose name need not be mentioned, was deeply involved in everything connected with these mysterious practices. He professed to be a sort of pyrotechnic alchemist, and became the principal leader in all their ill-advised plans. With others no less tinctured with this superstitious belief than himself, he proceeded night after night to dig for money. One of the singularities of the craft, was the systematic arrangement of every article of their apparatus, with an air of the most profound mysteriousness and consequence, so as to make the most sensible impression.

The "*mineral rods*" were composed of two round pieces of whalebone about eighteen inches long, confined at one end by a silken cord. Over this, covered with a silken bag, was distributed a fine powder resembling red precipitate, in which were mingled innumerable globules of quicksilver and several small goose-quills charged with gunpowder and particles of quicksilver. A piece of fine buckskin firmly tied on with a cord of silk, covered the whole, except about a foot left for the handles. The "*probe*" was a long iron rod, pointed with steel, about four feet long. It was kept enclosed in a long, wooden tube, and ordinarily answered the purpose of a staff. In addition, they possessed an "*eye glass*," purporting to be a val-

uable diamond. These, with the "*magic stone*," were indispensable in all money-seeking operations. With the glass, all the precious metals could be distinctly seen, when near the surface of the earth. But when at a great depth, the never-failing "*magic stone*" had to be applied, which was sure to bring to light the deepest and darkest of the hidden mysteries.

The "*rods*" were carried by a handle in each hand. The united ends, containing the quicksilver and other things, were raised in a perpendicular position upwards, and thus the operator moved over the ground supposed to contain the precious treasures. When arrived at a favorable spot, the heavy end of the rod fell gently down, as if drawn by some attractive influence concealed below, and thus, to a designing hand and morbid imagination, had the appearance of designating with the nicest precision the true position of rich stores of gold and silver deposited beneath. Recourse was then had to the "*probe*," which was thrust into the ground, and thus it was decided whether or not the ground had ever been previously disturbed. Then the "*glass*" was applied, and oftentimes the treasures were reported to be actually seen but a few feet below the surface. The earth was then carefully removed, but if the foregoing tests failed, then the "*miraculous stone*" was consulted, which almost universally confirmed all previous indications. This proof was considered positive, and no further evidence was wanting to substantiate the fact.

In addition to these appliances, there was one other expedient in cases of extreme difficulty sometimes resorted to, in order, as they alleged, "*to break the enchantment.*" After an excavation had been commenced, and the "glass" and "stone" had been resorted to and inquired of, and report thereon favorably made, in order to make assurance doubly sure, six black hens were brought to the place at midnight precisely—a minute too early or too late was disastrous—and there decapitated and the blood sprinkled all about the cavity. This ceremony was considered indispensable on certain occasions, especially when the spirits of the principal laborers began to flag, for without the shedding of blood there was no certainty of a favorable issue. This sacrifice, partaking not a little of heathenism, according to their belief had the effect certainly "*to break the enchantment,*" remove all obstacles, and enable the laborer to proceed with uninterrupted success and renewed resolution.

The initiated in these mysteries had prosecuted their nightly operations at intervals, for several years, without the least indication of success. This want of a favorable result in the prosecution of their labors, it was alleged by the principal conductor of their affairs, was attributable entirely to a lack of caution and want of strict adherence to the rules and injunctions laid down in the outset, for the better and more successful management of affairs. From constant failure and disappointment, some began to despair, and to mutter curses on those whom they began to

suspect were leading them astray. In order to arouse the flagging spirits of the desponding crew, a new expedient was resolved upon, which promised excitement at least, and to the projectors of the scheme it seemed, if successfully carried through, would be a means of cementing more firmly than ever the bonds of their confederation. In order to illustrate the blind infatuation of these deluded men, we give in detail the history of this singular and barbarous transaction. For a long time their labors had not been crowned with favorable results, and although certain indications were alleged to be propitious, still, there had been no lifting of *pots* filled with golden ingots, or *chests* laden with jingling dollars, or *boxes* burdened with massive bars of uncoined metal.

On a time, when appearances seemed to assume a more favorable aspect than usual in their diggings, in order to insure complete success, and more firmly to cement the bond of brotherhood among them, it was resolved to make a midnight propitiatory sacrifice. In order to impress the solemnity of the ceremony more vividly upon the minds of all concerned, every money-digger throughout the country was invited to attend. A large gathering was had, and secret preparation made for the coming rites. An altar of wood was prepared of rails, stakes, brush, and other combustible materials, ready for the application of fire. The intended victim (a black patriarch of the flock) had been kept secretly imprisoned for several days, in anticipation of the approaching event. All

things being in readiness, a midnight procession was formed of the motley, medley mass of *sans culottes*, who had assembled to participate in the ceremonies. The sable patriarch was duly led forth to the rude pile, bound, and in helpless misery laid upon the gathered heap. With the vilest mock solemnity the fatal pyre was lighted. The glowing flames curled and circled around the prostrate victim, the flaxen cords that held his sinewy limbs were quickly severed, by an extraordinary effort he freed himself from his toils, leaped from the burning pile, and in his course, tilted over several of his tormentors by successive butts from his ponderous forehead, and with a lively parting salutation from his heels, he bade a final adieu to the despicable *coterie* who had, in stupid amazement, witnessed his confinement and escape. The grand master of ceremonies had been put *hors dr combat*, by the battering front of the frightened animal in his flight, and while those who remained unharmed were attending to their overthrown companions, and were sympathizing with them on account of their wounds and bruises, the light of the burning pile had been discovered by some of the settlers not in the plot, who forthwith aroused the neighborhood, and speedily the available force of the vicinity sallied forth to make a *reconnaissance*. It was previously known that the money diggers would on this particular night have a large meeting for some special and important purpose, and some had obtained a clue to their principal proceedings. It was resolved to ap-

proach them stealthily, and give them a most thorough frightening. In order to do so the more effectually, the party disposed themselves so as completely to surround the fire and encircle the alien crew, without their being aware of discovery or discomfiture. Sufficient time being allowed for the gathering of the hostile party to their proper places, at a preconcerted signal a general shout was raised. The money diggers were taken completely by surprise, and being entirely off their guard, could not conjecture the cause of this sudden and unexpected intrusion from unknown, unseen, invisible foes. After thoroughly frightening these redoubtable heroes of the money chests and mineral rods, by uncouth noises, the whole party made a simultaneous rush upon the terrified delinquents, who could be plainly recognized around the glowing fire. Pell-mell the advancing party, amidst the rustling of dry leaves and bushes, and the crashing of broken brushwood, rushed tumultuously upon the alarmed and discomfited group of hedged-up money diggers, scattering the remains of the burning brands liberally among them. The ignorant, churlish, defeated, routed marauders, finding their plans completely frustrated by an untimely discovery, immediately dispersed in the most disorderly trepidation and alarm, and from thenceforth abandoned entirely their operations in that neighborhood.

The labors of these deluded men being thus unceremoniously interrupted, and their movements becoming generally known and disapproved by the better

portion of community, and there being little chance for a successful renewal of their wicked schemes, the scene of their operations was changed. They chose as a place of general rendezvous, a large cave near the east line of the town of Onondaga, in the high limestone ledge a little north of the "*Old Genesee Road*," on land subsequently owned by Dr. B——, and more recently by J—— B——, Esq. Here they established their head-quarters, proclaimed that they had discovered a silver mine in the vicinity, and their ability and intention to work it. As heretofore, their mining operations were conducted in the night. The rich ores of the mines, however abundant, were not designed for the light of day, or for the scrutiny of any but the thoroughly initiated. All their nefarious business was carried on with the most studied mysteriousness and profound secrecy. On one occasion it was given out that a pot of money had been actually found. As an assurance of this, the reputed contents were distributed among those who were in the secret, which of course added vastly to the consequence and importance of money digging, for it was something tangible—"the real silver coin dug up." It has been said, however, that this money was paid in, and much more, for the privilege of shares in the profits to arise from the prosecution of the enterprise, and then so placed at certain points as to be found by the money diggers. Whether there was any truth in this assertion or not, the finding of "*real silver coin*" had the effect to give confidence to those who were in doubt,

to confirm the vacillating, and to renew the rapacity of all.

The cheat (if it was one) succeeded well, and precisely answered the purpose intended. It greatly increased the cupidity of every one desirous of enlarging the general stock. It awakened a slumbering excitement which had long been quiet for want of proper aliment to sustain it. New recruits were daily added to the deluded horde. The motley confederates continually gained strength, and all their movements assumed an air of consequence and importance. Massive bars of silver were reputed to have been seen at the cave. A coining establishment was said to be set up there, and large quantities of the precious metals were transformed from the crude ore, to the round and shining currency of the country (in resemblance.)

On a particular occasion, when a number of workmen were busily engaged in excavating a trench for the purpose of conveying water through bored logs, a stranger approached them on horseback, and said, "Not many feet from the place where you are digging, lies the skeleton of a man who was buried there many years ago, by a company of miners who successfully carried on the business near here, at that time." He further remarked, that the land in that vicinity contained treasures of which they little dreamed, and that the owners had better not dispose of it, as immense fortunes were in store for those who continued to hold their lands. Words like these from

the lips of a stranger, and the finding the bones of a man as he had informed them, gave a new impetus to money-digging. These facts from a foreign source, greatly enhanced the value of the information relative to the existence of precious metals in the neighborhood. It was now set down as a sure thing, that they actually did exist, and it only required continued perseverance and industry, to ascertain their true locality. With renewed hope and untiring energy, the work of the money diggers was continued. Excitement for a time could scarcely be restrained. The subject was discussed by everybody. The late California gold fever would bear no comparison to it. But after a while the excitement gradually exhausted itself. It grew less and less as it was duly considered. And the more the matter was investigated, the more unlikely and chimerical it appeared. Of course, there were many designing ones, who most pertinaciously held on to their first proclaimed opinions, and obstinately continued in their old habits, which, by long continuance had become confirmed, and undoubtedly their belief was established by long adherence to a single course of thought. But for all this, the silver, at that time so much a cause of excitement, remains to this day, for aught we know, as much a hidden mystery as ever.

The money diggers, as might have been supposed, were not more successful in their midnight undertakings here, than they had been in their former locality, and the demonstrations made of renovated or

recovered wealth, by no means warranted the conclusion that they had really been successful to any great extent. With all their vaunted success and boasted prosperity, they to a man remained poor, and the real evidences of wealth, whatever the truth might be, were always a wide way back in the shade.

Failing, as it is most certain they did, in all their schemes of exploration and discovery, a new plan was at length projected, an entire new system of operations adopted, which promised a richer harvest, and a more certain remuneration of their labors.

Throughout the township of Pompey there were extensive Indian burying grounds, and in many of the graves were deposited articles of considerable value. In some instances the amount might exceed eight or ten dollars. These articles consisted mainly of rings, silver ornaments, copper trinkets, brass kettles, gun barrels, hatchets, knives, relics of bows and arrows, charred corn and beans, and such other good things as it was thought the warrior might need on his journey to the Elysium of the brave, where he should forever tread the eternal hunting grounds of the Great Spirit amidst abundance of game, in the full tide of plenty.

For a long time these heartless men followed their unhallowed calling, unquestioned and unmolested. At length the Indians, who have the most sacred reverence for the sepulchres of their dead, hearing of the desecration of their ancient and time-honored places of burial, and the disinterment of the bones of their

fathers and kindred, and the sacrilegious use those impious hands made of the simple articles religiously deposited with their honored dead, became exasperated, enraged and alarmed at the audacity of the marauders, and the reckless determination with which they sought their plunder.

In secret council it was resolved to take summary vengeance for injuries received. Before proceeding to extremities, the chiefs thought it expedient to give intimation to the leaders in these grave robberies, that they must desist from their more than savage barbarities, or they would soon suffer the consequences. The grave robbers heeded not the wholesome hints so kindly suggested, nor dreamed that danger followed an Indian's threat. Notwithstanding this seasonable admonition, they continued their wicked works as earnestly as ever. The mercenary wretches had as little regard for the grave of an Indian, as they would have had for the lair of a wild beast. At length, becoming wearied by the ineffectual use of peaceful means to stop further operations, and being goaded almost to madness by the hardihood and recklessness of these despoilers of the sacred depositories of their dead, the Indians resolved forthwith to take summary vengeance in a way which could not be mistaken.

They secretly entered upon the project of firing, at the same hour, every hay and grain stack (there being few barns in those days) throughout the settlement. Accordingly, on a Saturday night in the month of August, in the year 1798, after the abundant crops

of hay and grain had been secured, and the riches of a plentiful harvest had been estimated and relied upon for payments due upon lands then recently purchased, the inhabitants were aroused in the dead of night from their slumbers, by the appalling cry of "*Fire! fire! fire!*" Upon looking about, fires were seen in every direction, lighting the sky with their brilliant glare, annihilating with fearful rapidity the gathered harvest of the husbandman, and rapidly reducing the labors of the year to a heap of ashes. The glowing brand had been applied with unerring fatality, and the sun which had sunk to rest in joy and gladness upon an abundant harvest, arose on the following morning, in gloom and sadness upon heaps of black, smoking, accumulated ruins. Upon investigation it was ascertained, that only those who had participated in, or countenanced the depredations upon Indian graves, had been sufferers. Their neighbors, to a man, were safe. The source of the destruction of so much valuable property was clearly traced to the Indians, though no direct proof could be obtained. Application was formally made to the leading chiefs of the Onondaga Nation for an explanation of the alleged outrage. After a patient hearing of all aggravated points of the grievances complained of, the principal chief returned a most laconic and probably a most satisfactory reply. Fixing his piercing eyes full upon the complainants, with the utmost *sang froid* and gentle *naïveté*, he gravely remarked, "You dig up no more dead Indian, no more will your stacks

be burned.” The grave desecrators felt the keen rebuke with chagrin and discomfiture, and sensible of their inability to obtain satisfaction in that quarter, concluded to submit with as good a grace as possible to their loss. Common prudence dictated to them, that it would be far better to forbear a repetition of offenses, than to incur the further displeasure of an irritated and highly exasperated people.

These were the last important events connected with the money diggers and grave robbers. A small portion, including the baser sort, those who had been most active and determined in this unhallowed business, knowing that their presence was not congenial to a spot which had long been the chief theatre of their operations, among a people, a large majority of whom looked with disapprobation and disgust upon their works, left for distant parts unknown. The better portion, becoming fully satisfied of the unlawfulness and folly of their course, very sensibly determined to turn their whole attention to agriculture and other legitimate occupations, and many of them became good and thrifty citizens, repudiating to the utmost their former pitiful and profitless career.

Notwithstanding we occasionally hear of a money digger in our own times, long since have passed away the days when our grandfathers, who were well acquainted with thoroughly organized bands of these treasure-seekers all over the country, related to us their exciting tales of the MONEY DIGGERS.

THE BEAR CHASE.

“So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear ;
And hears him in the rustling woods, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees,
And thinks — Here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight or I.

DRYDEN'S *Palamon and Arcite*.

IN the early history of the country, the pioneers of the new settlements were often annoyed by wolves and bears. The latter, however, seldom made their attacks upon man ; yet, being neither Mussulmen nor Jews, they made no scruple of taking to themselves, as necessity seemed to demand, the stray pigs of the hardy woodmen, to satisfy the cravings of appetite. Numerous instances might be related of the boldness and sagacity of these nocturnal adventurers in search of their prey, and of the watchfulness and courage displayed by the settlers in defending and recovering their property, and in dispatching the grim marauders.

One incident out of a thousand of like character which we have heard related, may be sufficient to show the audacity and boldness of the wild bear in his native haunts, once so common and so troublesome, and the trials, resolution, and rough sports of

those hardy men of a former generation, who cleared the woods away.

As the country increased in population, and the lofty forests disappeared before the lusty strokes of the woodman's axe, the noxious beasts of prey unwillingly yielding the right of possession, gradually retreated into the unbroken regions less frequented by man.

In the town of Fabius, an old bear, unwilling to quit her former haunts, lingered about the neighborhood, always apparently ready to dispute the title to occupancy with her sworn enemies, with more obstinacy and tenacity than her more timorous associates. No one knew the whereabouts of her den, but it was clearly ascertained that every autumn she regularly returned to the scenes of her depredations, with at least a pair of cubs, who usually fell victims to the hunter's rage or the woodman's anger. But the old one was too wary to be entrapped, and too shy to be approached sufficiently near for a shot. Not unfrequently did she sally forth under cover of night, when all was still, committing sundry depredations by carrying off the younger members of the swine family, much to the annoyance of those settlers who universally thought they stood more in need of, and better entitled to, pork of their own raising than her bearship. It was plain to be seen by the monstrous tracks left in the vicinity of her unwelcome visits, that she was no puny character, but must be one of the largest and most formidable of her race. Her robberies of

the sty at length became so bold and frequent, as to be no longer endurable.

A consultation of the neighboring woodmen was held, with a view of adopting measures for ridding the country of a pest so obnoxious. It was resolved that the next time she should be found engaged in another of her thievish tricks, it should be the signal for a general onslaught and determined war of extermination. Soon after this, there came a heavy fall of snow, and Bruin probably considering this a solemn admonition that it would soon be time for her to burrow for the winter, and not having heard of this murderous declaration, so sensibly affecting her welfare, and without fear of the statute on larcenies, she sallied forth one night, entered the sty of a poor man, and feloniously took therefrom a stately porker which the owner had intended to slaughter in a few days, to supply the necessities of his family for the approaching winter.

The family had retired at an early hour, and ere the lull of balmy sleep had entirely absorbed the recollections of the past, and nature's sweet restorer was just on the verge of that quiescent state, vacillating between the pleasures of happy dreams and nervous wakefulness, they were all most unceremoniously aroused from their pleasant reveries by a terrible commotion among the pigs.

Instantly every member of the family was on the *qui vivé*. Madame, *en chemise*, with her *bonnet de nuit* fluttering in the breeze, popped her head out at

the window, and in the wildest excitement exclaimed, "A bear! a bear!"

The gallant man, amidst the most inconsiderate confusion, drew on his boots *sans culotte*, seized his gun, which unfortunately was not charged, rushed out at the door ready to do battle to the utmost—the wife and little ones bringing up the rear at a respectful distance.

Just as the frightened party came within sight of the pig-pen, Bruin had seized and held in her rude embrace a fat pig of about two hundred pounds weight, and was bravely tugging to get over the enclosure, and very soon she accomplished her purpose in spite of the yells and screams of the rightful guardians.

Nothing daunted, the bear marched off on her hinder feet, erect, bearing her ill-gotten booty as composedly as could be, in spite of the bewildered man and his agonized family, leaving them to console themselves as best they could, she being determined to keep the pig in her own possession. As discretion is ever considered the better part of valor, the family most prudently decided no further to contest the field, and retreated within the walls of their rude tenement, with feelings of no little mortification and chagrin.

It was little slumber that visited the eyelids of the highly exasperated family during the remainder of that night, and with the morning's breaking light, the neighboring settlers were made acquainted with the foregoing facts.

The circumstances were no sooner known abroad, than the whole male population of the community to a man, rallied with a full determination to carry out their previous edict.

“That done, awhile they made a halt,
To view the ground and where t’ assault,
Then call a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught to invest
The enemy ; and ’t was agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.”

Arming themselves with guns, axes, pitchforks, butcher-knives, and clubs, they called to their aid all the boys and dogs of the neighborhood, and set out upon the track, which, in the deep snow, was everywhere made visible and plain. They soon started her bearship from her hiding place ; but whether she thought she should find a less barbarous or more congenial people in a more northern town, or whether she chose to change “*the venue*,” as the lawyers call it, for a more impartial trial, is not known ; at all events, whatever her motives, she set off with all possible speed towards Pompey Hill.

“O’er hedge and lands, through pools and ponds.”

The struggle was a well contested one, and attended on the way with frequent skirmishes, more especially so between the bear and the dogs. But in these the bear always had the best of the battle, having repulsed the dogs in every instance of their attack ; and whenever she gave one a fair slap in the face with

her huge paw, he was at once placed *hors dr combat*, and was glad to escape with life. Had it not been for fresh auxiliaries of the canine race that joined in the hue and cry, as the noisy crowd rushed along through the meager settlement, and that had not been engaged in the general *melée*, the chase would have been abandoned in the beginning, for there would not have been a dog in the country that could have been urged up to barking distance of the grim foe they were pursuing. During the chase, many a valiant heart which had beat high with brilliant hopes of certain conquest in the outset, gave in, being totally unable to keep up in the unequal race

“With others that pursued the chase
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Grieved to behold the bear pursued
So basely by a multitude;
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers of his coward foes.”

The route taken by the bear was rather zigzag than circuitous, and she turned some very short corners to prevent being captured. But the chase waxed so hot, and Bruin became so pressed by the dogs, and so fatigued by running in the deep snow, that as a last resort she threw herself into the public highway, and took the beaten track on the “old Chenango road,” and redoubled her speed towards the village.

“And now the cause of so much fear,
By slow degrees approach’d so near,

They might distinguish different noise
Of horns, and guns, and dogs, and boys."

What particular object or motive the bear had in going to Pompey Hill none could determine ; but as she approached the outskirts of the village, the barking of dogs, the shouting of men, and the wild cry of the boys, greatly alarmed the inhabitants, and caused them to think that Bedlam itself had broken loose. The people sallied forth *en masse* to ascertain the subject of this confusion, when to their utter consternation and horror they discovered the foaming and angry bear, dashing on at full speed, with terrible fury, into their very midst. All was confusion and alarm. The women called in their children and barred the doors, while the men, more valiant, determined to share in the conquest.

Among the gallant citizens most conspicuous in the fray, was one whose name, we are sorry to say, has not been transmitted to the present generation. Nevertheless, he was a man having authority, being no less a personage than deputy sheriff, constable, and what else we know not. At this time he carried in his breast pocket a large pocket-book, containing an enormous bundle of papers, such as officers of like character were wont to carry in those days. This man, at the head of his *posse comitatus*, stood ready to arrest the old bear as she entered the village. Whether he had legal process for the bear, or whether the arrest was to be made under the act relative to

fugitives from labor or from justice, we have not been informed ; but he met the adversary like a brave man, determined to do his duty at all hazards, regardless of consequences. Bruin either doubted his jurisdiction, or disregarding the law against resisting the service of process in the hands of a proper executive officer, rose upon her hind feet the moment she was tapped on the shoulder, and seizing said sheriff within his own bailiwick, gave him one tremendous hug to her furry bosom, brought him instantly to the ground, grabbed him by the side, and doubtless would have killed him, had it not happened that when she closed her mouth, this huge pocket-book came exactly between her teeth, and prevented the polished ivory from entering his body further than to inflict a severe flesh wound. The bear seemed determined to show blood to the death, for she held fast and continued her grip till another man approached with an axe, who dealt a heavy blow, driving the edge full into the monster's brain, which settled her bearship's propensity for further bellicose operations. Thus was a valuable civil officer rescued from an unpleasant and perilous situation, and thus the ferocious beast was slain, amidst the shouts and exultations of the victors.

This occurrence took place more than fifty years ago, and many are yet living who have heard the facts from the lips of those who participated in the affair, who have handed the story down to those of the present generation, although *they* have most all of them been long since gathered to their fathers. In

all its essential particulars the story is true, and may serve to show some of the trials, difficulties and dangers encountered by the early settlers of this favored country, and teach us to set a higher estimate upon their worth and labors.

THE BACKWOODS DOCTOR.

“Oh! oh! Dear gentlemen! Oh! for heaven’s sake; I am a physician, and an apothecary, too, if you’ll have me. Though, perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. I had rather be anything than be knocked on the head.”

FIELDING’S *Mock Doctor*.

IN the early part of our country’s history, the hardy pioneers, though honest to a fault and purely patriotic in their motives, were not always over scrupulous in the manner of correcting the social evils of community. By taking the administration of justice into their own hands, especially when by the continuance of evil, the feeble were left defenseless and the worthy were to suffer, they expected to enforce a more speedy and effectual redress of grievances than by the more tedious and tardy process of law.

In the year 1803, there came to the township of Fabius a young man of fair personal appearance and rather pompous address. He professed to be an eminent physician and surgeon, and made himself notorious at once by a mysterious display of high-sounding words and technical phrases, peculiar to the profession. He also made quite a flourish in examining into the land claims and title deeds of settlers, and

consequential demonstrations of laying out a large, spare capital in the purchase of military bounty lands, having a particular regard to the location somewhere, of a valuable six hundred acre lot for a homestead, so that he might permanently and advantageously establish himself as a farmer on a large scale, in connection with the practice of medicine.

This announcement was indeed glad tidings to the new settlers, for there was no doctor at that time within ten miles. As may be readily supposed, the arrival of so distinguished a character, created a wonderful sensation throughout all the country round. Besides, it went abroad, that not only a doctor had come to town, but a rich one, and of course he must be talented. In fact, nothing could hardly have happened to occasion more general joy. The *soi disant* doctor found no difficulty in procuring a good log house, and very comfortable quarters in one of the oldest settled, and most respectable families in the township, with whom he made an agreement for board, and for the use of a horse. This he said was to be a mere temporary arrangement, to last only till he could order on such things as were necessary to settle himself in the dignified manner, which all along he intimated he should do. Matters passed on for several weeks without the least distrust on the part of the confiding settlers, who took everything the doctor related, for truth. They, every man and woman of them, believed him to be a "*real doctor*;" for then the intolerable swarm of 'pathies had not

made their appearance, and if they had, the plain, sterling, common sense people of those times, would have starved out the whole caravan of them, long before the use of their long list of "*kills, cures and notions ; plasters, pills and potions ; washes, drops and lotions,*" could have so far deranged their physical organization as to render them insensible of harm, or incapable of action. Our hero was believed to be a veritable "'pothecary doctor," a "regular book man," as "good as Dr. Johnson or Dr. Franklin, any day." It is true, he sometimes administered decoctions of roots, and infusions of herbs, and recommended hemlock sweats, all of which was right enough in the opinion of his patients, because such like simple prescriptions were cheap, and within everybody's reach. Besides, they always answered the purpose intended, and that was sufficient. Then he could "blister and bleed, and physic with weed, in time of need," and cure, at least help, all diseases, with his empirical boluses, and that was exactly what was most wanted. The doctor was rapidly building up a splendid reputation. He frequently rode around among the scattered settlers, inquiring after their health, at the same time making a great parade of his wealth and physic, neither of which, had he much to boast of. Things went on most charmingly for a long time. Still, the said doctor did not fulfill punctually all his engagements, professions and promises, relative to his prospects and property daily expected from Vermont. The matter was at length so long deferred, that some

of the wiser ones began to have little misgivings as to his ability to do as he had said most assuredly that he could. It was not long before significant whispers, sly winks and nods, began to be interchanged among the knowing ones, in doubtful consideration of the doctor's professional skill and capacity, which were by no means indicative of esteem for the transcendent talents and approved practice which he had professed, and they had acknowledged and approved. It came to pass, that little children would mimic in derision the pomposity of the doctor; and finally, grave matrons and blushing maidens conspired for his overthrow. Such a state of affairs, of course, could not be long endured, and matters were rapidly hastening to a crisis. Without going into a lengthened detail of the thousand and one circumstances that occurred between this personage and the people, during the period of a few months, it is sufficient to say, that enough came to light to convince every person in the settlements, that this same pretending doctor was not at all what he professed to be, but was everywhere accounted the sheerest quack—a regular humbug.

The sequel proved that he had no education—was as green as the mountains from which he came—was as obstinate as a mule, as stupid as an ass, and at best, a coarse, vulgar ignoramus; and all this was plain enough to be seen, now that everybody saw it. He was not only perfectly disagreeable, but particularly dangerous to society in his false pretensions to being a doctor. The people could patiently have borne with

his impositions respecting his pretended riches, but for one so ignorant and vile, to undertake to perform the responsible and delicate offices of a physician, was not to be brooked by the sturdy sons of New England. Although they were poor, and endured patiently the privations of the back-woods, and resided in their log cabins, the generous spirit of brave men, and a sense of right, pervaded their bosoms. Still, they forbore for the present to proceed to extremities, in the hope that, as the doctor had nothing to pay the man with whom he boarded, he would be driven off by him, or soon leave of his own account. At length a couple of the most resolute and influential young men in the settlement, called upon the man with whom the doctor boarded, and suggested to him, that in all probability he would never be able to realize anything for the doctor's board, nor for the use of his horse, and candidly advised him forthwith to expel the said doctor from his house. The man most cordially agreed with his kind advisers in all they proposed about the doctor, and replied, that nobody was more anxious to get rid of him, than himself and his wife. "But," said he, "we are afraid of him. He is one of the most impudent, revengeful and powerful men in the country, and he boasts so much about knocking down and dragging out, that we dare not oppose him." "Very well," said the young men, "if that is his cue, you keep silent, and we will see that he has notice to quit speedily, and in

a manner that will be perfectly effectual, and save you entirely harmless."

The information which these two leading spirits obtained at this interview, together with this, that it was notoriously a fact, that he, the said doctor, had attempted to let blood in the arm of a sick woman, not with a lancet, but with a dull jack-knife, a few days before, settled the question as to the propriety of ejecting him speedily from that community. This was in harvest time, and the settlers were congregated in different fields in small parties, helping each other in the labor of reaping the wheat. These young men lost no time in communicating to their fellows, during the same afternoon, the scheme they had concocted. From each party they selected a few trusty associates, till they had secured their full complement, to do a certain piece of work that night, the particulars of which would be more fully explained, and the plan more clearly detailed, at a certain place of rendezvous, where all were punctually to meet at a given hour. All this was done without the slightest interruption of the labors of the field. At the appointed hour and place, according to previous arrangement, in secret conclave, this midnight gathering was held. These "*select men*" were directed to disguise themselves by blackening their faces with charred brands, by inverting their hats, turning their coats, and by various other devices which go to make up the representation of the prince of darkness. The hour for meeting was fixed at the

solemn, silent meridian of night. The place, a certain bridge, spanning a small stream. A newly made road led through the lofty woods, which with their deep, dark foliage, enveloped in almost total darkness every object that came within range of their impenetrable shade. There, under cover of the night—

“The numerous rabble was drawn out,
Of several places round about,
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions.
What rage, O citizens! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?

The motley multitude were equipped in all the fantastic paraphernalia of demons recently from the infernal regions. Their accompaniment consisted of cow bells, tin horns, conch shells, brass kettles, tin pans, horse fiddles, pumpkin-vine trumpets, and all the rude music only to be found in a new settlement. All of this was got up to honor the interesting doctor with a serenade, who as yet was entirely ignorant of the extensive preparations that were in progress to greet him. As these hideously disguised men looked upon each other through the magnifying darkness, they could scarcely distinguish a man from a stump, except by his movements, nor could friend recognize friend, so perfectly transformed were they, and their own grim outline was enough to frighten the most courageous among them.

At this point, they were told that a certain man in the confidence of the leaders of the party, whom they

all knew to be a shrewd, clever, down-east Yankee, who was perfectly calculated to act his part in the farcical drama about to be enacted, had already gone for the redoubtable doctor. He was to be summoned to come in great haste, to render his professional services in a very alarming and urgent case, the pretended patient being full two miles beyond the secluded spot where this singular group had collected. It was so arranged that when the doctor should arrive at the bridge, and the sound of the hoofs of his horse should clatter thereon, a distressing cry of terrible fright was to be raised by one stationed on the bridge to watch. "*There's a bear! there's a bear!*" was to be the signal for those lying in wait to rise, start their rude music, unhorse the doctor, thrust a pole between his nether limbs, raise him upon the shoulders of five or six of the most stalwart of the party, and allow the poor, sorry, pretending son of Esculapius to ride awhile, without saddle, bridle, mane or stirrup with which to steady himself. In fact, as a sailor would express it, he was to have "a tight run under bare poles, with the chance of unshipping his rudder, becoming foul in his own rigging, and at last being keeled up in a rough sea, on his beam's end, adrift in a hurricane." Matters came to pass in the precise order that the plan had contemplated. It proved not to be to the doctor the pleasantest thing in the world, thus compelled to ride a hobby of such restive unscrupulous mettle. Nevertheless, he bore up under his *elevated* position with wonderful firmness,

considering that his "blushing honors" had been so unexpectedly and unceremoniously thrust upon him. After being forced to ride in this ludicrous and unwelcome manner for a reasonable time, he became fully convinced that he was not the only valiant and athletic man in the country, but was willing to succumb to the superior force of others. Becoming quite humble and submissive, he was allowed to alight unscathed from bodily harm. With an air of perfect *nonchalance* he was told exactly what he was, and what he was not; what he might hereafter expect, and why this summary mode of proceeding had been resorted to, which was to ensure his certain ejection from town. It was then arranged that he should walk peaceably along, keeping time with the music arranged in most unharmonious discord for his own particular benefit, until the town line should be passed. A solemn promise was next exacted, that he should not linger or delay until he left the country, under the stringent restriction that he would never return, and if he complied, all would be well with him; but if on the contrary, he should under any circumstances, reappear in that vicinity, he might expect not to escape with a whole skin. To all this he most solemnly promised to adhere. But before the town line was crossed, he manifested occasional evidences of uneasiness, showed unmistakable symptoms of hostile intent, and at different times the most unequivocal demonstrations of belligerent purpose. But whenever these effervescing ebullitions of his half-stifled

passion were permitted to gain the better of his reason, he was soon calmed down to a rational sense of decorum by the immediate application of those disciplinary appliances which, during the manual operation, had heretofore been so perfectly successful in tranquilizing his agitated mind. For, without question or delay, he was at once set astride the pole, and elevated upon the shoulders of his determined tormentors. By these timely corrections, every alarming propensity was subdued, and his red-hot wrath most wonderfully cooled.

Along the way to the town line, several depositories of refreshments were found safely stored in hollow trees and stumps, with some one to watch for their safety, and to deal them out to the hungry wayfarers. Of these the party always partook, and the shivering doctor was never omitted in the hospitalities thus liberally, and as it were spontaneously provided. But it was more than once intimated that he must consider this indulgence only as a prompting of humanity, and not as a mark of respect, for it was positively settled that he must seek some more congenial clime for practicing his frauds upon a confiding community. The result was, that the doctor was escorted in this manner until he had clearly passed the town line in the direction of Pompey Hill, where he was set down and left to his own reflections, with the consoling assurance that if he was ever again seen in that neighborhood he would be dealt with in a much more summary manner.

The party who had been so active in the riddance of a boasting, vagabond quack, leisurely returned to their homes, which they reached a little before daylight the following morning, with no accident to lament, or calamity to deplore, save the thorough frightening of some of the good old dames of the forest who were not in the plot, and who "could not imagine what on earth had broke loose." Some of them really thought that, from the unearthly noises, the jingling of bells, the blowing of horns, the braying of trumpets, and the rattling of pans, that the day of judgment had surely come. But all the good people of the settlement were soon let into the secret, so that no harm followed; but what was better, the morrow became a day of general rejoicing. None mourned the fate of the ill-starred doctor, but every one heartily exulted in the timely riddance.

Next morning early, every man was again at his post in the harvest field. There were no excessive outburstings of feeling on the occasion, no chuckling merriment or ungracious remarks made, and no ungenerous reflections cast upon the character of the poor, miserable, despised, forlorn, ejected doctor. Everything was as quiet as if nothing had happened, and from that day to this, the said pretender has not been seen or heard from. But the story of his well-merited ejection, and the ludicrous circumstances attending it, are frequently related with a merry glee at this distant day, at the cheerful firesides of the sons and daughters of those who participated in the

transaction, and their descendants will long have occasion to remember the ridiculous and unfortunate termination of the short and worthless career of the BACKWOODS DOCTOR.

OLD ROSSE AND THE PANTHER.

“A rover still unchecked will range,
As humor calls or seasons change,
His tent of mats and leathern gear
All pack'd upon the patient steer.
'Mid all his wanderings hating toil
He never tills the stubborn soil;
But on the uncertain chase relies,
And what spontaneous earth supplies.

PRINGLE'S *Korannas*.

IN the early days, when almost every man was a hunter and all the country woods, extraordinary feats of daring were much more common than now. Men of giant stature and iron frame lived then. Those hardy foresters breasted mountains with earnestness, swam rivers without fear, traversed dreary, trackless wastes with alacrity, and at night their blazing camp-fires were kindled up with joy. Over the glowing coals the stalwart hunter, after the long and tiresome tugs and trials of the day, roasted his venison to satisfy his hunger, and calmly took a breathing spell. As his fire blazed and crackled, casting a mellow light upon the surrounding trees, as the smoke grandly curled and circled upward among the lofty branches thickly interlaced, forming an almost impervious roof above him, he merrily told to his comrades the tales

of other days ; ate with a keen relish his humble meal, and when done fell gently to sleep. To sleep ! Beware : a hunter on the chase never sleeps. He is surrounded by dangers too great, by perils too numerous, for him to enjoy that luxury of the “ castled lord.” He only lies down, with the earth for a bed, a bunch of leaves raked together for a pillow, with his blanket wrapped around him, to rest, far more awake than asleep. His dreams are only of the lofty mountain peak, the resistless torrent, the overwhelming flood, the impenetrable wilderness, the furious wild beast, and the stealthy Indian. Nothing but the keen excitement of the chase and its concomitants enters his mind. Caressing his inseparable companion—his faithful dog—stretching his lengthened limbs upon the bare ground, hugging to his bosom his trusty rifle, he takes rest sufficient for himself, and bids defiance to the world of ease.

Many years ago there lived among us—no, among our fathers—an old Frenchman, a mighty hunter, named Mons. Rossé. Whether he ever had a Christian name we know not. But this we know, that for convenience or brevity’s sake, he was familiarly called “*Old Roz*,” and so we will call him now. The swamps and woods about Oneida Lake were his particular hunting grounds. He would sometimes go away and be gone from home, that is, from his family, (for his home was literally in the wilderness,) for weeks together, and no one knew where he was. Like all good hunters he took great pride in his supe-

rior skill as a marksman, and nothing would take the color from his crest sooner than to meet a rival who was his equal in the management of the rifle. He was upon all occasions cool and deliberate, yet reckless and unmanageable when provoked, though always amiable to a fault if humored in his whims. His aid was always sought at log-rollings and house-raising, because he counted himself the strongest man in the country at a "dead lift." A supine indolence and carelessness of futurity constituted essential elements of his general character. He kept the finest gun and the best dog in the country—a full pouch of good tobacco, and an overflowing flask of real old St. Croix. He was never really at ease unless clad in his buckskin breeches, flannel hunting shirt and fox-skin cap, with the face of the animal fully portrayed before, and the tail swinging loosely behind. All his hunting toggery and gorgeous gear upon him, was as essential to his well being, as the *toga virilis* to an ancient Roman. His lean, gaunt, lathy, giant frame and wiry limbs betokened power and endurance. His visage on the whole was rather *outré*, resembling in some respects a flitch of well hung bacon—bronzed, shriveled and greasy. His little, sunken, twinkling, black eyes showed more of craft, cunning and subtlety, than intellectual greatness. His long, fleshless, cordy fingers, scaly knuckles, callous palms, and long, tangled, elf-like hair, would remind the classical reader of either of the three Gorgones, whose gnarled and knotty locks were each a serpent fast bound to

the head, yet continually writhing and struggling for release. Like many other good men and true, *Old Roz* was sometimes a little too familiar with the bottle. He thought it no harm to take a dram when dry to keep out the wet, and when cold to raise the heat, and if it was a little too hot, it was excellent to keep off the cold. Good old St. Croix was with him a universal *panacea*—a sure prevention of all the ills that flesh is heir to. He valued himself upon having his horn always filled with dry powder, and a full flask of rum to keep from being dry himself. Moreover, the latch string of his cabin was always out, and his liberal, hospitable heart made everything free within. To him the excitement of the chase was as essential as breath to his nostrils. In fact, hunting was his meat and drink, and in the profits thereof consisted all his worldly wealth.

On a fine morning in the last month of the last year of the last century, after a light fall of snow, *Old Roz*, with three boon companions, each one of them a kind of counterpart of himself, set out on a regular hunt. They fortified themselves with everything necessary for a long absence, bread and salt being the principal articles in the provision line. They did not forget their "*pistols*," (rum flasks) or to have them well charged, for these were indispensable to the strengthening of the inner man. The party pursued their course for a whole day through the dark mazes of the forest in company. At night, after building a rousing fire and roasting some venison

they had shot on the way, with appetites sharpened keenly by the toils of the day, they ate a hearty meal, called up the dogs and fed them, spread some hemlock boughs for a bed, and after telling the usual round of stories, "camped down" for the night. *Old Roz*, however, not willing to trust entirely to luck, took shelter with his feet to the fire and his back against a large hemlock tree, whose ragged roots stretched out on either side of him, like the ponderous arms of a huge easy chair. He placed a large lump of moss for a seat, and in this comfortable recess, with his rifle between his knees and dog beside him, he "*snoozed*" away, with one eye open for "strangers," until morning. On the break of day, all gathered round the glowing embers, and hastily settled upon a plan for another day's adventure. As they had been rather meagerly in luck the first day, while all were in company, they resolved upon a different course. Each one was to steer in a north direction some distance from his fellows, but not so far as to be out of hearing. Upon the report of a rifle in the hand of either, all were immediately to repair to the spot and share the game, or if need be, to render assistance. This being the plan, they separated and moved forward. They had proceeded in this way till near three o'clock in the afternoon without any one sounding an alarm. At this time, *Old Roz* fell upon a monstrous track, supposed by him to be that of a panther. He stopped and at once gave the appointed signal for his companions to come up, which they did in a short

space of time. A council of war was immediately held. All agreed that *Old Roz* was right in his conjecture respecting the animal making the tracks. Flints were pecked anew, primings were renewed, the dogs were called forward and encouraged, and last of all, a full, unbroached flask of rum was passed around to stimulate their courage to the sticking point.

All things being in readiness, the dogs were put upon the scent. Away they hied in full cry, and were out of sight as if by a trick of magic. On rushed the hunters, shouting, leaping, sliding and tumbling along, entering at every step with increased relish into the spirit of the scene.

The game led them a long way into the wilderness, but the dogs and the animal in chase were easily followed in the snow. At length the dogs were heard in the distance as if held at bay. The party rushed up and found the dogs had treed an enormous animal of some kind, which had hid himself in the almost impenetrable branches of a lofty hemlock. So completely enshrouded was he in the top, that he could not be distinctly seen from any particular point. It was certain he must be there. The dogs could not be at fault. Besides, the tracks led to the tree, and not away from it, and a huge lump of something very nearly the color of the thick hemlock foliage could be distinctly seen aloft, yet what it was, could not be certainly ascertained. None thought it expedient to fire a shot until the "real critter" became known, and

a vital part of him exposed. So prolonged had been the pursuit, that the dim shade of twilight began to darken the scene, which, with the sombre shadow of the thick evergreens made it difficult longer to continue the *reconnoissance*. It was determined to make the best use of what little daylight was left, in kindling a fire, and in making preparation for a regular siege. The old hemlock fortress was systematically invested in true hunter style. A fire was built all around the roots of the tree, and a good store of fuel gathered, to keep it burning brightly during the night. They cooked their supper and ate it—saw that the dogs were cared for, after which the tobacco pouches were put in frequent requisition, the ashes knocked out of their buck-horn pipes, and they at sundry times replenished. The usual quantum of stories told, and songs sung, they stationed themselves two in a place at opposite sides of the fire, to guard against surprise and prevent the escape of their prisoner. It was now late at night. Although all had agreed to keep wide awake, one after another, except *Old Roz*, gradually fell to nodding on his log, and by degrees gently sunk into an involuntary slumber. He, knowing from experience the value of the most active vigilance on such occasions, kept his eyes open, well aware that all, at any moment might be driven to act upon the defensive. For many an hour, gun in hand, he marched around the beleaguered fortress, cast fuel upon the watch-fire, and like a true and trusty sentinel in time of war, patiently stood to his post, with little expec-

tation of relief. *Old Roz* cast many an anxious glance towards his enemy entrenched above. Towards morning his quick ear was greeted with the sound of a terrible scratching on the rough bark of the besieged tree directly overhead. Casting his eyes upwards, he saw the monster about forty feet above him rapidly descending, tail foremost, with his large, glaring eyes flashing fire, fully fixed upon him. He dared not fire in the darkness, or dim, uncertain light of the fire, for fear of missing his aim. He instantly gave a loud cry of alarm: "*The Painter! The Painter!*" and immediately all hands gathered round the tree, to drive the animal back, or, if he came within reach to dispatch him. The hunters yelled and hallooed, caught up lighted firebrands and swung them around, called on the dogs to their assistance, cocked their rifles, and drew their knives, ready for a hand to hand fight. Meanwhile the panther, with his tail lashing his sides in anger, and fur erect, boldly descended, ready to clear himself by one masterly bound, from the reach of his enemies. It was hurrying times for the hunters. Down slid the enraged beast, just above their heads, as if ready to drop into their very midst. As he came within reach, and was in the very act of springing, *Old Roz*—ever the first to batter the wall and pass the breach—caught the "*varmint*" firmly by the tail, close to the body, and with the gripe of a vise, for a moment held him fast. The dogs rushed boldly to the rescue, and just managed to engage enough of the panther's attention

forward, to keep him from turning upon the man at the "*tiller*." But courage with the dogs availed nothing, for they were almost instantly put *hors de combat*, by superior strength and the well-directed strokes of the panther's dexter paw. Some of the party had snatched their rifles and urged *Old Roz* to let go his hold that they might fire without danger of hitting him. But he, nothing daunted, thinking "one bird in hand is worth two in the bush," resolutely held on with his unrelaxing grip. The panther yelled, pulled, and scratched, and *Old Roz* still braced and held on. Yet, while the exciting struggle continued, the bone and muscles of the tail parted company with the skin thereof, leaving the latter as a trophy in the hands of *Old Roz*. All this was but the work of an instant, and passed in less time than a man would tell it. The irritated beast, thus freed from the hands of his oppressor, with his skinless tail lopped down between his thighs, looking for all the world like a long, limsy, unpainted rawhide swinging from a saddle-bow, in his agony gave a horrid shriek, bounded upon a log near by, turned his head towards his tormentors, uttered a long, piteous, moaning howl, when instantly two rifles were leveled at his breast, and the monster fell down amongst them, scratching and tearing the leaves and ground, in the last agonies of death. An exultant hurrah of triumph rang through the woods, the valiant hunters gathered round the bleeding carcass in merry mood, the whining dogs came forward for their share of the glory,

a grand *feu de joie* was fired, the rum flasks were not forgotten, and the greatest hilarity and merriment continued until morning. The skin of the panther was duly secured, which by common consent became the property of *Old Roz*. This heroic act was considered as glory enough for one expedition; a sort of crowning exploit, a finishing capital to the pillar of his achievements; a polished keystone to the triumphal arch of his renown. In due time, of course the party returned home with light hearts rejoicing. The trials, watchings and adventures of that eventful night became a theme of universal admiration among the hunters of the country, and as the hardy woodmen of after days gathered around their blazing campfires, roasting their savory venison, singing their merry songs, and telling their lively tales of adventure and renown, this added another marvel to the list. The hero of the tale became an oracle for courage, boldness and intrepidity, and the story of *Old Roz* and the Panther, yet lives in the memory of a few of those gray-headed seniors who well knew the man, and may it long live in the memory of those who have it second hand.

A BEAR ADVENTURE.

"Danger looks big to Fear's deluded eye;
But Courage on the heights and steepes of Fate,
Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
Of Peril; and while sick'ning Caution shrinks,
Or, self-betrayed, falls headlong down the steep,
Calm Resolution, unappalled, can walk
The giddy brink secure."

Brown's *Barbarossa*.

THE early settlers of Onondaga county were as hardy, resolute and determined a set of men as ever opened the way to a new country, or cleared the lofty trees from an unbroken forest. Amidst the vicissitudes with which they were surrounded, it is in no wise wonderful that they, also, in a considerable degree, possessed a spirit of bold and reckless adventure, and were not unfrequently the champions of daring feats and extraordinary exploits. It often became necessary, in those stirring times, that these sturdy men should resort to hunting and fishing to eke out the sometimes scanty and oftentimes precarious subsistence of their families. These seasons became, also, seasons of relaxation from the more monotonous and fatiguing, though less exciting, labors of their newly occupied farms. Their hunting and

fishing excursions inured them to all the hardships of border life, made them perfectly fearless of danger, and intimately familiar with the most thrilling incidents of peril. Courage, fortitude, intrepidity and generosity, were the sterling virtues that sprang up spontaneously with their laborious and adventurous lives. Their mode of life fostered and kept active a magnanimity of spirit, a freedom of thought, a promptness of action, and a laudable contempt for the effeminate, enfeebling delicacies of high life, while it promoted a single-minded, open-handed, warm-hearted, free-willed hospitality to their neighbor and the stranger.

The story we are about to relate, in its hardihood and daring will nearly, if not quite, equal the famous one told of the brave Putnam and the wolf, to which in some respects, it is similar.

In the high limestone ledge on the west bank of the Skaneateles Creek, about one mile below the village of Elbridge, there is a somewhat remarkable cavern. It is about twenty feet long by ten feet broad, is oval-shaped, and about eight feet high in the center. In former years, it was considered a rare curiosity, (it really is such,) and was visited by thousands of persons traveling to the "westward" over the "Old State Road." "The cave" was a well defined landmark, and universally known fifty and sixty years ago in the remotest settlements of Western New York—"the Genesee country" of those days. Returning travelers reported its fame

far and wide over the whole of New England. It had undoubtedly long been occupied as a den for wild beasts, for the rocks near the entrance bore evident marks of constant wear, and the rock at the mouth, a kind of threshold, was quite smooth, and somewhat polished. Undoubtedly many a fierce cub of bear and wolf had been whelped in this retired hiding-place, and, after being fully nurtured, roamed as free as air over the wilderness by which he was surrounded, and when hunted by the rude savage, skulked away into this den unharmed, without fear of further molestation.

It was first discovered under the following circumstances :

In the year 1793, R— F—, not the R— F— of steamboat memory, though he was a man of as great courage and perseverance, if not possessing as great powers of invention, and W— S—, not the W— S— who was the year following appointed the First Judge of Onondaga Common Pleas, but a scion of as noble a stock. The former was an old man ; the latter, a youth of seventeen. They started out on a fine November morning, with the intent of passing down the Skaneateles creek, for the purpose of spearing a few salmon, a fish at that time very abundant in all the streams of any magnitude in the country. There had been a light fall of snow the night before, and the ground was a little frozen, making the way somewhat slippery, and their passage among the thick evergreens that lined the shores of the creek, the more

difficult, because of the snow that had lodged in the branches. They had succeeded in taking several fine fish, and had laid them out upon the bank as was customary, intending to take them up on their return. They had passed down below the present village of Elbridge, two miles or more, and concluding they had secured plenty of salmon for the present, resolved to retrace their steps, and gather up their spoils as they passed along towards home. They had knocked off their spear heads, and while walking along, tugging and sweating under their precious burdens, their attention was suddenly attracted by a slight noise, apparently directly overhead. On looking up they discovered a huge bear, sitting upon a large, projecting rock, more than sixty feet above them, looking down with the most dignified composure, calmly surveying their movements. "Now," said the old man, "we will have that fellow." Upon this, he again attached his spear-head to its shaft, and with the most enthusiastic eagerness, scrambled up the bank in hot pursuit, directing his youthful companion to follow, who did so, not without some misgivings and trepidation. With considerable labor, by a circuitous route, the two gained the top of the bank, when the bear, upon the approach of the intruders, most precipitately retreated into this den, no doubt thinking himself secure from further molestation.

The old man was in no mood to be baffled; but, Putnam-like, he divested himself of his coat and vest, crawled boldly through the narrow aperture, recon-

noitered the position, and found the bear snugly ensconced at the further extremity of the den. Having made a thorough exploration, he returned, and gave the young man directions to hurry home as fast as possible, bring the gun and ammunition, a hatchet, and an axe, and be sure to bring the dogs, while he would remain sentinel at the mouth of the cave till his return.

In due time the youth came back with all the *matériel* and show of arms and dogs. The old man loaded his gun with the most calm and resolute determination, firmly grasped it in his hand, and once more crept on all fours into the dismal cavern. It was so dark within that he could distinguish no part of the bear, except his glaring eye-balls, which flashed like glowing coals amid the surrounding gloom. He leveled his piece, took as careful aim as the darkness would allow, fired, and hit his bearship exactly between his eyes. But his head proved to be too hard for a leaden bullet to penetrate, for it glanced off, only tearing up the scalp in its course. The sharp crack of the gun, with its rapid reverberations, was almost deafening, and for an instant, nearly paralyzed the faculties of the old hunter. But as the smoke gradually cleared away, the grim outline of the bear was indistinctly seen at the back part of the den, showing him to be in a state of perfect desperation from the agony of his wound. After a few angry struggles and contortions, he came tumbling down from the highest part of the cavern, whither he had

retreated, and in his course, tumbled the redoubtable old hunter, *sans ceremonié*, somewhat to the injury of the nether man. But he, nothing daunted, was ever ready for the continuance of the conflict, and in the rough and tumble struggle that ensued, gave the bear a severe cut across the nose with his hatchet, and a slight stab in the flank with his hunting-knife. Upon this rough and unexampled usage, the half-delirious and madly enraged bear made a hasty retreat, out of the mouth of the cave, at which the valorous youth had been stationed as a sentinel of observation, and charged, in case the bear came out, to give him battle with the axe. But he, thinking discretion the better part of valor, had prudently retired to a respectful distance, and a place of safety, anxiously watching the progress of events, leaving the old man alone in his glory. The bear, from fright or delirium rolled tumultuously down the precipice below. The dogs, in a general cry of defiance, were set on in full pursuit; the old man, knife and hatchet in hand, rapidly pursuing, gallantly brought up the rear. The youth, ever in the most breathless anxiety, kept most valiantly behind, and by word and gesture made up for lack of personal participation in the murderous onslaught, leaving the tug of war for his gray-haired senior, and his canine auxiliars. He acted as a *corps de reserve*, although he kept near enough to see all the running fight, and to be in at the death. The speed of the bear was greatly impeded by the proximity of the dogs to his haunches; but woe betide

the cur that came within reach of his dexter paw, or became the subject of his relentless hug, or his fond embrace. He was kept in check by the unremitting attacks upon his rear, but he still made such rapid strides in his retreat as called forth the most active exertions of the old man to keep himself within assaulting distance, ever and anon giving out an exclamation of encouragement to the dogs to cheer them onward, and to the youth not to falter.

After a long and doubtful chase along the rocky shore, the bear swam across the stream at a spot of great depth and stillness. In this emergency the dogs were at fault, for none of them dared swim after him, or attempt a continuance of their attacks in an element where Bruin was perfectly at home, when they were positively aware that the issue could not long be doubtful, in a contest prolonged at such dreadful odds. The hunter, too, was as much perplexed as the dogs; but not to be foiled, and always fruitful in expedients, he at once called off the yelping pack, ran quickly down the stream some sixty rods, crossed over on some floodwood, and again proceeded to the attack with renewed vigor and resolution. The bear, instead of making the most of his time in rapid retreat, as if disdaining to take the least advantage of the security of his situation, had majestically seated himself upon a little eminence, from which he could distinctly view the movements of his foes, and there, in an attitude of the most dignified and heroic composure, with an air of bold defiance and the most stoical indifference,

awaited the approach of his enemies, in a posture for battle and defense, quietly lapping his wounds as he surveyed the approaching danger. Upon the approach of the dogs, after some aggressive attempts on their part, and the rapid advance of the old man, the bear made an attempt to climb the bank; but its steepness, and the harassing attacks of the dogs, rendered it extremely difficult for him to make anything like successful progress. In view of the excessive boldness manifested by his bearship in his own defense, his rare dexterity and skill in warding off the assaults of the dogs, and his aptitude and self-possession in all extremities in the running fight, several of the dogs had lost much of the ardor and courage which they had so signally exhibited in the commencement of the conflict, and some had been put absolutely *hors dr combat*. So that now, in the moment of greatest need, and in the great turning crisis of the fray, not a solitary one could be urged or forced to follow the bear up the steep acclivity. Nothing daunted, and not to be foiled, the old man alone, in hot haste, rushed on, and after many a desperate effort, at length succeeded in seizing the retreating bear by the long, shaggy hair of his thighs, and made him release his hold upon the rocks above, whereupon the two rolled down the ragged precipice in rather tumultuous disorder. At this critical juncture, the dogs rushed forward to the rescue of their master. The battle now became a hand-to-hand affair between the old man and the bear, still the dogs did valiant ser-

vice in making their cautious and hasty snaps at the flanks and rear of the infuriated animal, now becoming desperate by the number and determined resolution of his adversaries. At length the old man, by a well directed blow, sunk his hatchet deep into the brain of his victim, and at once finished his warlike career.

This story was related to us by the youthful participant in its perils, who still lives in the vicinity of the scene of the adventure, in a green old age, often cheering the rising generation with a recital of the trials, hardships, sufferings, privations and adventures of the early pioneers of our country, and is a living witness of the wondrous change which, in the last sixty years, has been wrought in our land. From the circumstances above related, "*the Cave*" became a place of great notoriety, and of frequent resort at that period, although now it seems to be almost unknown and forgotten.

THE NEGRO FIDDLER.

"Inspiring, bold *John Barleycorn* !
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.

BURNS' *Tam O'Shanter*.

A RATHER exciting and ludicrous incident happened long ago in the eastern part of our county. In those days wolves were somewhat troublesome to the sheep-folds, and were a source of terror and alarm to the wayfarer, after the sombre shade of night had cast its dim mantle over the sunless face of nature. They were not so much dreaded, however, on account of their numbers, as for their frequent boldness and daring. With whatsoever terror they instinctively inspired the flocks and children, they were not considered as in a very great degree dangerous to "the rest of mankind" in general. For all this, the name "wolf" was seldom spoken without creating a feeling of uneasy apprehension and alarm.

In those early days, "quiltings, spinning-bees, apple-bees," and such like "rustic employments" and gatherings were common among the females of a past generation, remarkable for its just appreciation and

proper mingling of the *utile et dulce*. Many a merry gathering was had on those occasions, answering in those unpretending and primitive times to what have since been substituted and termed by their posterity, "splendid parties." Then, there was little of restraint; common sense and good behavior being sufficient passports to all respectable society, and a sure guarantee for good breeding, without being specially drilled by rule in all the conventional forms of the "high life" and "polished society" of the present day. Whenever the matrons or their daughters of those days wished a little relaxation from the toils and cares of the domestic fireside, or desired especially to enjoy the sweet society of their particular friends, invitations were given out to meet at "*our house*" on a certain named afternoon, to help "Mother" — not "Ma" — "get off" a quilt. Or, if the occasion was a "spinning-bee," the flax or wool was sent around to the women and girls of the distaff and spindle, who gladly received the same, and who were invited to return the yarn at a specified time. After the quilt was off, or the yarn returned, the lady hostess provided her guests most bountifully with tea, hot short-cakes reeking with fragrant odor, and "butter in a lordly dish," to be seasoned with good plumb sauce, strawberry tart, raspberry jam, or apple butter, all rich in their kind, and in abundance the most profuse. The seasoning and preparation of these knick-knacks always became the chief "*tea table talk*," unless it was occasionally varied by *chit-*

chat about Miss *Such-an-one's* new beau, or Mrs. *So-and-so's* new silk gown, always winding up, however, with "*teacup fortune telling*." No one felt at liberty to "mince the matter," but ate of the good things provided, according to the good old scriptural rule, as if they loved what was set before them, "asking no question for conscience's sake." After the "tea things" were "cleared away," the "men," old and young, came in, and the evening was almost universally spent in high glee, in "tripping the light fantastic toe," and not unfrequently were the joyous guests detained until quite late at night, or rather, "did n't get home till morning."

The grand oracle of music at those merry makings was an old wall-eyed negro, ycleped "Tom," whose old cracked, crazy, spliced-string fiddle, assisted in difficult parts of his inimitable symphonies by a squalling, squeaking, worse cracked voice, discoursed discord harsh enough "to soften rocks or bend the knotted oak." That is, Tom's music had the same effect upon a sensitive ear that Hannibal's vinegar had upon the crags of the Alps, or the great tornado upon the forest of Bondi. It rent a man's softer senses into chaos, and annihilated every refined sentiment of pleasure and taste. At first it would set one into a complete ague shiver, and at last end in a perfect break-down. He could play but the first half of one "good old tune," and that was, "*All in me hey Betty Martin*," and this he always closed with a *da capo*. He also sung a song—the only one he knew—

which was always received by the company with much satisfaction, for Tom always as much expected to sing "*Brian O'Linn*," as he did to play "*Heye Betty Martin*," and his employers, or rather his audience, just as much expected to have him. Good or bad, little or much, sweet or sour, acceptable or forbidding, Tom was the man indispensable on all merry-making occasions. In fact, at that time he was the only available musician in the land. No one could presume to steer straight through the labyrinthine mazes of a "*French four*" or a "*Scotch reel*," without the promptings of Tom and the music of his fiddle.

It happened on a cold, dreary, stormy winter night as ever blew, that Tom was called to play at one of these quiltings. The fun and frolic as usual was kept up till almost two o'clock in the morning, after which the company began to disperse. Tom had to pass through a piece of pine woods on his homeward route, and commenced his journey, fiddle in hand, with a light heart and a ready good will, having pocketed his dollar in advance, for services rendered. Tom had become pretty well charged with "creature comforts,"—by the way, nothing disreputable in those days. He dearly loved them, and always judged of the respectability and consequence of his host and the company he entertained, by the abundance and quality of the good things provided. The effect of the "*cheer*" upon his spirits, and the jingling of the change in his pockets, lent wings to his

steps, and so far, his imaginings were of the most agreeable nature, while his reflections on the pleasant scenes of the evening had dispelled all thoughts of danger or alarm from foes without, along the road. In the midst of Tom's happy reveries, he all at once became suddenly startled, and an end came to all the pleasing dreams his heavily burdened imagination had pictured of the present, the past, and the future. But what was the cause of this sudden interruption of the flowing course of happy thought, he could not tell. His attention was at first arrested by a pat, pat, patting noise upon the crusted snow behind him. He stopped to listen, and all was still. He again proceeded onward, and again the same unwelcome sound, with increased volume, greeted his ears. He justly suspected that evil lurked in his path, but the nature of it, he could not as yet fully comprehend. Unwilling to proceed with an enemy in his rear, he resolutely determined to retrace his steps a little distance and see if he could not ascertain the cause of his alarm. He had not proceeded far, before he discovered the dim outline of a wolf, who had just taken up his line of retreat. Tom wisely concluded it was safest with the greatest possible expedition to hasten his steps towards home, for it was no friendly salutation he could expect to receive from such a vagabond wanderer alone in the woods after dark. His whole thoughts were now centered in the little log cabin where his wife and four little curl-headed barbarian Toms lay sweetly clasped in the arms of Morpheus,

wholly unconscious of the danger which periled the life of their waylaid husband and sire. His whole energies were now bent to the single object of securing a safe landing place within the rude hut that contained all that was dear to him in this world, except "a little good liquor" and the old fiddle.

He had not proceeded far, however, before he heard the quick tramp of the wolf approaching nearer and nearer at every step, and these multiplying with fearful rapidity. He looked back, and now saw two instead of one of these gray marauders, within a few yards of him. It was, indeed, a moment of peril, and poor, frightened Tom for once, at least, looked blacker than "darkness darkened." Huge drops of perspiration gathered in grimy globules upon his forehead, and his heart beat thump, thump, thump, like a ponderous sledge hammer at his breast. To run was death. To stop where he was, was only to perish by piecemeal. Poor fellow, he could almost feel the relentless grip of the hungry wolves' jaws rending his quivering flesh, and almost hear the big red drops, like the first of a thunder shower, fall on the unsullied snow. The ebbing tide had lost its power to flow, and his pulseless wrist was nerveless. As they approached nearer, he could really hear the low muttering growl of the wolves, and frequently their teeth met with that peculiar inimitable snap known only to their kind. Delay had the effect to restore Tom's mind to reason, and time restored his wonted courage.

As good fortune would have it, near to the place

where Tom was thus beleaguered, stood a "shingle weaver's shanty." To that, as a place of refuge and safety, he in the greatest trepidation fled. No sooner was he fairly in, than to his great consternation he found one wolf with his head within the door. Quick as thought, Tom mounted astride a beam overhead, upon which the wolf at once rushed in, and in an instant, Tom, little knowing what he did, whipped out his jack-knife, severed the piece of raw hide that held up the drop-door, and down it went. The wolf was thus, without ceremony, a prisoner *vis-a-vis* with Tom.

The wolf outside, upon finding that his companion was cut off from him and held in *durance vile*, without prospect of liberation or relief, gave a few dismal, melancholy howls and retired with chagrin and disappointment. The imprisoned wolf finding that his egress was cut off, began in turn to be anxious about his own safety. He tried at every point to effect his escape, but all to no purpose. He made several desperate springs to bring Tom down from his beam, but failed. His efforts proved unavailing. He at length quietly lay down, keeping his glaring eyes in no very enviable mood fixed upon poor Tom. At this stage of affairs it would have been hard to tell which stood in the greatest fear of his adversary, Tom or the wolf. But Tom, for the present at least, was safe, and though he calculated the chances of escape to be rather against himself, he thought that with proper watchfulness, the fortress would be tenable till

morning. Through the whole affair, Tom had instinctively hung on to his fiddle, encased in an old, faded green bag. In his loneliness, and in the confidence inspired by his safe place of retreat, he now bethought himself of its power to charm. Elated with this new idea, he drew out the instrument, and accidentally dropped the case to the ground. In an instant the wolf tore it into shreds, showing in a small, though significant way, what might be poor Tom's condition, should he be caught napping and fall to the bottom of the den. He tuned up his old fiddle to the right key and pitch, and deliberately gave the wolf a specimen of his good old tune, "*All in me hey Betty Martin*," as usual one strain, without variations, and so over and over he went with it, adagio, allegretto, bassanno, piano, &c., till his fingers became so benumbed with cold that he was obliged to desist.

"The squeaking engine he applied
Unto his head, on north-east side,
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which were but souse to chitterlings;
His grisly beard was long and thick,
Which quite o'erhung his fiddlestick."

To vary the scene and to keep up his own spirits, he more than once gave his ever acceptable song of "*Brian O'Linn*." Meanwhile the wolf lay quiet, not exactly relishing the music, or comprehending the song, though reluctantly compelled to listen to both. He, no doubt, considered that,

"The famished wolf upon the plains,
Is happier than the cur in chains."

The night was long, tedious and dreary, and it required the utmost stretch and watchfulness of Tom's mental and physical powers to keep from drowsiness and falling. Weary though he was, he managed to keep awake, and to hold on to the beam with unflinching tenacity. The skill with which Tom drew the bow and fingered the strings of his old fiddle, which never stood him in greater need before, undoubtedly had as much effect, and as salutary, upon the imprisoned wolf and the "desert air," as the incomparable music of Orpheus' "*Golden Shell*," at the regal palace of Pluto, when the wheel of Ixion ceased to turn—Tantalus forgot the burning thirst that till that moment had continually tormented him—when the Stygian vulture ceased to prey on the never-wasting vitals of Tityus, and Pluto and Proserpina were charmed with the enchanting, mysterious breathings of his lute and lyre.

At length the day began to dawn, much to the relief and joy of poor Tom, and the sun arose over the drifted snow with a majesty and beauty never so fully realized by him before, and never did the poor fellow so cheerfully bend in adoration to the god of day. The forenoon passed away, and still the wolf kept a strict watch upon Tom, and he as strict a watch over the wolf, neither seeming willing to stir, or to molest his adversary. The wolf evidently would have been glad to be off, and Tom would have given up

everything of his worldly goods, except the fiddle, to have been liberated from this thralldom, for the poor fellow was well nigh frozen, and still no prospect of escape. Towards noon, Tom's family began to grow uneasy concerning him, for he was really a sort of minute hand in punctuality, not only in arriving at the house appointed for him to play at, but also in returning home. As he did not arrive with the rising sun or soon after, as it was usual for him to do, and rejoice with his wishful wife and laughing little ones, they became very much alarmed. His wife, in great trepidation, mustered some friends, for Tom had many entitled to that endearing appellation, and who were pleased in turn to recognize a friend in him. These took the road leading past the shanty, expecting either to find Tom frozen to death in the woods, or his fleshless bones stripped and bare, scattered over the bloody path. Tom, ever watchful, saw his old friends and neighbors approaching with woebegone countenances. He gave a loud halloo from his dreary prison, which was responded to with joyous shouts. All were rejoiced to find him alive and comparatively well, but they were not a little surprised to find what sort of companion he was shut up with, *cheek-by-jowl*, without any chance of release or escape, except from help without. A large party was assembled, guns were procured, and the wolf was shot through the crevices between the logs. Poor Tom was thus relieved from his perilous situation, and after receiving the hearty congratulations of his "*Rescuers*," he

returned home with joy, having been imprisoned in the cold, astride a pole, for more than nine hours, with no company but a hungry wolf.

The best part of the story for Tom's benefit yet remains to be told. A large, stated bounty was in those days awarded by law to every person who should destroy "a full grown wolf." There could be no doubt about this animal's being full grown, for he proved to be a monster of his kind, and although Tom had really little direct agency in his death, those who had, were willing to waive their claims in favor of him who had so signally and valiantly periled his life, and at last came off with a whole skin. The whole amount of state, county, and town bounty, footed up the snug sum of over fifty dollars, and this was allowed on all hands to belong properly to Tom, who pocketed the reward with most satisfactory grace, and henceforward became himself a veritable lion.

Some fifteen years ago, a story in many of its features similar to this, went the rounds of the newspapers, stating that *that* incident happened in Kentucky. Now *this* story is true, and the notes for it were taken long since. The subject, Tom, was in his lifetime well known to the writer, who forty years ago rambled in frolicsome mood in the pine woods where the incident happened, and in days of yore played in the identical shanty where Tom and the wolf spent a turbulent night. He has often, in childhood, been trotted upon the patched and greasy knee, and rode astride the broad shoulder of the merry old negro.

Often, when older grown, he has received the firm gripe of his hard and knotty hand, and a kinder, gentler, happier soul never inhabited the clay tenement of mortal. It is now more than eight and thirty years since poor Tom "shuffled off this mortal coil" and sealed,

"A dateless bargain to engrossing death."

Peace to his ashes.

THE WOLF HUNT.

“Cruel as death and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony and gaunt and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend,
And pouring o’er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow,
All is their prize.”

THOMPSON’S *Winter*.

WHEN the white people first commenced the settlement of Onondaga county, the forests were more or less infested with wolves. Sometimes they were met with singly, while on other occasions they were seen in parties of three or four, and not unfrequently they congregated to the number of a dozen or more. It does not appear, however, that numbers added much to their boldness and ferocity, for they would fly from a solitary hunter or traveler even when in packs. There are a few—and but a few—instances upon record in this country, where persons traveling through extensive forests have been attacked by gangs of wolves. Whatever dread they had of the human race, the flocks of sheep were not so fortunate. Sometimes a whole flock of thirty or forty would be indiscriminately slaughtered by these voracious animals in a single night. They seemed to commit their wanton depredations in sheer malignancy of nature,

only tasting a chosen morsel about the neck and drinking the blood. Their subsistence seemed on the whole to be rather precarious, for they always appeared to be in a starving condition, and if fortune favored them with a full meal, a few days of inactivity and rest restored their habitual thirst for blood and appetite for plunder. They sometimes ran down deer on the deep encrusted snow; through which the deer would break, yet strong enough to bear the wolf. In summer they would sometimes continue the chase of a deer for several days, until the tired, exhausted creature would "give in," from hunger and fatigue. In the hottest pursuit, a wolf never "gives tongue," as the hunters say, but moves on perseveringly, in silence, steadily but surely. At first the deer is vastly his superior in fleetness. He stops to gaze upon his pursuers, and as they near him, he bounds away like an arrow, only to be again overtaken, and at last to fall a certain victim. Sometimes, however, the wolf, while on the track, when hard upon his prey, will utter a low, sharp bark, but the long-drawn howl, so peculiar to the animal, is uttered in the fastnesses of the forest, when roaming about at leisure, and hunger and famine have little to do with it. An animal so ferocious in disposition, so rapacious and unscrupulous in securing the means of satisfying his hunger, was of course a sworn enemy to all the early settlers. A large bounty was given for the destruction of every wolf, so that in addition to the general enmity existing between the species

on account of the destruction of the flocks of farmers by wolves, the bounty operated so as to enlist the whole race of hunters and trappers, who entered upon the general war of extermination for the profits, as well as for the excitement. The baiting of wolves and bears, and the trapping of them, formed almost the entire occupation of many of the old foresters. Huge, double-spring steel-traps, taking two strong men to set them, were much in use, and a rude kind of trap, made of logs, was very tempting and successful. But every precaution had to be exercised to decoy the shy, cunning, crafty animal within the devouring jaws of a trap. Deer sometimes by accident were caught in these traps, and even men have been crushed to death in the log traps, while setting them for wolves. It was the custom of the country in the early days, whenever the wolves had made serious depredations among the flocks, to assemble in large parties for a general "wolf hunt."

It was during the winter of 1818-19 that frequent essays had been made by wolves upon the flocks of farmers in the towns of Sullivan, Cicero and Manlius. Town meetings were held, at which resolutions were passed to the end of getting up a "wolf hunt," to scour the great "Cicero swamp," and root the rascals out. Accordingly, advertisements were published in the newspapers of the day, and flaming handbills circulated throughout the country to excite the true hunter spirit. Many of the principal citizens of the towns of Sullivan, Cicero, Salina, Pompey and Onon-

daga, entered into the scheme with great earnestness and glee. On the day appointed, places of rendezvous having been named, hundreds came together, including men and boys. About every third man was armed with a rifle, while the rest, just as valiant, armed themselves with knives, bayonets, lances, pitchforks and clubs. Many were on the ground the day beforehand, ready for prompt action. Early in the morning, those who were expected to join in the hunt, were formed into companies, and captains chosen from among themselves, the whole being under the direction of superior officers previously appointed. The ground to be surrounded was the entire Cicero Swamp, making a circuit of some ten or twelve miles. The plan was to drive the wolves out upon the ice on the Oneida Lake, and shoot them down at will. On the morning of the hunt, the first grand object was, after preliminaries were arranged, to form a perfect and uninterrupted line around the swamp, before the signal was given to advance; each man being stationed about fifty or sixty paces from his fellow, which order each man was strictly enjoined to follow. The hunters would rapidly lessen the distance between each other as the semi-circle narrowed towards the center. To form the desired line was no easy matter in the thick and almost impenetrable woods and underbrush. The rash impetuosity of many of the youthful and inexperienced hunters, whose impatience could brook no delay, and who thought themselves as well qualified to command as

to obey, rendered the task still more difficult. Finally at about ten o'clock, A. M., the mass was arranged in line. All things being in readiness for moving onward, a bugle was sounded at head-quarters—the *point d'appui*. About every sixth man being furnished with a bugle or horn, the signal passed quickly around the semi-circle, agreeable to previous arrangement. When the blasts returned to the starting point, the line moved forward. The horns, bugles and hallooing served as guides to keep the line in order. Eagerly the line moved on. Every man was in the greatest expectation and anxiety to meet a wolf. It had been arranged in the outset, that not a shot should be fired except at a wolf, a bear, a panther or a wild-cat. But such a mass of undisciplined backwoodsmen it could not be expected would be held under very great restraint. Several who were more intent upon game for their own benefit, than for hunting wolves for the general good, took their stations far into the interior of the swamp, intercepted and shot down many deer that were driven before the line formed by the regular hunters. As the line moved on and narrowed its boundaries, the hotly hunted deer becoming confused, hardly knowing which way to flee for safety or retreat, several of the boldest of the terror-stricken creatures rushed swiftly through the line, and although numerous shots were fired after them, they nevertheless made good their escape unscathed. As the party neared the lake, and the line became circumscribed to still narrower limits,

expectation stood on tiptoe to get a glimpse at wolves, bears and panthers. But instead of these, were seen only numerous frightened deer with heads and tails erect, bounding away in the distance, with all the grace, beauty and fleetness peculiar to the animal when free, wild and terrified. Some, more frightened than the rest, stood stamping, panting, snorting and whistling in the greatest trepidation and dismay. Others might be seen rapidly flying in every direction, looking out for a break in the line to get away. The poor, distracted animals as they approached the circle within which they were closely hemmed, were met by the shouts and firing of the hunters, from whom they turned away again and again, in terror and despair. After hurrying to and fro for a little time, with the velocity and tumultuous confusion of the whirlwind, some fifteen or twenty of them, amidst a shower of bullets and the loud hurras of hundreds of men and boys, dashed boldly on, and in spite of all the vigilance and clamor of their foes, broke through the line, making good their retreat. Nothing else was driven out by the doughty hunters into the opening along the shore of the lake.

The bears, (if there were any,) taking time by the forelock, and before the furious onslaught assumed a serious aspect, or the battle came to close quarters, probably scrambled up such trees as would best secure to them a safe retreat, or sought other burrowing places quite as congenial to their safety.

The panthers, too, (if any,) probably betook them-

selves to the same safe sources of seclusion and security.

The wolves—for whose peculiar benefit the hunt was originated—were either not there at all, or sneaked away under the shelter of some recumbent tree or upheaved root, or slunk off into some hollow log or tangled thicket, till their pursuers had passed by, and thus saved themselves from the fatal catastrophe so intently meditated against them. Not a wolf, or bear, or panther was seen or heard during the day. A few deer and two or three wild-cats were the only trophies of this momentous hunt.

Notwithstanding the disappointment of the valorous multitude of intrepid hunters on this memorable occasion, whether attributable to mismanagement in carrying out the details of the hunt, or the thorough frightening of these lank, lean-sided, shaggy, thievish brutes, or the entire absence of real wolves, the hunt had one good effect. A wolf has never been known to commit any depredations since, nor has his gray, grim visage been seen, nor has his long-drawn, piteous, alarming howl from that day to this been heard in his former haunts. It put a final finish to all wolfish operations in Onondaga county.

THE HERMIT.

"A little lowly hermitage it was
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travaill to and froe :
Thereby a christall streame did gently play
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway."

SPENSER'S *Faery Queene*.

WHILE we look around us and see a large majority of the busy world all astir, all activity, all life; each individual diligent in the pursuit of wealth, honors, fame and happiness, rushing on with reckless impetuosity along the line marked out for the fulfillment of his destiny, with as much determination of purpose as if the salvation of the whole innumerable caravan of animated nature depended upon the celerity of his movements; let us for a moment contemplate the ways, the wants, the wishes of one of another mould. One who has been trained under the influences of the stern, unrelenting rod of adversity. One who was wont to look with stoical indifference upon the faults, follies, foibles and realities of life, and with distrust and disdain upon all those who help to swell.

the sum of human representation. Here, perchance, we may find one less ambitious, less enterprising, yet perhaps more contemplative and philosophical, despising the joys of social life, casting the ordinary pursuits of men behind, and sitting down in moody melancholy, indifferent alike to the allurements of wealth, the charms of society, the fascinations of pleasure and the blessings of personal comfort—contemning business in all its different phases, unmoved while others rise or fall, despising popularity, distinction and eminence, contented to live on to the end alone, and in obscurity. When we meet a character so out of the common course, so willing to grant that

* * * "God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill,"

we are prone to mark the singularity, and wonder why we cannot arrive at a satisfactory solution of a dark enigma.

In our boyish days it was often our pleasurable lot to ramble, with fishing rod and line, along the margin of one of the loveliest little brooks that ever glided murmuringly over its pebbly bed, or was overshadowed by woody mountain height. The speckled trout darting swiftly through the rushing waters, invited us to the boiling eddies, where with mimic fly or tortured worm upon the bearded hook, we enticed the shy, unsuspecting victim to destruction. There, too, we richly enjoyed many a fleeting leisure hour,

as it slipped stealthily from the time of our being. As we traced the tumbling waters along their rocky margin to their source through the leafy forest, we were led along the rough hill-side, where the never-dying foliage shaded the rugged way, and ever-varying flowers yielded in their season the richest perfume, shedding a peculiar fragrance, heightened by the refreshing showers of morning, and the sweet dews of night. Far up the steep hill-side, from beneath a rocky ledge, burst forth in its own peculiar beauty a perennial spring, the source and fountain of the babbling brook. Its silvery waters, sweet and clear, sparkling and bright, often invited the returning and weary fisherboy to quench his thirst at the cool, refreshing fountain. The living stream gushed forth its gurgling waters in all the profusion of munificent nature. It still continues to pour out its clear, pellucid current with ceaseless and undiminished flow. The wild celandine formed a perfect covering of wavy green over the abrupt acclivities as we advanced toward the summit, alleviated occasionally by a plat of mandrakes, with their golden fruit, most delicious under the ripening dominion of a summer's sun.

Here, on a little plain, less perhaps than an acre in extent, amid the wildest solitude, surrounded by high hills, with scarcely sufficient opening to admit the light of heaven at noonday, entirely apart from human ken, with no counterpart or company, stood—aye, and still stands—a rude hut of logs, diminutive,

yet neat,—so clean, so white, so fresh within, without, so simple and so chaste, that it always tempts the wandering stranger to its inward privacy. But the tidy fence surrounding the little cabin, so nice and trim, and the huge hasp and padlock on the door, forbids intrusion. The stillness and solitude of the scene conspired to lull our youthful heart into the dreamy reverie in which poets suppose the hermits of the dark ages to have wasted their lives in obscurity, indolent and poor, yet, perhaps, not unwise. Surrounding the humble cot was a garden, laid out with order and taste. The lettuce, the onion, and the beet, grew there luxuriantly, and the potato, the turnip, the cabbage, with a little patch of corn and tobacco, made up the remainder of the crop. Everything smiled good naturedly around, so far as inanimate nature can smile. The whole was a miracle of neatness—a sweet little paradise of beauty. As often as our mind recurs to this rich scene of our boyhood, we are constrained to say in the language of another,

“I know a little blooming spot,
That always looks as new and bright,
As if 't were its eternal lot,
To wear Spring's coronal of light.”

Had the Syrens of the Isles, or the Nymphs of Ocean lent their songs of enchantment to gladden the scene; had the Gnomes of Earth volunteered to darken the gloom; had the Naiads of the running streams strewed their fruits and flowers in the way to allure

the weary wanderer; had the Cumean Sybil, or Ærial Sylphs furnished materials to complete the picture, they would hardly have added to the sweet, wild music of the woods, or improved upon the beauty and picturesqueness of the mountain scenery, or deepened the gloom of the surrounding solitude. Here the dark winter storm howled unheeded, and the summer sun spent its fury in vain. In this mountain gorge has long lived, and still lives, "THE HERMIT." No cat, no dog, or thing of life, claims his care, his caresses or his affections. The gay forest birds carol their cheerful notes in the green wood, near by, too shy for companionship; while the saucy squirrel archly chatters his parting salutation as he robs the Hermit of his scanty store. The frosts of age have whitened the thin locks of the old man. More than seventy winters have shed their snows upon his head. Lengthened furrows are plowed deep in his cheeks. His eye has lost its fire and his countenance its freshness. His once firm and manly voice is tremulous and faltering. His once rugged frame is bowed down, and with his tottering step proclaims the rapid advance of the great leveler of life. He still slakes his thirst at the spring, and his little garden furnishes most of the necessities to prolong his existence. Occasionally—seldom, however,—he ventures forth and procures a little milk, or sugar, or bread, to eke out his scanty store. Little, indeed, it is that he needs. His neighbors, distant though they are, are kind to him, and what he asks, he does not ask in vain.

Blunt he may appear to courtly men, but there are in his conversation, yet traceable, the remains of former courtliness and grace.

In early life, he had received a good education, and started in his career with as fair prospects as any among us. He had a kind, indulgent father, who doated on him, and a tender mother, whose love was ceaseless. Then what should have led a young man thus surrounded, the hopeful son of rejoicing parents, and the object of affection to brothers and sisters, to cast himself loose from the world, and choose the solitude of a rocky, cavernous forest, beautiful and romantic in itself though it might be, rather than the hallowed joys and sterling comforts of society, and the real pleasures incident to domestic life? Of this, a tale may be told, a lesson may be learned, a moral may be gleaned.

When young, he loved to steal away from his companions, and alone, feast his mind on the wild beauties of nature, and brood, in his imagination, over the fanciful stream of his existence, which only mirrored forth those faint images of reality that often so soon fade away into the dark shadows of oblivion. His youthful visions of fair, false and exciting life, deepened with the increase of years, but in the end deadened every faculty of his nature. And as the wild, majestic thoughts of our boldest moments kindled by exaggeration, excitement and ambition, sink again to the cold level of obscurity, so his notions of the ideal, infinitely exceeded the events unraveled by the work-

ings of stern, undeviating reality. He could not always spend his hours in listless dreams, or continually substitute fancy sketches for things of substance. They were too airy and evanescent for endurance. There were returning seasons for soberness and reflection. As well might the quivering aspen remain quiet in the storm, or the pearly dew linger on the green leaves of spring at noonday, as that human exertion should be forever on the rack, pursuing baseless phantoms, as fanciful and exciting as false. The promising future, the ever present, will certainly bring their visions, their hopes, their cares, their labors, and their loves; but with the past is blotted out the labors of progressive time. Dead, indeed, must be the soul whose lively faculties are stagnant, incapable of grasping, with unflinching hand, the thread of life, lacking resolution dextrously to unravel the tangled web of its brief existence in its earthly tabernacle.

The young man grew more attached to the indolent routine of the solitary economy in the atmosphere of which he delighted to dwell. He rejoiced in every opportunity to deliver himself from interruption, in any form, in his favorite occupation. His dreamy, indolent, retiring manner finally led him into a dilemma from which he in vain strove to extricate himself, and which in the sequel proved his ruin.

In the neighborhood of his home lived a bright-eyed, flaxen-haired girl, whose delight on all favorable occasions it was, to torment the grown-up youths of

her acquaintance. She seemed to be created expressly for trifling, coquetry and jesting, and naturally became the actual dread of all the bashful beaux of the country. A freak came over her fancy that the hero of our tale should be made to writhe under the scathing effects of her archness and duplicity. With many defects of character, she yet possessed wit and talents, and there was a simplicity and shrewdness in her manner, that made her quite an agreeable companion. A sort of *quasi* attachment, heartlessly cultivated on her part, sprang up between them. With him it was a reality; his affections were riveted, and everything passed on pleasantly, in joy and in hope. Every day strengthened his attachment, till it ripened to perfect adoration. But the tender passion was not reciprocated. With her, it was a slender tie which any convenient opportunity could snap a thousand times without doing violence to her conscience. She often smiled, but never sighed. She often professed in the gayest humor the regard she had for her devoted lover, but never cast about in earnest, to sound the inmost recesses of her heart, to know if the matter was a shadow or a substance, a truth or a fiction.

He only thought of entertaining her with the fevered visions of his morbid imagination. The babbling brook, with its merry cascade; the old oak trees, with their giant branches; the golden sunset, with its fleecy clouds; and the summer evening, with its starry lamps, possessed enough of interest to excite the erratic imaginings of his peculiar genius, and to

furnish aliment sufficient for his moody spirit. The peculiarities of her mind deprived her of the faculty of appreciating his tastes, and of assimilating her feelings with his. She listened attentively to his fervid descriptions of wild scenery and his melancholy sarcasms upon men and their pursuits. But whatever impression they made upon her fancy, they made none upon her heart. With her there was a limit to every tender sentiment, a chain to every softened thought that rose voluntarily to her bosom. In every thing there was a marked difference between the two. He was sober, grave, severe and visionary, with little of reality in his composition. His love was not simple enough to exact sympathy in return, nor commanding enough to ensure the hope of requital. Neither was it compounded of the subtle elements adapted to captivate. She was gay, romantic and bewitching, and her whole course was calculated to steal the regard of others rather than to enkindle or encourage any abiding sentiment of affection in her own bosom. Time rolled on, while he lived on in hope, and she in that uncertain, equivocal condition which admits of the most easy accommodation to circumstances.

At length he resolved to make a formal declaration of the tender passion that had long agitated his breast. When he told her that he loved her with a love that left no room for words to tell, he felt assured that the timid expression he had anticipated did not mantle her face, nor did a blush of satisfaction crimson

her cheek, or a sigh of modest assent escape her lips. There was neither a show of disapprobation, nor disappointment, nor wounded pride depicted upon her countenance. She had listened to his tale of love with profound attention. His words were indelibly impressed on the tablet of her memory. But for all that, there was no response from the heart. A smile of pity, mingled with contempt, played over her features. An arch gaze fixed with melancholy intense-ness upon the discarded lover, conveying rejection and denial more plainly than words could do, inflicted a wound from which it was impossible for him to recover. A gay, derisive laugh fell from the soft lips of the maid, which plainly foreboded the issue of his destiny. They separated, and from that day forward he saw her face no more.

There came a sorrow over him, bitter as the waters of affliction could make it. He felt that there existed no world but the little spot on which she breathed and moved, but that was forbidden ground. All his visionary schemes and reflections at once vanished. He felt hardened in the mould of calamity. Nothing could be offered to console his troubled mind—to heal his broken heart. No dreams of happiness calmed his sleepless nights, or bright prospects of the future cheered his lonely days. The past had annihilated every spark of joy, hope and ambition. It had obliterated all regard for those hallowed blessings counted most dear to man. Even life itself hung heavy in its citadel, as if ready to misemploy its last

functions in wresting itself from an over-burthened body. With nervous restlessness, he moved from place to place, and thought nothing so desolate as the society of man.

He had seen much to hate and abhor in the treachery of pretended friends. He fell a prey to mortification, distrust and hatred. Then came agony and despair, desolation and ruin. He felt himself crushed, broken and undone. Everything of worldly consequence to him became vague, vehement and wild. At once were annihilated all the gay and fleeting visions his youthful fancy had pictured of the time to come. In their place were reared new fabrics of a cold and superficial philosophy, which he had formerly borrowed from retirement, and nurtured in seclusion, but which he now adopted as the perfect wisdom of solitude. In this melancholy mood he mused of nothing else, nor thought of happiness beyond. His brow became contracted and gloomy. He returned no salutations of his friends. He felt the most perfect indifference for every grade of humanity. Even old age and infancy could not escape his malevolence and malignity. In short, he became a perfect misanthrope, and at such distance did he hold the whole human family, that society had no place—no charms that he could endure. In this state of despondency, he rashly resolved to become a very recluse, and dole out a miserable existence in seclusion, dejected, pitiable and comfortless; shut out from all but the hum-

blest raiment, the coarsest food, and the free air and light of heaven.

He selected for his home the locality above described. For nearly thirty years he has made it his lonely abode. For about that period he has been known as "*The Hermit*." Occasionally we have visited his sad cell. Any one having the curiosity to see the dwelling-place of so singular a character, the mouldering, decaying wreck of what has been, and what might be still—the perfect desolation of perishing humanity—forsorn and fallen to the most sorrowful depth of voluntary misery—the abject being whose history we have but faintly delineated—may find the living original in all the gloominess, singularity, hopelessness and poverty we have described,

"In starving solitude ; while Luxury
In palaces, lies straining her low thoughts,
To form unreal wants : "

There he may find the full confirmation of the truth of this history, and more. There, too, he may learn that the wants of vain, voluptuous man, when circumscribed to their narrowest limits, are indeed few. That "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world" sink into insignificance, and are scarcely worth pursuing, and that, in the great day of account, he may be found richer, wiser and happier than they.

His humble habitation in the romantic dell, surrounded by woods and rocks, embellished with the

gay garden and the gushing spring, may easily be found on lot number seventy-seven, two miles north of Manlius Village, Onondaga county.

He lives there still—“*The Hermit.*”

Anecdotes.

BARON STEUBEN.

“He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.”

SHAKSPEARE'S *King Henry VIII.*

IN the year 1794, there was much excitement among the settlers of Onondaga county, on account of a threatened invasion from the Western Indians. The alarm was so great, and immediate danger so apparent, that many prudent persons buried their most valuable effects. To such a height were the fears of the people excited, that it was confidently believed the settlements in the vicinity of Onondaga would be broken up. During this state of affairs Gov. Clinton, about the middle of May, dispatched Gen. William North, Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Gen. David Van Horne, and Baron Steuben, who had been recently appointed special commissioners by the Legislature of New York, to provide for the defense of the western frontier, and to erect such fortifications as they should deem necessary for the public safety. Twelve thousand pounds had been appropriated by

the Legislature to defray any expenses thus made. The commissioners repaired to "*Salt Point*," and with the advice of a "committee of safety," consisting of Messrs. De Witt, Van Vleck, Orman, Phares and Danforth, advised the erection of a "block house" at that place. The militia of the county were called out and reviewed by the commissioners, and active measures taken for the protection of the frontier. On their return, the commissioners spent the night at the house of Mr. John A. Shaeffer, "Inn-keeper," in Manlius village. The guests were considerably fatigued with their journey and the labors of their important trust, and retired early to rest. During the night there seemed to be an unusual stir about the house, and as the hour of midnight approached, it still increased, and before morning transpired one of those unpostponable events incident to all prosperous and increasing families. The baron was greatly annoyed during the night, so that he scarcely slept a wink. The frequent shutting of doors, continued tramping of busy feet, and hushed sounds of female voices, which were greatly magnified by the baron's nervousness, and the importance of progressing events, kept his mind in a continual tumult.

The house was built of logs, only one story high, with two rooms below ; the chamber being the whole size of the house, with only loose boards for a floor, and accessible by no other means than a ladder. This chamber was occupied by the distinguished

guests of Mr. Shaeffer. The companions of the hero of this tale slept soundly, and were not at all disturbed in their dreams. It was not so with the baron. He often turned himself upon his bed of straw, seeking rest yet finding none, continually wondering what on earth could excite such wonderful commotion below. He tossed about in nervous wakefulness, and finally worked himself into an almost uncontrollable passion, which could scarcely be restrained till morning. On the earliest approach of light, the baron rose, still in his rage, vowing vengeance on all below. He approached the redoubtable landlord in not the most agreeable humor, saying, "Your house is full of gossips and goblins, sir; I haven't slept a wink all the blessed night. You have a pack of dogs about you, noisy enough to deafen one. Sir, I repeat: your house is full of gossips and goblins. Sir, your house is n't fit to stable swine. Give us breakfast; let us be off as soon as possible, and we'll not soon trouble you again." The baron's rage was at its height. Mine host was perfectly dumfounded before his enraged and angry guest, and dared not so much as lift his head, or even hint at the cause of the disturbance during the night. The more considerate companions of the baron heartily sympathized with him in his troubles, and were ready to excuse their host, but it had only the effect to add fuel to the flame, and increase his rage. In the height of the storm which had already spent much of its fury, as if to afford relief and calm the rending elements, a woman cau-

tiously and timorously approached the angry baron, who was still breathing forth threatenings, bearing in her arms a little infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, which had not yet witnessed the setting of a single sun, saying, "Here, Sir Baron, is the cause of all the trouble and noise last night." The gallant old soldier instantly felt the impropriety of his conduct; his habitual good humor was instantly restored, his accustomed gallantry prompted him, at once, handsomely to apologize, at the same time begging ten thousand pardons of those around him. He tendered his most hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Shaeffer, and offered as an atonement for the wrong he had done, to bestow his own name upon the new visitant, which offer was joyfully accepted, and forthwith the baron drew a *DEED of gift* for two hundred and fifty acres of land, from his domain in Oneida county, and after breakfast with his friends, went on his way rejoicing.

There is often a singularity in the closing scenes of the lives of distinguished men. It may not be unworthy of remark here, that Frederick William Augustus, Baron de Steuben, once an Aid-de-camp to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia; Quarter-master-General; Chevalier of the Order of Merit; Grand Marshal of the Court of Hohenzollen; Colonel in the Circle of Suabia; Knight of the Order of Fidelity; Commander-in-chief of the armies of the Prince of Baden; Major-General in the armies of the United States, and Inspector-General of the same—the fortu-

nate soldier of fifty battles, an admirer of freedom, the friend of Washington, the man of virtue, fidelity, and honor—performed his last military service in reviewing a few score of unarmed, half-clad militia, and in selecting a site for a *block-house*, for the defense of the frontier of New York, in the county of Onondaga, at *Salt Point*, in 1794. The baron died at his residence in Steuben, Oneida county, November, 1795.

THE HON. SECRETARY'S MISTAKE.

DURING the war of 1812 with England, the frontier of New York was more exposed to invasion than that of any other state. The people were often alarmed by the notes of preparation for war. The militia were frequently called out, and the citizen soldiers became as familiar with the perils and privations of the camp, as with the details of their own domestic employments. From Buffalo to Ogdensburgh, there was scarcely a harbor or village but had been visited by the enemy, and became the scene of carnage and bloody strife. The bright, blue waters of the great lakes were crimsoned by the blood of contending forces, and the moans of the harsh, rough waves were lulled by the louder and more bitter wail of the dying. It might be supposed that every man in the country was perfectly familiar with the geography of the frontier, and every foot of it thoroughly explored. Exemption from invasion was in a measure the safety of the republic. A perfect knowledge of every detail and minor point, was to be expected from those high in authority—holding in their hands the destinies of a mighty nation. In this particular, it was not so.

In 1813, Nicholas Mickles, of Onondaga, was employed by the United States Government, to furnish a large quantity of round shot and shells for the army and navy of the frontier. His order had been filled according to stipulation. The *materiel* was ready for delivery, and lying at the "Onondaga Furnace," two miles and a half south of Salina. It was with regard to this government property, that the Hon. Secretary Armstrong committed the mistake, which was noticed at the time in most of the public prints in the Union. The shot and shells were wanted at Oswego, to be distributed at different points on Lake Ontario. The Hon. Secretary ordered Commodore Chauncey, the naval commander on the lake, to proceed forthwith, with an armed vessel, *via* the Oswego River, to Onondaga Hollow, and remove the government property from that place to Oswego. Of course the order could not be obeyed. The thing was impossible. The obstructions at Oswego Falls were quite too formidable to allow of its execution; and the overland route, (had the first obstruction been overcome,) would have interposed obstacles still more hazardous to a vessel of war, plowing green-sward and a scrub-oak plain, instead of its own appropriate element. The joke was too good to be kept a secret, and its publication created, at the time, much merriment, at the Hon. Secretary's expense.

PERILS OF TRAVEL.

LIKE many other of the pioneers of this country, Mr. Oliver Stevens endured severe privations, and was a participant in many startling incidents and adventures. On one occasion, in the month of March, 1792, he resolved to attend the town meeting of the town of Mexico, held that year at what is now called Pulaski. He started off early in the morning, with his gun in hand and a knapsack of provisions on his back. There was no road, nor scarcely a path. He relied mainly on his skill as a woodsman, on the few *blazed* trees that were as uncertain guides, and on his knowledge of courses from the position of the sun, to guide him safely through his journey. He traveled on, unconscious of harm till near the middle of the afternoon, when suddenly he found himself beset by a pack of hungry wolves. By their howling he was aroused not only to a sense of his danger, but to the fact that he had lost his way, and had no means of recovering it. He set forward with vigor, in the hope of coming out at a "*clearing*," in the vicinity of the place of his destination. But his exertions were all to no purpose. The more he struggled for relief, the more he became convinced of the peril of his situa-

tion. The wolves gradually drew nearer and nearer, and seemed by their boldness to be meditating an attack. At length one, bolder than his companions, a large black one, advanced to within a few paces of him, upon which he fired and killed him at once. The scent of the blood of the dead wolf seemed to increase the voracity of the survivors, and for a time he thought he should in turn be slain. Nothing daunted, he stood at bay, looking the hungry pack firmly in the eyes. After a while they retired to a respectful distance, sitting around on their haunches, as if holding a council of war. During this cessation of hostilities, Mr. Stevens struck a fire and kindled it, reloaded his gun, and sallied forth, dragging the dead wolf by the heels to his fiery fortress. At this stage of the affair it seemed as if the fury of the wolves was ungovernable. They approached very near to him, growling and snapping their jaws in the most determined fury. He stamped, hallooed, shouted, and cast burning brands among them, until they finally disappeared. Upon this, he added fuel to the fire, got up a bright light, and began to feel somewhat safe. His next business was to secure the skin of his conquered foe, which was soon effected. By this time it became quite dark. A quantity of fuel was gathered to keep up the light during the long and dreary night that was to succeed. Here the solitary wanderer stood, not daring to refresh himself with sleep. He was frequently greeted with howls from the wolves roaming round in the darkness, who seemed unwilling to

relinquish their right to make a meal of him, yet had not the courage to take it. Towards morning he was relieved from his anxiety by the retreat of the wolves, who left, and disturbed him no more. He now prepared a hasty meal at the fire, partook of it, and concluded to retrace his steps. Packing up his wolf-skin, he proceeded homeward. The sun rose to meridian, and still he traveled on. Night came, and for ought he could tell, he was no nearer home than when he started in the morning. Being weary with his day's journey, he again kindled a fire, laid himself down to rest, and slept soundly till the morrow. At early dawn he again set forward in quest of home, and about ten o'clock in the morning, to his indescribable joy, discovered the British flag flying from the fort at Oswego. The officers of the garrison, to whom he related his adventure, treated him with great kindness. With them he spent the remainder of the day, and next morning set out with a light heart for home. The day following—the fifth from his departure—he arrived gladly to his family, who had become seriously alarmed for his safety. The bounty then paid by the State for killing a full-grown wolf was forty dollars, which in due time he received. This in some degree proved a balm for his sufferings, but for which, he would not again encounter the dangers he had risked.

THE FRIGHTENED BOATMEN.

THE Oneida Lake and River anciently formed a part of the great highway for the transportation of heavy goods, and the adventures of the jolly boatmen were not few nor uninteresting. One in particular at this time claims our attention.

In the year 1794, while Mr. Stevens and his family were at dinner, in their residence at Brewerton, a man came running to the door, almost breathless with fright. Water was dripping from his clothes, his feet "*chucked*" in his boots at every step, and his shivering limbs and stammering voice proclaimed suffering and distress. It was some considerable time before the terrified Canadian could recover himself sufficiently to relate his story. At length, however, he became a little composed, and with a trembling voice said, that he and a companion had been attacked by a bear in the river, and driven from their boat. He feared the bear would kill his friend, and wished Mr. Stevens to go instantly with his gun and kill the monster. The man applied to in this dilemma, started up at once, re-primed his rifle, and ran with all possible dispatch for the scene of the disaster. When arrived, they found the remaining man on shore, wet through and through in every thread, moaning

in the bitterest anguish, the hardness of his lot. The fact was, as the two boatmen were leisurely rowing up the river, the bear at the same time attempted to swim across. Upon seeing the bear, the boatmen resolved at once to have some sport, to intercept his course, and capture him. They rowed along side, and aimed a blow at Bruin's head, who popped under water, evading it, and before they could recover themselves, he scrambled over the side of the boat, and without ceremony drove the astonished Canadians into the river. They were forced to swim for their lives, and both finally safely reached shore. Making a virtue of necessity, one ran for help, while the other watched the boat and its new occupant. On the arrival of Mr. Stevens at the scene of action, his bearship was majestically seated at the stern of the boat, calmly surveying the scene, quietly floating down the sluggish current, as dignified and undisturbed as a king upon his throne. A shot from Mr. Stevens' rifle bereft the monarch of his titles and his life at once. The boatmen swam to the boat and rowed up to the landing. When the prize was dressed, it was found to exceed three hundred pounds in weight. This seasonable trophy was placed to good account, for it served instead of pork for the family and the hungry boatmen who passed that route, for many a day. But the poor frightened boatmen had a double reason to be thankful for their escape, and probably never forgot their adventure with the bear.

RATTLESNAKES.

At the time of the first settlement of the country, these venomous reptiles were very numerous in many localities. They occasionally strayed away from their favorite haunts, and in summer time were pretty generally scattered over the country. In those days it was no uncommon thing for rattlesnakes to crawl into people's houses, and coil themselves up snugly in the corners of the old fashioned fire-places. Frequently they worked their way between the beds of unconscious lodgers, to gather warmth, and the first intimation of their presence would be upon the removal of the pillow in the morning, the finding a huge fellow slowly uncoil himself and gently slide away through the cracks in the floor, or between the crevices of the logs of the humble dwelling. It was seldom they did harm unless irritated and provoked.

In such superstitious veneration did the Indians hold these poisonous creatures, and with such religious awe did they pass them by, that none were destroyed by them, but they were suffered to increase unmolested. The rattlesnake and the Indian were always on terms of perfect intimacy—the snake

rarely injuring the Indian—he never molesting the snake.

An incident or two may exhibit some of the singular propensities of these poisonous reptiles—their harmlessness when unprovoked, and the virulence of their bite. One of the earliest settlers at Salina once related to us the following :

One bright morning in May, the family were suddenly alarmed by the loud and unusual cackling of fowls about the door. Upon looking out, the mother discovered an enormous rattlesnake, which, as opportunity offered, with great familiarity and composure, thrust his head into a basin from which a little son, seated on the grass, was eating bread and milk. The snake evidently enjoyed the repast with great satisfaction, and with a peculiar relish. When the snake became too greedy, he was severely beaten on the head with a spoon by the child, but never offered the slightest resistance or resentment. Around the child and its subtle companion were gathered a flock of fowls who were making the most clamorous ado, and evidently, by voice and action, were in the wildest consternation—especially an old cock who had already placed himself in the attitude of battle. As may be supposed, the mother was in the most frantic state of excitement and dread. Calling loudly for help, the male portion of the family ran out, and the father walked deliberately up to the child and removed it to a place of safety. At this, the snake exhibited marked symptoms of dislike, and at once

placed himself in an attitude of defense; but a well-directed stroke from a club settled the account with the intruder, leaving a deadly balance against him.

Although when approached with care these poisonous serpents were comparatively harmless, still, there are many instances known where their bites, provoked by accident or design, have proved fatal.

The burrows or dens of these reptiles were usually made in sand knolls having a southern inclination. In spring, as warm weather approached, they came forth from their hiding places, where they had remained dormant during the winter, in a very emaciated condition—languid and inactive. At that season companies were frequently formed for their destruction, as they could then be approached without danger. Several hundred would sometimes be killed with clubs in an afternoon, as they lay motionless basking in the sun. On one of these occasions, in the year 1792, one of a party of this kind, took a large rattlesnake upon a split stick, and thrust him into a hollow stump. Soon after, he put in with him a live toad. The two lived through the summer in perfect amity; neither of them could escape if he would. In the fall they were both taken out alive and well, having lived without tasting anything but what had accidentally fallen in their way. A little dog ran up to the snake and commenced barking; almost instantly the reptile snapped him on the nose, making only a very slight mark. The adventurous dog gave one agonizing yelp—one convulsive gasp, and expired.

An instance has been related to us of an Indian who inadvertently trod upon one of these deadly serpents, from which he received a severe bite in the leg, and before the venomous beast could extricate his poisonous fangs, the Indian seized it by the neck, and like one who kows no fear in the certainty of approaching death, placed the head of the snake between his teeth, and with one determined grip, severed it from the body, casting it forth exultingly. Certain that no earthly antidote could avail to save him, the savage with great composure, in the face of unavoidable dissolution, scooped out a deep hole in the ground, settled himself into it, and with his hands so far as possible, covered himself with loose earth, leaving but little more than his head above ground. In this situation, with the most stoical indifference he calmly awaited the certain hour of death. His limbs and body soon swelled to so enormous an extent that his skin stretched beyond its utmost tension, burst, and his wild spirit fled to its long home, amidst the most excruciating pains.

It was no uncommon thing for women in those days, to assault and kill these dangerous visitors whenever they came in their way. Many a resolute matron of those sterner times, has, with heroic boldness, dealt death and destruction to these unwelcome disturbers of their peace, sometimes alighting from on horseback to give them battle by the way, not giving time or opportunity for "her seed" to bruise the serpent's head.

About the first of June these reptiles shed their skins, and hundreds were frequently picked up and made playthings of by the boys. The perfect, entire form of the snake, even to the nose, eyes and rattles, were as distinct as upon the living animal.

THE LOG-CABIN LIBRARY.

WHEN the country was new and but few settlers had permanently located themselves, a well dressed, gentlemanly looking man, who was seeking a suitable location for a farm, stopped one evening about sunset at the cabin of a Mr. Benedict. After a short and familiar conversation relative to lands that might be for sale, he involuntarily rose to depart. Casting his eyes around the room, which was not exceedingly well lighted, he noticed something in an old fashioned cupboard, that in the uncertain twilight, he fancied to be long rows of books—a very fine commencement for a library. Upon this rare sight, so congenial to his taste, he rapturously exclaimed “I had no idea that there could be so fine and extensive a library in this new country. It looks for all the world like the book-shelves of my native New England. Nor had I at all entertained the idea that any of the new settlers possessed so much refined literary taste as is here exhibited in a gloomy wilderness.” And suiting the action to the word, he very deliberately walked up to the cupboard, with the full intent of more closely examining the contents of the works thus opportunely brought to view. But, gracious

heavens! who could portray his disappointment and astonishment, when upon a close inspection he found, instead of the reputed authors of antiquity—the classics of the past, with those of the present—nothing more nor less than several tempting rows of “*Johnny cakes*,” carefully arranged on end, presenting to his exuberant fancy, the imposing appearance of an extensive and well arranged library. “Ah!” said he, with excessive mortification and chagrin, “I really thought they were books.”

STRANGE FORGETFULNESS.

At the close of a beautiful autumnal afternoon, near fifty years ago, a tall, well dressed man, mounted upon an elegant horse, carelessly reined up to the "INN," then kept by Col. Eli Parsons, of "Shay's Rebellion" memory, and asked lodgings for the night. "Mine host" was a very obsequious man, yet, like many others of his occupation, was rather more inquisitive than was at all times agreeable, especially to those on business requiring secrecy or dispatch. The stranger was unsocial and reserved, and evidently desired privacy and seclusion. Besides, there was a kind of *hauteur* in his bearing which awakened much curiosity among the tenants of the inn, and proved conclusively to the prying landlord, that his guest was a man of consequence and deserving his most assiduous attentions. It was whispered among the villagers who dropped in during the evening, that the gentleman must be some government agent, or perhaps a United States officer. It was agreed on all hands that he must be a man far above the ordinary rank. Our inn-keeper ventured to accost him by a variety of titles, such as colonel, general, judge, esquire, &c., which the stranger acknowledged with the most equivocal coolness. Various expedients were re-

sorted to, whereby to draw something from him to furnish a clew to his name, business, or place of residence, but all to no purpose. Upon all these points he was perfectly impenetrable. He retired early to rest, and left the landlord and his friends involved in a mist of perplexity and conjecture. The inn-keeper and his attendants passed a wakeful night, and the whole household were awakened to a sense of the stranger's consequence. But when he arose, the same impenetrable mystery shrouded his movements, the same immovable gravity pervaded his countenance. The case hourly grew more and more hopeless and desperate. But mine host, not to be frustrated in his plans, resolved that, at all hazards, he would at least know the name of his guest. At length the hour of his departure arrived, but no opportunity had presented itself for ascertaining the all important secret. His horse was saddled and brought to the door, his heavy portmanteau adjusted; the hostler held the bridle, another attendant the stirrup; the stranger vaulted into the saddle, carefully buttoned up his surtout, laid his hands upon the reins, and drew them up. The inn-keeper had exhausted his entire stock of resources, without the least shadow of success; the last moment had arrived, and unless improved, his anxious desires could never be satisfied. Forbearance became no longer a virtue. At length, in a very subdued tone, with that peculiar air of polite subservency so characteristic of the inn-keepers of those days, he ventured to say—"My dear sir, you have been a

very acceptable visitor with us, and I should be extremely happy to have you call, on your return. But, in the mean time, I should be highly gratified to know your name, that I may inform my friends who I have had the honor to entertain. Will you be kind enough to give me your name?" The stranger suddenly dropped his reins, clapped his hands upon his hips, hung down his head, as if in a profound study, remaining perfectly motionless and silent for several minutes; then starting suddenly from his reverie, he replied: "Well, sir, I had a name when I arrived here, I am sure of it; but in my efforts to evade your inquisitiveness, I have forgotten it! — excuse me, sir, I have actually forgotten it. But, I am going west, and if I can possibly recollect it, I will write and inform you." Then bowing most respectfully, he bade his astonished host good morning. To the wondering landlord this was a poser. The stranger had gone, and left no trace behind.

Sometime after this event, and after the story of the mysterious stranger had been quite forgotten by all except the colonel and those of his house, the following note came to the post-office at Manlius, addressed to Col. Eli Parsons:

"Dear sir—Upon leaving you on the morning of —, I told you, should I be so fortunate as to recollect my name, I would write you. I consider myself truly fortunate in recalling it, for there is nothing so embarrassing to a man, as to be unable, when called

upon, to give his name. You are, dear sir, most respectfully welcome to mine.

“STEPHEN BURROUGHS.”

FIFTY years ago, Stephen Burroughs, the notorious counterfeiter, was as distinguished a character as any of infamous notoriety of modern times.

JACK AND THE MILL.

ON a time, Gen. Danforth was journeying eastward on horseback. He stopped over night at the public house kept by a man named Shoemaker, at "Herkimer Flats." During the evening a colored man came to him and said, "Won't you buy me, massa?" "What is your name?" "Jack Shoemaker, sir." "Well, Jack, can you tend mill? I have a mill, and I want a smart man to tend it." "O, yes, massa, me learn quick; me know how to work in mill now, massa." Through Jack's importunity a bargain was concluded with his master, and Jack, laden with a wallet of provisions, and a letter of introduction to his new mistress, was sent forward on foot to Onondaga Hollow. He was instructed to inform her, that he belonged to Massa Danforth, and she would introduce him to the mill in which their corn was ground. Jack made all possible diligence, for he was in ecstasies at the idea of being promoted to the station of a miller, and in due time arrived at the Hollow. He stood a long time looking at the house, doubting whether it could be the right place. Everything answered the description exactly, except, there was no building towering up to Jack's notions of a mill. He therefore

trudged on to the next neighbor's, eighteen miles west, to the house of Josiah Buck. He showed his letter of introduction to Mrs. Buck, who quickly judged his mistake, kindly kept him till morning, when she set him on the road back again, charging him to stop at the house by the creek, which was the right one. Jack returned, was cordially received at his new home, but was extremely anxious to be installed in the mill. The reader must judge of the poor fellow's consternation when told, that the only mill in the country was in *that* large oak stump, in front of the door, with a huge pestle attached to a sweep, and he could "*nigger*" away there to his heart's content.

At that early day, many of the ablest and most worthy inhabitants held colored persons as slaves, whose duty it was invariably made, to pound the corn—a task of no ordinary accomplishment. Hence the origin of the term "*niggering corn*," now obsolete.

QUEER TODDY.

IN the years 1792-3, General Danforth erected the first mills in Onondaga county, on the Butternut Creek, the site now occupied by Robert Dunlap, Esq. The workmen on foot brought all the necessary gearing for the mills, from Utica ; and Indians were employed to bring the nails. General D. himself transported the saw on his shoulders. No boards were used in the county until sawed at these mills, except in a very few instances, when they were brought from Herkimer. The saw-mill was at first covered with hemlock bark. The work of building the grist-mill proceeded much more expeditiously than that of the saw-mill. One of the greatest inconveniences was, that there was no road by which to bring on the stones, bolt and other bulky and heavy articles. All obstacles were eventually overcome. Hands were hired as far off as Utica and Whitestown. It took more than a week to complete the raising, which was attended by all the able-bodied representatives from every settlement within twenty-five miles around. Bark huts were erected for their accommodation, and so great was the anxiety of the inhabitants of the surrounding country to have these mills completed, that many labored without pay. After the raising, the

whole number present formed a line, and mustered sixty-four, all told. At the raising, the old-fashioned practice of using strong drink was followed. The article used at this time was St. Croix rum. Whisky was not then known. The flowing bowl had passed freely, and the spirits of all were buoyant. At the conclusion of the labors of raising, it was resolved to have the sharpness of the liquor modified by the addition of sweetening. Molasses and sugar were eagerly inquired for, but such was the scarcity of these commodities, that they were sought for in vain. Black-strap, sling, egg-nog, punch and toddy, were not to be had in their usual forms. Nothing daunted, they determined on employing a substitute. A consultation was held as to what it should be. The result was, that, as neither sugar, molasses nor honey could be procured, Indian meal being the next sweetest substance known in the country, *it* should be the substitute. Accordingly, the rum was mixed with Indian meal—the improved beverage flowed freely around—all declared it the best the country afforded, and it served a three-fold purpose, viz: drink, victuals, and if freely used, it provided lodgings, also.

THE BEST SHOT.

COL. S——, in his youthful days, was considered a first rate shot with a rifle, and no white man ever thought of contending with him for the palm of superiority. When he first made his acquaintance with the Onondagas, he was once passing through the woods by an obscure path, with his loaded rifle, when to his surprise he was suddenly accosted by a tall, rough-clad savage, whom he knew to be unsurpassed in the use of his favorite weapon. The conversation soon turned upon the superior merits of their respective pieces. He intimated that no Indian of the Onondaga nation could equal him in a long shot. Of course, the colonel felt anxious to prove himself the better man and more expert marksman of the two. Their talk soon resulted in a challenge for a trial of skill, that a doubtful question might be forever settled. The Indian, nothing loth, though with feigned reluctance, accepted, yet he exhibited great indifference, and exercised his diplomatic skill in a very facetious manner until all preliminaries were settled. When this was done, he stuck a moderate sized snowball upon the brown bark of an old hemlock tree. From this they withdrew about one hundred paces. Lots were cast for the first

fire, which fell to the colonel. It was indeed a trying time, for he was contending for superiority with the surest marksman among the red men—for a distinction that far exceeds every other quality in a new country. Each felt as if it was to affect the destinies of their respective races. Full of confidence, without the slightest trembling of nerve or quiver of limb, the colonel took his position, remarking, "I shall beat you." "Me guess not," responded the red-skin, proudly, but with a significance that strongly implied a doubt as to the truth of the colonel's assertion, and of his ability to make it good. He drew up at arm's length and fired, but no sooner had the sound of his piece ceased to reverberate, than the sharp crack of the Indian's rifle rang through the woods. Col. S—— rushed hurriedly to the mark, and at a glance ascertained that both balls had taken effect, and that the Indian's had pierced the very center, while his own had lodged near an inch at one side. The shots were distinguishable, from their size—the Indian's being a trifle the largest. The Indian retained his position, deliberately reloaded his gun, and by the time the colonel had finished his explorations, the Indian was at his side. "*There,*" said the colonel, exultingly, "*there, I have beat you—I have beat you.*" "*Yes, yes; oh, yes, you beat—you beat,*" said the Indian, with a sarcastic smile, perfectly conscious of his own superior skill; "*you beat—you beat; but no beat me shoot. You beat me lying, that's all.*"

Although unwilling at the time to acknowledge himself beat, the colonel has oftentimes since been constrained to do the Indian justice by admitting his superior skill in shooting, and his exceedingly sly, cunning manner of conveying reproof, in claiming the victory, and by expressing admiration of his perfect self-possession and *nonchalance* throughout the whole affair.

SCARCITY OF LINEN.

IN the beginning of those trying scenes through which our forefathers passed, there was no one thing that weighed so heavily upon the minds of the intelligent, as the scanty means afforded for the education of their children. The inhabitants were widely scattered, there were no roads, and the people as a general thing, were too much occupied in clearing off the heavy forests, and in securing the means of living, to devote, personally, much time to the education of their children. After a while, however, log school-houses were reared, and competent teachers employed, so that in a moderate degree the evil was obviated. In one of the southern towns of Onondaga county, a school-house had been built of rough, unhewn logs. It was the only one in that part of the country, and in the winter season it was well filled with youthful pupils from many miles around. There was one fine, intelligent lad, long since grown up to distinction, attended this school. He was the only son of a widowed mother, who struggled hard to secure the comforts of life, and whose every exertion was put forth to promote the welfare of her dear son. The ambitious boy, full of maternal affection, strove

diligently to keep in advance of his comrades, and in the laudable endeavor was quite successful. His clothing was scanty, and although threadbare, was always clean and tidy. It so happened that he had but one shirt, and his mother wishing to wash it, one day proposed that he should stay at home that the said linen might undergo the necessary ablution. But no, he said he must not lose a day from school for so trifling a purpose as that. So he left off his shirt, buttoned up his coat as snug as possible, and away he marched to school without one. In the course of the day, some of the boys made the discovery that he had not this necessary appendage, and eagerly inquired how that had happened. He very honestly replied, that he had left it at home to be washed. "Well," said one, "why did you not put on another?" This was pressing the matter rather close home—perhaps a little too far. But being a champion for the truth, without mortification or embarrassment, he answered with becoming gravity—"Why, do you think I have got a thousand shirts?" And it is further added, without giving minute particulars in the way of an inventory of the wardrobe of the first settlers of the country, that there were very many, who could not boast of having "*a thousand shirts*" apiece.

PIONEER WEDDINGS.

The "*Reservation*" was, at a very early day, resorted to as a place to make fortunes from the manufacture of salt. A thriving village soon sprung up, which naturally enough received the name, "Salt Point," and this same "Point" can boast as many odd scenes and sayings as any other. There was a time when there was no magistrate or minister residing nearer than Whitesborough, and when Whites-town included all western New York, in the county of Montgomery. At this period, General Asa Danforth was somewhat extensively engaged in "boiling salt." On a time while engaged in his business, a very simple, clever, honest Dutchman, applied to the general to marry him to his lady-love, Miss Katrine. The general, (then major,) expostulated with him, declaring that he had no authority to marry people; and should he perform the ceremony, it would not be legal or binding upon the parties. Time after time, for several days, he most vehemently importuned the gallant major to marry him, declaring that he would not be put off. Danforth denied him, and he became still more importunate. It was in vain

that he was told the ceremony must be performed by a minister or magistrate, in order to be legal. At last, a new idea seemed to break in upon his love-sick brain, and he exclaimed, "If you aint no min-isher, nor machistrate, you be's my machor, and dat be chust so coot as if you was a chustiss." Danforth, not exactly chiming in with his logic, still declined. The lover, not to be put off or frustrated in his plans, had recourse to the counsel of T. M. Wood, Esq.

"Marry them, Danforth," said the young lawyer; "I'll bear you out in it." Having all the legal advice there was in the country, in his favor, and the din of the Dutchman continually ringing in his ears, and the fair one nothing loth, he reluctantly consented. All the young people were invited to attend the wedding, and in due time, assembled in their "Sunday best." An abundance of good things was provided for the occasion. All things being properly arranged, the *quasi* magistrate pronounced them "one bone and one beef," and concluded with, "what I, Major Danforth, joineth together, let *them* not put asunder."

It is needless to add that the young folks had a fine frolic and a jolly time of it. But what is best of all, the man and woman thus joined, lived happily together for many years, and were separated only in death.

ANOTHER.

BILLY MCGEE was a deserter from the British garrison at Oswego, in 1793. Jenny Mulholland was a buxom lass, easily wooed and easier won—both emigrants from the Emerald Isle. Billy was for having every thing done according to his own preconceived notions of military etiquette, whether they exactly tallied with the “regulations and articles of war,” and the requirements of civil society, or not; while Jenny, good easy soul, was ready to comply with any form that should legally join her to her loving lord.

Their marriage is recorded as having taken place on the first Monday of June, 1795, and the circumstances of the wedding are thus described. A militia training was held at Foster’s tavern, Eagle village. The company was paraded in the large yard in front of Foster’s house, a hollow square was formed, within which the wedding party, with colors flying, fifes screaming and drums beating, marched, formed a line under the direction of the captain commanding, when the lovers were united in the solemn bands of wedlock, by Cyrus Kinne, Esq.

Considering the simplicity of the times, the rare occurrence of such an event, the *elevated position* of the high contracting parties, and the practices then prevalent on such occasions, we cannot but infer that the witnesses and all present must have had a most splendid jollification.

PIONEER COURTS.

PREVIOUS to the organization of Onondaga county, courts were held for the county of Herkimer, in the church at Herkimer village. Col. Henri Staring was appointed first judge. He was a man possessed of many excellent qualities, but had never enjoyed the advantages of an education. Still, he was remarkable for honesty and integrity of purpose. Many amusing anecdotes are told of his mode of administering justice, some of which border hard upon the ludicrous. In 1793, one term of the courts for Herkimer county was ordered by law to be held at Whitestown, at such place as the court itself should direct. The first court held under this provision was in the late Judge Sanger's barn, and the senior judge on that occasion was assisted by the late Judges White and Myers. Judge Platt was acting clerk, and William Colbraith, sheriff. Many of these gentlemen were great lovers of fun, particularly the sheriff. This term of the court was held late in the fall of the year, during a long time of cold, gloomy weather. Late one afternoon, while the wind and storm were driving through the cracks and crannies of their ill-constructed court-room, and while every

reasonable effort was put in requisition to keep up the vital circulation above the freezing point, some of the suffering gentlemen of the bar had made an arrangement with the sheriff whereby a jug of spirits had been introduced into a sly corner of the barn, where, occasionally one and another of the said counselors withdrew from the turmoil of business, and refreshed the inner man. It now became apparent to the court, that something of more importance than ordinary business was on foot, and mysteriously attracted the attention of the gentlemen of the bar to a certain corner, as if in earnest consultation on a matter of great moment. At last a glimpse of the ominous vessel, as it was cleverly decanting into the capacious mouth of some gurgling barrister, was had by one of the dignified judges on the bench. The knowledge of a fact of such vital importance, created quite a sensation among the learned dignitaries of the bench, and was evidently a cause of great uneasiness. A private consultation was held, and the learned judges evidently were in a suffering condition for lack of some palatable elixir, to keep off the cold. At length the presiding judge announced to the shivering litigants, jurors and counsel, that the court could see no good reason why they should sit still and freeze to death, and ordered the crier forthwith to adjourn the court. Instantly, before this semi-official could cry out a single "*Hear ye!*" the notable Sheriff Colbraith jumped up, at the same time snatching the aforesaid jug from the lips of a sober-minded coun-

selor who was heartily complimenting its contents, he held it out towards the bench and vociferously exclaimed, "Oh! no, no, no, judge, we must not adjourn yet; take a drink of spirits, judge, that will keep you warm; not time to adjourn yet, judge—no, no." Suiting the action to the word, the tempting beverage was passed to His Honor, who received it with evident satisfaction, and after being saluted by each of the learned judges, the said jug was returned to its resting-place quite empty, the order for adjournment was revoked, nobody was cold, and the order of business was cheerfully resumed.*

The first court of common pleas for Onondaga county, was ordered by law to be held at the house of Reuben Patterson, at Onondaga Hollow, in May, 1794. The court, however, was convened and held in the corn-house of Asa Danforth, Esq. Seth Phelps was the presiding judge, and his associates, Messrs. Halsey, Richardson, Stevens and De Witt. Benjamin Ledyard was clerk, and John Harris, sheriff. Thomas R. Gould and Arthur Breeze, from Whites-town, were the only lawyers present, not one at that time having settled in Onondaga county.

A court in the woods was indeed a novelty—something new to many who had lived on the military tract for years without being considered, or considering themselves within the jurisdiction of any particular tribunal. At this time, there was but little

* See Tracy's Men and Events.

business of importance claiming the attention or time of the court, and after that little was partially disposed of, it was thought best while waiting for additional business, to take a recess, and during the recess to get up some scheme for diversion, for time was likely to hang too heavy unless somehow employed. The members of the court, bar, clients, jurors and witnesses, all, except a few, entered into the scheme with a hearty good will, and it was decided to have a horse-race. Proclamation was accordingly made out of doors after the adjournment of the court, that a horse-race would come off that afternoon. The sheriff was said to be of the law and order party, and with the advice of one or two of the judges, was determined, if possible, to prevent the race and consequent infringement of the statute in such case made and provided. Being backed by several influential citizens of high moral character, he and his friends had strong hopes of effecting their object. On that day it has been said that the sheriff wore a peculiar kind of belt, as a badge of office, to which was attached a small dress sword, like those worn by gentlemen of the old school many years before.

A large crowd had assembled to see the race, and when the horses were brought on to the ground, it was announced, that Judge such-an-one owned one horse, Judge so-and-so, a favorite mare, and Esq. no-matter-for-the-name, a third. All these gentlemen, by the way, were representatives of the exalted purity and dignity of the ermine of the newly organ-

ized county of Onondaga. Judges, time-keepers, &c., for the race had been selected, and everything ready, or nearly so, for starting. The sheriff had in the mean time found a copy of the act prohibiting horse-racing under a severe penalty, and before the word "*go!*" was given, he mounted a stump and commenced reading the law, occasionally haranguing the gaping multitude in the most energetic style, on the highest possible key. Little attention, however, was paid to the threats or admonitions of the sheriff, and the said functionary was seriously interrupted in what he conceived to be his duty, by sundry uncouth noises, that fairly drowned his voice in the horrible din, and rendered perfectly nugatory all efforts of his, towards keeping the peace, and the law from infraction. Finding that no progress could be made in that way, and being strongly backed by friends, the valiant executive of the county resolved to stop the race at all hazards. He, thereupon, abandoned the stump, placed himself in front of the horses, drew his sword and commenced flourishing the formidable weapon in the most threatening attitude. At this stage of affairs, several sturdy sportsmen, more intent that the race should proceed, than the officer was that it should not, seized the said sheriff, and forcibly carried him beyond the bounds of the race-course and there held him firmly till the word "*go!*" was given. The horses started off in fine style, and three cheers were given for the success of the race, and the triumph of the sportsmen. The worthy sheriff was advised to

restrain an exhibition of his wrath, until after the race was decided. The favorite mare of Judge — proved to be the successful winner, which fact when announced was received with the most enthusiastic *eclat*. All things were done honorably and to the entire satisfaction of all parties, except the discomfited sheriff, and a few of his most ardent friends and coadjutors, who swore vengeance upon all concerned. It proved to be a much easier matter to reconcile the difficulty with the disaffected, than at first might be supposed. The fortunate owner of the winning mare proposed, as a final and equitable adjustment of all differences, to furnish egg-nog for the company, which proposition was accepted as ample satisfaction for the violated law, and the healing of sundry wounded consciences. All parties were merry over the exciting cheer, and next morning the court again opened in due form and with becoming solemnity, as if nothing more than ordinary in the transaction of business had transpired.

FRONTIER PUNISHMENT.

PREVIOUS to 1794, there was but little business to be done in justices' courts, and but few justices of the peace to sit in judgment. The British at that time held possession of Oswego. There was also a man named "Nick," then living at "*Salt Point*," who had the reputation of being ugly and evil inclined. He made it a regular business to keep along the shore of Lake Ontario, from Oswego to Sackett's Harbor, and down along the St. Lawrence, for the avowed purpose of piloting deserters from the British army in Canada, to the settlement at Onondaga. Instead of that, however, he usually decoyed them to the fort at Oswego, upon which he received eight dollars per man as a reward, and the soldier was most certainly tried by court martial, and if found guilty of desertion, was invariably shot. Many an unsuspecting victim had been thus misled, and forfeited his life in consequence. These were actions, so base that, upon reaching the ears of the honor loving heroes of "*Salt Point*," it was by them resolved that Nick must be brought to account for his unmanly conduct. Accordingly he was duly reminded that, although there might be no justice of the peace near, yet if he continued his practices, justice should be done to him.

Not long afterwards he was found conducting another deserter to Oswego. He was arraigned before the "Salt Point" tribunal, and sentenced "*to be boiled in a salt-kettle.*" Upon consideration, however, the sentence was commuted for thirty-nine lashes on the bare back with a cat-o-nine-tails, which sentence was executed to the letter of Salt Point law. Nick begged like a good fellow to be released, and promised an amendment of life, had his back well washed with brine, and was finally let go, upon his word of honor never to repeat his former wicked actions.

The love of gain was uppermost in Nick's mind, and it was not long before he was caught at his old tricks again. He had taken a deserter into the fort under cover of the night, and next morning the poor fellow was marched out and shot. This was more than could be peaceably borne; all hands were highly exasperated, and Nick was saluted with a coat of tar and feathers, under the eye and direction of most of the inhabitants of the country, who enjoyed the mode of punishment far better than poor Nick could. Nick finding public opinion altogether against him, his movements closely watched, and punishment certain, concluded it was safest to conduct himself with more propriety in future, which he always did afterwards.

A WORD AT PARTING.

GENTLE READER:—It is possible that these LIGHTS AND LINES may fall into the hands of some few persons, in whose minds they will awaken a recollection of SCENES and incidents, which, through length of time, they had well nigh forgotten.

To some, they may afford companionship in their leisure hours, when withdrawn from the cares of life and the pursuits of business.

To others, perhaps, they may become an allure-ment, or inducement, to momentary relaxation from severer study and reflection.

Truly, not in vain will have been this undertaking, if the foregoing pages shall have suggested or recalled in any quarter, one train of pleasant thought, or infused or revived one earnest feeling of historic affection.

If either gratification or instruction can be derived from the perusal of these pages ; if they are so fortunate as to attract the attention of the earnest reader, and secure the approbation of the good, in their chosen hours—then they will not have been penned with regret, and an anxious mind will be relieved from painful solicitude.

Dec 11, 1874.

To you who have had the patience to wade through this book—thanks.

Adieu, my friends, adieu.

THE END.







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